

State and Miscellany

POEMS;

Compos'd Occasionally,

According to the Circumstances of
the AUTHOR, and the Difficulty of
the TIMES.

Consisting of

FABLES, SATYRS,
PANEGYRICKS, &c.

By the Author of the EXAMINER.

VOL. II.

Qui nescit, Versus tamen audet fingere.
Hor. de Arte Poet.

L O N D O N

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PREFACE.



It may look oddly at first view how a *Paraphrase* on the Book of *Job* shou'd be brought under the Title of a *State Poem*; but if the Reader will have a little Patience, I believe I can set him right, and shew him, that it may be properly enough rank'd under that Head, if he will consider the *Circumstances* of the *Author* at that time, under a *double Prosecution* from the State, loading him with *Fines*, *Corporal Punishment*, and *Imprisonment*. I say, if he will consider this, he will find how aptly those Passages he hath chose to compile this Poem suited *his Case*; the malicious

P R E F A C E.

Prosecution of his *Enemies*, and the Unjust Treatment he met with from them ; the little Assistance he found from his *Friends* and *Acquaintance*, and the Calumnies and Reproaches he bore from those who were Strangers both to his Person and Character. This first Poem then, call'd *Job's Trial under the Persecutions of Satan*, was the Author's daily, and he hopes a suitable Exercise, during his short Confinement in the Prison of the *Kings-Bench* ; at which time he writ *The Singing-birds Address to the Eagle, for Relief against the Tyranny of the Birds of Prey* ; which Fable seems plain enough to be understood by the meanest Capacity, excepting only the three Persons couch'd under the *Lark*, the *Linnet*, and the *Nightingale*, who were then prosecuted by the State ; the one, for the *Mercurius Politicus* ; the other, for *The Church of England Memorial answer'd Paragraph by Paragraph* ; the last, for *The Country Parson's Advice*, &c.

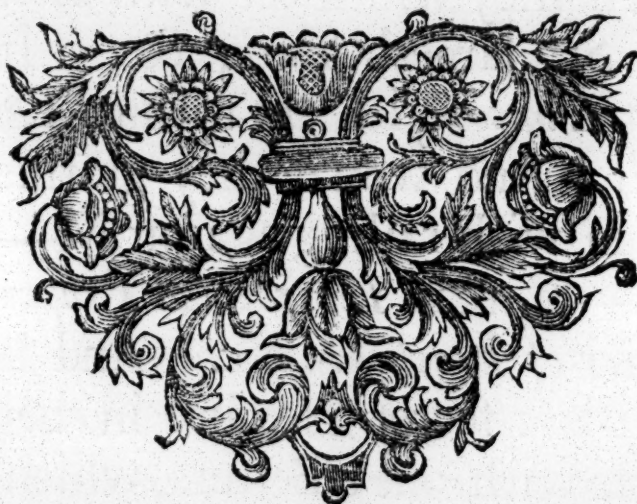
Several

P R E F A C E.

Several of these Poems are upon Subjects of a different Nature, which may be more agreeable to some People, who are better pleas'd with *Panegyrick* than *Satyr* ; as, the *British Court*, the *City Beauties*, *Britain's Palladium*, the *Union*, &c. As for those who delight in nothing but Ill-nature, I have furnish'd them with *Satyr* against the *Beau Monde*, which they will meet with in the *Circus*, *St. James's Park*, &c. If they want *Lampoon*, let 'em turn to *Tunbridge-Wells* : And wou'd they gratifie their Spleen with railing against M——rs of S---te, read *Liberty and Property*, the *Splitter of Freeholds*, &c. And because there is a secret Pleasure in being familiar with one's Betters, which I call an *Innocent Revenge*, I cannot tell where to recommend you better, than to those four Copies of Verses inscrib'd to the Eternal Fame of that Wonderful Politician, Indefatigable Statesman, Faithful Minister, Incomparable Patriot, Loyal Subject, Facetious Gentleman,
Har-

P R E F A C E.

Harlequin le Grand, once the first in the House, tho' the last in the List; who had the Honour to *climb without Merit*, and to *fall without Pity*; the Mirrour of *Scribes*, the Punisher of *Wit*, and the President of the *P---ll---ry*.



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Job's Trial under the Persecutions of Satan.

Rumour thro' all the *East* Job's Fall Pro-
claim'd,
Too swift a Ruin for a Man so Fam'd,
When from afar Three Faithful Friends repair
To sooth his *Sorrows*, and prevent *Despair*.
From *Sutah's* Plains an Ancient Comrade came,
Well known to Job, Old *Bildad* was his Name;
The News to *Naamath* had spread at last,
Which made kind *Zophar* use his utmost haste:
And *Theman's* Head with *Palms* for ever Crown'd,
Heard the sad News, and trembled all around;
Its Lord, Wife *Eliphas* the Summons takes,
And to assist his Friend, his House forsakes.
At distance, as they saw th' *Unhappy Man*,
Tears from their *Eyes* in *Lavish Torrents* ran;
Their Eyes they hardly trust, the Object seen.
They once remember had more Happy been;

Their Hair they tear; their Sable Garments rend,
 And on the Ground sit by their Wretched Friend:
 Seven Days no vent was to their Sorrow found,
 All prostrate lay upon the *Humid* Ground,
 And dreadful *Silence* walk'd the *Nightly Round*.

The *Fruitful Fountain* of the Eyes was dry,
Nature no further *Moisture* cou'd supply ;
 And *Tears* so long had plaid their Mournful part,
Words only cou'd exprefs his Bleeding *Heart* :
 Thrice he Essay'd to speak, but the Parch'd Tongue,
 Silent as *Death*, beneath the *Palate* hung ;
 With much ado his *Silence* thus he broke,
 Whilst list'ning *Angels* writ down what he spoke.

Ye *Heavens* ! Unrivet but one *Link* of *Fate*,
 Forget that *Day* which to my *Birth* gave *Date* ;
 Curst be the *Night*, when from the *Genial Bed*
 I was in *Triumph* to my *Father* led.
 O! Why was I not Strangled in the *Womb*,
 Or left my *Cradle* for a *Peaceful Tomb* ?
 For ever be that *Day* forgot —————

O! may the *Sun*, at each revolving Year,
 Stop when he sees the Luckless Moment near :
 Let dismal *Screech-Owls* multiply their Notes,
 And threaten Ruin from their Boding Throats :
 May such amazing Darknefs then appear,
 To fright that *Day* and *Night* from out the Year.
 Why did the *Midwife* ease my *Mother's* throws ?
 Why did the *Womb* so willingly unclofe,
 And me to *Life* and *Misery* Expofe ?
 How Happy were I now, had I ne'er been,
 Had I the Miferies of *Life* ne'er feen ?
 With *Kings* and *Statesmen* fhould my Dwelling have
 Within that dark retiring Room, the *Grave* ;
 There *Sin* and *Virtue* both together reft,
 The *Poor* is by the *Tyrant* Un-Opprest :
 The *Prif'ner* with the *Judge* undaunted lies,
 Nor dreads his Second Sentence, that he *dies* :
 Nor *Great* nor *Small*, the leaft Difinction find,
 No Buſie Thoughts invade the Labouring Mind,
 But all to the ſame *Duncheon* are confin'd.
 Why ſhould the Man that loaths the Light to fee,
 Drag on a Tedious Life of Miſery ?

Like wearied Travellers that long for *Home*,
 I wish for *Death*, but *Death* denies to come.
 What *Use* is Day of to the Man that's Blind ?
 Sure for his sake the Stars were ne'er design'd ?
 The *Stomach* pall'd, why do you offer Meat ?
Hunger is less a Pain than 'tis to *Eat* :
 With mightier Grievs my wearied Soul's oppress'd,
Hunger can now no more disturb my Rest.
 'Midst Show'rs of *Plenty* I foresaw this Storm,
 Yet all my *Prudence* cou'd not shun th' Alarm,
 Nor *Patience* 'gainst the threatned Ruin Arm.

No more cou'd *Job* his pitteous *Plaints* pursue ;
 His Sick'ning Soul into it self withdrew,
 And Inward Mourn'd to shun the Publick View :
 When *Eliphaz* the wish'd Occasion took,
 And in these Words his drooping *Friend* bespoke.

I'm griev'd t' offend thee, *Job*, yet cannot bear,
 Unanswer'd, what thou offer'st to my Ear :
 How can that Man whose Counsels aw'd the Crowd,
 To whose Instructions Age it self has bow'd,

Whose

Whose great Example has prevail'd so far
 To Cure the worst of Evils, ev'n Despair,
 The Strong Confirm'd, the Fainting still did'st Guard,
 By Preaching Patience, as the surest Ward?
 Thus by thy Precepts thou could'st others save,
 Yet now refuse what once to them you gave.
 Is this thy Strength, thy boasted Piety,
 Who art a Slave to each Calamity?
 Wer't thou that Man that once thou seem'd'st to be,
 Tb' unblemish'd Pattern of Integrity,
 Heaven ne'er had left thee in this Exigence,
 Nor thus repay'd with Woes thy Innocence?
 It is the Wicked, who their God offend,
 Nurs'd up in Vice, by sure Destruction end.
 Who Sow Iniquity, can never hope
 The Vicious Seed will better in the Crop:
 Tb' Ungrateful Product lifts its Sickly Head,
 And in its Infancy appears as Dead;
 Shou'd it revive a Thousand Dangers past,
 Yet sure Destruction is its due at last.
 The Mighty Robber, who by Rapine Lives,
 And by the Ruin of his Neighbour Thrives,

*Has Miseries enough kept in reserve,
 His Lavish Youth, his Feeble Age may Starve :
 Or in the midst of Sin, whilst he is Young,
 Find Sudden Fate surpriz'd by one more Strong.*

*Shew me what Saint will in thy Cause appear,
 And for thy sake become Petitioner ?
 The Fool is by himself best over-thrown,
 And Envy needs no Ruin but its own.
 I've seen this Wretch all Beauteous to the Eye,
 His Lofty Structure reach'd the very Sky ;
 Like to a mighty Pine his Waving Head
 Did with its Top, the yielding Clouds invade :
 I've Laught at his suppos'd Security,
 When I beheld his sudden Danger nigh :
 At once he fell, of Life and Wealth bereft,
 And Naked to the World his Off-spring left ;
 Then all his ill got Gains are snatch'd away,
 His Children's Portions made the Robbers Prey.*

*How thou mistak'st ! Afflictions do not come,
 Nor Troubles rise from Earths all Fruitful Womb.*

*By Fate's Decree we're Born to Miseries,
 As Fiery Sparks mount upwards to the Skies :
 Go then implore his Aid, at whose Command
 This vast Creation of Delightful Land,
 Her Fruitful Bosom thus extending wide
 To fly the close Embraces of the Tide,
 Commit thy Grievs to him, to him thy Sorrows give,
 Whose Nature 'tis thy Sorrows to relieve,
 Whose mighty Works Proclaim his Deity,
 Unsearchable, to Reason's Purblind Eye,
 Who sends Refreshment to the Thirsty Earth,
 And to the Fields restores the Grassy Birth,
 Who hears th' Afflicted, Succours his sad State,
 But leave the Proud expos'd to certain Fate.
 See ! The designing Man is over thrown,
 The Ruin he intends his Neighbour proves his own :
 The Wise is by his Wisdom oft betray'd,
 Caught in the Snare he for another laid :
 The Tricking Statesman boasts his Policy,
 Fancies his Plots above Discovery ;
 But when by Heaven Reveal'd, they are Betray'd,
 Confounded, then his Wit denies him Aid,
 Nor can his Fancy'd Sense the coming Storm evade :*

*The Poor are always the Almighty's Care,
 Nor need they ever the Oppressor fear ;
 The Great may Threaten, but without his Leave
 Long they may Threaten Death, but cannot give :
 The Just have certain Hope, then who shall dare
 Under such mild Correction to Despair ?
 Heaven, as a Proof of Love, Affliction sends,
 But to remind the Patient he Offends ;
 'Tis as a Warning, not Destruction meant,
 Some unforeseen Misfortune to prevent.
 That Hand that hurts thee will again restore
 Thy Sickly Fortune greater then before :
 Like full grown Corn brought from the Harvest Home,
 Thou shalt descend in Honour to thy Tomb.
 Learn, and at my Expence, in time be Wise,
 Thy Suff'rings as a Mark of Favour Prize,
 Hope better Fortune, and these Things despise.*

Then the Afflicted Job, with Grief oppress'd,
 His secret Sorrows in these Words exprest.
 O ! That I cou'd my Woes together bind,
 O ! That my Griefs were in one Scale confin'd.

The

The Countless Sands that bound the *Foaming Seas*
 Are *light*, are *light* indeed, compar'd to these:
 So *heavy* are my Pains, so *vast* my Grief,
 Words cannot ease, nor Silence bring Relief:
 My frightened Soul wou'd shun the *Dreadful Rod*,
 And fly the Presence of my *Angry God*;
 Do not my *Shrieks* convince you of my Pain?
 Can you believe I without Cause complain?
 Sense is allow'd, ev'n to th' o're *Labour'd Brute*,
 For at the *Crib* the weary Ox stands Mute.
 Why shou'd you fancy I alone shou'd be
 So much in Love with gross *Stupidity*?
 Who is so Dull, the sweets of *Life* to lose,
 To hate its Good, and its Misfortunes chuse?
 Your idle Words do but encrease my Woe,
 And only from a Poison'd *Judgment* flow.
 Were you like me, you wou'd like me intreat,
 Within the *Grave*, a Peaceable Retreat.

That *Heaven* wou'd now dismiss me from the *Strife*,
 The *Sorrows* and *Vexations* of this Life;

Then

Then in the Bosom of the *Earth* confin'd,
 Free from the Torments of my *Sickly Mind*,
 I might at last this wish'd for Quiet find :
 Yet hear me *Heaven* ! And let my Suff'rings end,
 Thy pitying Ear to my Complaining's lend.
 Why shou'd I hope to beg a longer *Lease*,
 To wish *Afflictions*, and *Despair's* encrease ?
 Am I a *Stone* ? That I can thus withstand
 Th' amazing Terrors of thy *Heavy Hand* ?
 If I from Man might gain the wish'd Redress,
 I from my self might hope the best Success.
Sense still remains, but *Eloquence* is vain,
 And *Wisdom* yields no Balm to ease my Pain :
 Wou'd ye be thought my Friends, then Words prepare,
 Grateful as *Winds* that Fan the *Scorching Air*,
 To lull my *Sorrows*, and prevent *Despair* ?

While blest with *Riches*, I had many *Friends*,
 But *Friendship* ever in *Affliction* ends :
 My near *Relations* from my Ruin run,
 As from my Fall they did conclude their own ;
 So *Waters* fly, their humble *Fountains* leave,
 And to the *Oceans Court* with Fury drive.

Friendship,

Friendship, like *Ice*, does to the *Eye* appear,
 Tempting the Footsteps of the *Traveller* ;
Solid it seems, but it is quickly gone,
 And melts beneath the warm *Meridian Sun* ;
 As well might *Thæma* quit her *Sun-burnt Plain*,
 And fly to *Shæba* for *Refreshing Rain*,
 As I find *Comfort* from such *Friends* as these,
 One Word of *Comfort* in my *Miseries*.

Have I demanded ought now I am *Poor*,
 Demanded ought from your abounding *Store* ?
 Did I desire you wou'd your *Force* Unite,
 From the *Sabæans* to redeem my *Right* ?
 What have I done that might your *Scorn* provoke ?
 How has my *Tongue* offended, whilst I spoke ?
 I wou'd be glad to learn, if you in *Love*,
 And not in *Malice*, wou'd your *Friend* Reprove.
Reprove ! What for *Reproof* does *Bildad* find ?
 Thou might'st as well convince the *Stormy Wind*,
 As talk to one with *Grief* thus over-born,
 Whose *Anguish* utters Words unlike his own.
 Why do you 'ssault the *Helpless*, wrong the *Poor*,
 and to a load of *Sorrow* add yet more ?

You

You know I do not Lye : O ! Then be gone,
 Be gone, and leave me to my self alone :
 You've seen my Life, such as my Life has been,
 Such are my Secret Actions ————
 My *Judgment* yet is sound, and in Despight
 Of your *Malicious Thoughts*, I am *Upright*.

Fix'd is the *Period* of our Days by *Fate*,
 Each, like a *Hireling*, does his *Minute* wait :
 The *Labourer* wishes for th' *approaching Night*,
 Expects his Pay at the *declining Light*.

But *Months* of Pain and Sorrow I possess,
 Nor does the *Night* afford me a Redress :
 My Curtain's drawn about my *Downy Bed*,
 And the soft Pillow props my *Pensive Head* :
 I try to *Sleep*, but O ! I try in vain,
 Then *Sigh* and *Wish* the *Day* was come again ;
 As when the Wind invades some *Monument*,
 And in its fides has made a mighty Rent ;
 A Scene of *Horror* to the Eye's disclos'd,
 And all the Secrets of the *Dead* Expos'd ;

Just so do I appear ; thus Ghastly lie,
 And from the Loathsome Sight Divert my Eye :
Corruption, Worms, and Dust, are now my share,
 Yet *Death's* deny'd, and flies a Wretches Pray'r.

Swift are my *Hours*, they eagerly Post on,
 And *Weeks* and *Months* insensibly are gone ;
 Yet *Hope* at distance keeps, and seems afraid :
 To approach me now, and lend its needful Aid ;
 My Life is only like a rustling Wind
 That swiftly flies, and leaves no *Tract* behind.
 No more shall *Joy* my wearied Soul delight,
 Nor *Pleasure* entertain my Sick'ning Sight.
 When I am Dead, unminded I shall lye,
 Lost to the World, even in *Memory* ;
 For when thy Eyes have mark'd my certain Doom,
 Swift as a *Cloud* I vanish to my *Tomb*,
 For ever lost, nor leave *Enquiry* room.
 He that is laid within his *Peaceful Urn*,
 To his once lov'd *Mansion* never shall return :
 The *Palace* which his own right Hand did Build,
 Scarce the remembrance of his Name shall yield.

Why

Why should I Silent be, since I have none
 To tell this hapless *Story* when I'm gone?
 No, no, I must, I will my *Griefs* Proclaim,
 For *Silence* often argues us too blame.

Good God! Why dost thou fence me thus around,
 As *Winding Shores* their *Roaring Torrents* bound?
 Is this for *Innocence* the just Reward?
 Like *Criminals*, I'm ever under Guard,
 And such a Guard from whom no Man can fly,
 That watchful Guard of thy all searching Eye.

When tir'd with *Waking* to my *Bed* I go,
 Or on my *Couch* this wretched *Lumber* throw;
Sleep flies my Eyes, the Terrors of the Night,
 Beyond the Plagues of *Day*, my Soul affright;
 Or if by chance refreshing *Slumber* creep,
 And for a Moment lull my *Cares* *Asleep*,
 Such dreadful *Visions* pass before my Sight,
 I Trembling *Wake*, and Chide the Tardy *Light*.
Death wou'd a *Blessing* prove, But *Life's* a Pain,
 Yet *Pray'rs* nor *Tears* that *Blessing* can obtain.

I loath, I loath, to drag this hated Chain,
 And beg to be reduc'd to *Dust* again.
 Why? What is Mankind but *Mortality*?
 To be the Darling of the *Deity*.
 Sprung from the *Dust*, and yet Unrival'd share
 The Daily Blessing of their Maker's Care?

This is the Effect of *Love*, but too severe,
 Nor can I longer these *Afflictions* bear.
 O Pardon! Whilst I've Pow'r t' implore thy Aid,
 E'er I descend to Nights Eternal Shade,
 Where *Silence* and *Oblivion* ever Reign,
 And dreadful *Darkness* does her Sway maintain,
 There even thou may'st seek me, but in vain.

To whom thus *Bildad* answer'd, ———
 How like the *Winds* ungovernable *Rage*,
 When with a *Warring Sea* it does engage,
 Are these *Wild Sallies* of *Infirmity*,
 Where you *Condemn* the very *Deity*?
 Can *God* be *Unjust*? Why dost thou thus exclaim,
 And with imputed *Sin* *Prophane* his *Name*?

*As Thistles are destry'd from farther growth,
 'Cause the base Weed is but of little Worth,
 So did the Sinful Race untimely Dye,
 As the Reward of their Impiety :
 To Heaven with Humblest Adoration Pray,
 And grateful Incense on the Altar lay :
 The Just ne'er Pray in vain, for Mercy's Ear
 Still open stands to the Petitioner:
 The Dwellings of the Righteous still appear
 Like the sweet Blossoms of the Infant Year.
 From small Beginnings mighty Torrents came,
 The Petty Riv'lets swell to Rapid Streams ;
 And Streams with Streams Uniting by Degrees,
 Have form'd the spacious Navigable Seas.
 Even so the Just encrease ; one Family
 In time to many Tribes shall Multiply.
 Examples are not wanting, cast thy Eye
 Upon the Records of Antiquity ;
 Those Oracles thy Folly will convince,
 And shew how Prosperous was Innocence.
 Blest Sires ! But O ! Degenerate Race !
 How do our Sins your Memory Disgrace ?*

There,

*There, Job, within the Sacred Annals read,
 And trace the Stories of the Pious Dead;
 There thou shalt see succeeding Ages live,
 And by the Merits of their Fathers thrive;
 Prosperity and Piety are over joyn'd,
 You hardly one without the other find.*

*Th' Unjust are but a Moments growth, a Day
 Gives their Rise Birth, and sees its swift Decay:
 Like Forward Fruits, inviting they appear,
 And boast the earliest Product of the Year;
 When Blasted in the Bud, they hang their Head,
 The earlier Blown, the sooner they are Dead.
 Thus the Ungodly thrives, tho' for a while
 Obsequious Fortune be allow'd to smile;
 Tho' Lofty Structures for himself he Builds,
 And Reaps the Harvest of a Thousand Fields,
 In Substance Great, Great in Authority,
 Rever'd by all for seeming Piety.
 Yet Heav'n will find him out, and Man shall see
 The just Reward of his Hypocrisie:
 At his Destruction none Concern'd shall show,
 Unpitty'd and Forgotten he shall go;*

*His very Name shall Perish with his Place,
 And on his Ruins rise a Righteous Race.
 The Perfect cannot fail, the Sinner must ;
 Heaven loves the Righteous, but abhors th' Unjust.
 If thou art Just, why shou'd thou then complain ?
 Thou shalt thy former Glory see again ;
 Smile then not thus Lament : On Heaven rely,
 That will thy Pains remove, renew thy Joy,
 On thy Insulting Foes Revenge thy Wrongs,
 And Guard thee from the Malice of base Tongues.*

Well hast thou Argu'd, Bildad, Job replies,
 But who is Righteous in his Makers Eyes ?
 Wisdom is Heavens ; its Pow'r is Absolute,
 Who then, without Offence, can here Dispute ?
 To oppose such Pow'r wou'd double Folly speak,
 Where the Opposer does Destruction seek ;
 When at his Nod the Hills their Stand forsake,
 And Earths Foundations at his Anger shake :
 At whose Command the Sun denies to rise,
 And Stars refuse their brightness to the Skies ;
 Who like a Veil, the spacious Heavens has spread,
 And on the Waves as on dry Land does dread.

Who

Who made *Orion* and the *Pleides*,
 To whom he gave the Empire of the *Seas*.
 The Wat'ry *South* in Chambers he confin'd,
 And put a *Bridle* o'er the *Driving Wind* :
 The Wonders of his *Pow'r* who can express ?
 And to define that *Pow'r*, or *Skill* is less.

I loath this Burthen of a *Life*, and see
Destruction won't distinguish *Piety* :
 Alike his *Ministers* the *Sword* employ,
 The *Perfect* and *Unjust* alike Destroy :
 In vain the *Guiltless Plead* ; th' avenging *Sword*
 Cuts short his *Plea*, nor Answer will afford :
 Vast are the Bounds which the *Ungodly* have,
 And *Heaven* and *Chance* those vast *Dominions* gave
Goodness and *Greatness* seldom are a *Kin*,
 The *distance* is too great that's set between :
 The *Hoary Judge*, just dropping to his *Grave*,
 To *Sordid Bribery* is still a *Slave* :
 Thus what *Heaven* pleases, ever shall be done,
All-powerful and *Accountable* to none.

If I am *Wicked*, O! I strive in vain,
 With Floods of Tears, to wash me white again.
 How shall I dare as Man, a worthless *Mite*,
 To hold dispute with Pow'r so Infinite?
 Which if 'twill cease to afflict, I will appear
 Bold in my *Innocence*, and void of *Fear*:
 Then willingly I will my *Task* begin,
 And prove I'm *Guiltless* of *imputed Sin*;
 Till that's allow'd I only can complain,
 But never hope for *Happiness* again.

O my Sick Soul! *Life* does a Burthen prove,
 Yet nothing can the *hated Load* remove:
 The *Briny Currents* flow without controul,
 And *Sighs* come rushing from my tortur'd Soul.
 O God! All I implore, is but to know
 What I have done to be afflicted so?
 Is there *Necessity* the *Just* must be
 The daily Marks of thy Severity?
 Whilst the *Ungodly* their full *Harvests* reap,
 And ev'n to excess enjoy a prosp'rous Crop.
 Art thou like Man, whose *short Sight* cannot see
 Beyond the reach of *gross Mortality*?

Are

Are thy Years *limited*, their Number told,
 Or is the *Period* of thy Days enroll'd?
Cease to enquire, and to afflict me, *cease*,
 Let me alone t' enjoy a little *Peace*.
 Thou know'st, O God! For who but God can tell,
 That no *Transgression* in my Soul does dwell?
 If I am *Guilty*, were Earth at my Command,
 It cou'd not save me from thy Pow'rful Hand;
 The Work of thy Almighty Hand yet must,
 Since 'tis *Decreed*, be brought again to *Dust*?
 Kneaded from *Clay refin'd*, 'tis hard to fall,
 Shaken by Storms, to my *Original*.

How artfully this Structure was design'd,
 Whilst yet within the *teeming Womb* confin'd?
 What Tongue can tell what vast *Variety*
 Of little *Vessels* in the Body lie?
 The *Fluid Substance* does the *Circuit* ride,
 The *Heart's* the *Fountain* that supplies the *Tide*:
 In narrow *Channels*, *Life-conducing Blood*
Waters the little *World* with 'ts *Purple Flood*.

With *Nerves* and *Bones* the Work is *Fenc'd* within,
 And yet *Unfinish'd* is the great *Machine*,
 Till over all is cast the *Cloathing Skin* :
 Thus was I form'd, with *Life* and *Favour* blest,
 The *choicest* of thy *Bounties* I possess.
 But why this *change* of *Fate* to me's unknown,
 And is discover'd to thy self *alone* ;
 To thee *alone*, who only can descry,
 And *justly* *Punish* my *Impiety*.
 If I am *Wicked*, *Punishment's* my due,
 And my *Deserts*, if I am found *Untrue* :
 If *Just*, I will not, nor I dare not speak,
 Yet sure my *Heart* will with *Afflictions* break ;
 Therefore do thou with *Pity* view my *Pain*,
 Nor the *Submission* of my *Soul* disdain.

Hunted I am just like a *Beast* of *Prey*,
 And Groan beneath my *Suff'ring* all the *Day* :
 Then for a *Moment* my *Afflictions* cease,
 And o'er my *Soul* thou spreads thy *Wings* of *Peace* ;
 When strait behold new *Miseries* assail,
 And pour upon me like a *Storm* of *Hail*,

Wearied

Wearied with these new Plagues thou dost devise,
T' encrease my Pain, by changing *Miseries*:

Again the shifting Scene presents my Sight
With Thousand *Enemies* prepar'd for Fight,
Which from my Eyes their Balmy *Slumbers* fright.

And was I Born for this? O! Rather why
Was not that Hour appointed me to Dye?

How had I baffled the *expecting Crowd*,
If from the *Womb* I'd slip'd into the *Shroud*?

Behold my Race of Life is almost run,

Already I am past my *joyful Noon*,

And hastily declines the *Setting Sun*.

Forbear to afflict, let me some *Comfort* have

Before I take Possession of my *Grave*;

Before my Journey to *Eternity*,

Deep does the way beneath the *Centre* lie,

Where *lightsome Day* ne'er cheers the *gloomy Sky*.

Where *pitchy Clouds* the *dismal Vaults* Invade,

And all around is one continued Shade;

A Land of *Darkness*, from whose dreadful *Burn*

Fate has forbid our Footsteps to return;

A Land of *Death*, and of *Obscurity*,

Where *Night* for ever Rules, and *Anarchy*.

Zopbar severe in his returns, Storm'd loud,
 And thus accus'd him to the listening Crowd ;
 Vain Boaster ! To presume thou art Upright,
 And blameless standst before thy Makers Sight ;
 O ! That he wou'd himself in Person come,
 And from his Sacred Mouth pronounce thy Doom ;
 Shew thee what Wisdom is, and what thou art,
 The difference 'etwixt thy Meaning and thy Heart.
 I tell thee, Wretch, slight are these Miseries,
 If measur'd with thy own Iniquities :
 Dost thou pretend to search Immensity,
 And to Perfection know the Deity ?
 As far unsearchable to Reason's Eye
 As the Recesses of the utmost Sky :
 Thou might'st as well pierce with thy Mortal Sight
 Thro' Hells wide Regions, over void of Light,
 To find him out, the distance is so vast,
 Comparison in this is even lost,
 For Seas, tho' distant, still must meet a Coast.
 All our Conceptions of God's Excellence
 Are but imperfect GuesSES, from imperfect Sense :
 From him alone we Wealth and Being have,
 And he may take what he so Freely gave :

What

*What tho' he Kill or Heal, Destroy or Bless,
Who shall the Loss bemoan, or the Encrease?*

*For his own Glory every thing is done,
And he depends upon himself alone;*

*For Man to Question with the Deity,
Is to the last Degree, high Blasphemy:*

*The Hypocrite affects to be thought Wise,
To hide his Actions from observing Eyes;
He puts on Zeal, the safest, best Disguise.*

*What tho' the World's deceiv'd, Heaven cannot be,
Thin is the Veil of Man's Hypocrisie:*

*The darkest Plots, the Eye of Heaven does find,
Tho' lodg'd in the close Chambers of the Mind;
How then can Man escape his Wrathful Hand,
Who willfully Transgresses Heaven's Command?*

*How little cause has he of Sense to boast,
It proves his Ruin, tho' 'tis valu'd most;*

*Sense ill apply'd, will ever prove a Vice,
And over Sinful, is not over Wise:*

*Man does Mis-judge of Wisdom; only he
Is truly Wise that loves Integrity;*

*The rest are knowing Beasts, not a Degree,
By Sin debas'd, above Brutality.*

Wouldst

*Wou'dst thou find Peace, wou'dst thou from Pain be free,
 Remove the Cause, leave thy Impiety?
 If by Oppression thou hast wrong'd the Poor,
 Tenfold, to make amends, thou shou'dst restore
 To Angry Heaven, with Sacrifice repair,
 And with a Contrite Heart prefer thy Pray'r;
 Then may'st thou boldly hope again to see
 A blooming Spring of fresh Prosperity;
 No more shall these Afflictions wrack thy Mind,
 Scarce the Remembrance shall be left behind;
 Thy Winter like a Summer shall appear,
 And prove the happier Season of the Year;
 Belov'd of all, in Peace thou shalt possess
 The last remains of Life in Happiness.
 B' assur'd of this, who scorn thy Fortunes now,
 Shall Flatter once again, and to thy Plenty bow:
 Their Expectation, and their Hope shall fly
 Like Transient Mists that Cloud the Azure Sky;
 Like hope of Life to him that's Doom'd to Die.*

*Then spake the Uzzite, you are wond'rous Friends,
 Whose borrow'd Light a feeble Lustre lends,
 And when you Die, your Fame for Knowledge ends.*

I know as well as you relate,
 In *Sense* your equal, tho' deprest by *Fate* :
 Why do you thus my *Miseries* deride?
 Why vent the *Venom* of your secret *Pride*,
 And 'stead of *Comfort*, thus *Unfriendly Chide*?
 Shou'd God, at my Request, my Cause defend,
 'Tis 'gainst your Nature to be *Virtue's* Friend;
 You Judge by *Circumstance*, and outward *Show*,
 And 'tis *Success* makes Man your *Friend* or *Foe*.

Once to have Flourish'd can no Favour win,
Riches are *Goodness*, *Poverty's* a *Sin* ;
 Proud of your *Store*, whilst you securely stand,
 You scorn to lend a *sinking Friend* your Hand :
 'Tis *prosperous Villany* that now bears Sway,
 The *Rich*, tho' *bad*, the *Vulgar* still Obey :
 But 'tis in vain they Plot, God's piercing Eye
 Does soon detect their *Vicious Policy*.
 The *Judge* gives Sentence, as 'tis first Decreed,
 By him the *Prisoner's* not Condemn'd or Freed,
 He *Gravely* fills the Bench as a *State-Tool*,
 And spite of all his *Law*, is but a *Fool* ;

Kings

Kings are no more than *common Men* to him,
 The *Beggar* has with *God* a like Esteem :
 Now this *King* Reigns, and does his Glory fill,
 Proud to behold his *Rival Monarch* Kneel.
 When the next Battle turns the Tott'ring Scales,
 The *Victor* flies, the *vanquish'd Side* prevails :
 The *Orator* no more delights his *Audience*,
 Rob'd of his *Graces* and his *Eloquence* ;
 And Aged *Statesman* finds a want of Sense.
 By Heavens Command even *Kings* descend their
 Thrones,
 Strip'd of their *Purple*, and their *shining Crowns*.

All this my self have seen as well as you,
 What I have utter'd, Knowledge vouches true :
 Believe not your *Experience* more than mine,
 In Human *Actions*, or in *Things Divine*.
 Truth is to you a Stranger, you devise
 False *Notions*, *Formal Tales*, and *Specious Lies*,
 For not one Word your *Virtue* Justifies :
 Like Senseless *Quacks*, the *Med'cines* you apply
 Heightens, but cannot Ease the *Malady*,
 And he that takes your *Physick* needs must die.

Wou'd

Wou'd you be thought my *Friends*, who thus advise,
 I'll tell you how your Counsels I will prize ;
 For ever hold your Peace, and I shall think you Wise?
 Advise you cannot, therefore ought to hear,
Bridle your Tongues, and lend a serious Ear.
 How Impiously your Arguments are bent
 Against all right to Judge the *Innocent* :
 No more thus Wickedly for God dispute ;
 Fairly you cannot what I urge confute.
 Who made you Judges of *Integrity* ?
 And how came you God's Substitutes to be ?
 Ye *abject Wretches*, how wou'd you appear,
 Wou'd God the *Secrets* of your Hearts declare ?
 How wou'd you Tremble and Confounded stand,
 If once you felt the Vengeance of his Hand ?
 Trod to your native Dirt, forsaken lie,
 A dire Example to *Posterity*.
 Forbear such Talk, with Patience hear me speak,
 For 'tis but just I some Defence shou'd make ;
 And I will speak, since *Truth* directs my Tongue ;
 How can that Man offend who does no wrong ?
 Secure that what I offer shall be *Just*,
 I will proceed, nor e'er my Fate distrust.

Why,

Why, why shou'd I despair, why tear my Hair?
 Or take of future Life no farther Care?
 Shou'd God destroy me, yet I will relie
 Only on Him, when deep in Earth I lie,
 And will proceed my self to Justifie,
 He my *Salvation* is, *Him* I shall see
 Deck'd in the Glory of his *Majesty*:
 This is my *Hope*; but sure the *Hypocrite*
 Shall never come before his *Righteous Sight*.
 Hear me: For once I thought you *Friends* indeed;
 Hear, if you can, my injur'd *Virtue* Plead:
 Ready I stand, I wish my Cause was Try'd,
 Assur'd I am I shall be Justify'd.
 Come, who my *Indictment* reads? I will reply,
 And, as a *Martyr*, unto *Truth* will die.

Of Heaven Two Things I beg to ease my *Pain*,
 Remove these *Plagues*, and make me whole again;
 Let not thy dreadful *Presence* terrifie
 So very much, not to admit *Reply*.
 This granted, I am ready to defend
 My Cause, and on my *Innocence* depend;

Produce

Produce my Charge : O ! How have I Transgress'd !
 What are the Sins that thus Polute my Breast ?
 Why all this Labour to undo a *Wretch*,
 Already Faded like a *wither'd Beach* ?

Of Woman Born, the Best and Wisest Man
 In vain tires *Art*, to lengthen out his Span ;
 Like *Flow'rs*, we *Bloom*, smile at the *Rising Sun*,
 But O ! How quickly our short Task is done ;
 For at his *Setting* even our *Race* is run. }
 Suffer me then in *Peace* my Hour to live,
 Cease for a little while, my Soul to grieve ;
 There is a time prefixt, when all must come,
 And from the *Judge* of all, receive their *Doom* ;
 Till then I wou'd be *Quiet*, till thy *Wrath* is past,
 And then, even then, wou'd beg to be the last :
Death never can be *Brib'd*, therefore wou'd I
 Till that Hour comes, in *Peace* forgotten lie.

Torn by the Roots, the lofty *Mountains* fall,
 In their own Ruins find a *Funeral* ;
 As *Softest Streams* thro' *Marble Quarries* drive,
 And by *Degrees* thro' *Flints* a passage rive ;

So

So does the *Hope* of Man each *Hour* decay,
Security too often does it self betray ;
 All he forecasts, one *Moment* does destroy,
 And turns to *Fears* his Flatt'ring Hopes of *Joy* !

Here for a while he Paus'd, when *Theman's* Prince
 In bitter *Terms* arraigns his *Innocence*.

How can *Discretion* so misguide thy *Tongue*,
 That thus thou ever argu'st in the wrong ?
 As unregarded thro' the Vaulted Skies,
 The Wat'ry South in Noisy Tempest flies :
 Just so the vain Expressions touch our Mind,
 Nor any strong Impressions leave behind.
 Respect to Heaven is now no more thy Care,
 Nor dost thou seek thy Angry God with Prayer :
 Art thou Coœval with this Frame of Earth,
 Or had'st thou e'er the Hills were made thy Birth ?
 Has God his Secrets only show'd to thee,
 To thee alone disclos'd the Mystery ?
 'Bove Twice thy Age I've seen, our Silver Hairs
 Will almost treble thy short Lease of Years ;

What

*What hast thou seen, that is to us unknown?
 Or else is Wisdom given to thee alone?
 Thy secret Pride will fatal to thee prove,
 Why dost thou slight these Overtures of Love?
 Too Willful Wretch, all Deaf to Mercy's Cries,
 Thou stop'st thy Ears, and shut'st thy Guilty Eyes;
 Each Word, each Action, does produce a Crime,
 And Mute in Sullen Silence do'st Blaspheme:
 Who can be Righteous that is Born in Sin,
 The troubled Fountain makes the Stream unclean?
 When in his sight the Heavens imperfect seem,
 And Saints themselves are capable of Blame;
 How Loathsome then the Race of Man appears
 Whose Numerous Sins out-vie the Countless Stars.*

*O lend to what I speak a serious Ear,
 And what I know, I'll Faithfully declare;
 In Pain the Sinner drags a Hated Life,
 Incumbred with Anxieties and Strife;
 He knows his Days are but a slender Date,
 Yet knows not when their Period's fix'd by Fate!
 Even in Prosperity he dreads surprize,
 And Fear is ever brooding in his Eyes;*

*His harden'd Soul does from Repentance fly,
 Yet always thinks some sudden Danger nigh:
 Trembling he seeks his Lawless Food, afraid
 Lest ev'ry Moment he should be betray'd;
 Trouble and Anguish his Companions are,
 Which in his Breast foment Intestine War;
 In Unfrequented Houses he resides,
 And dreading Ruin, 'midst of Ruin hides.*

*Be not deceiv'd, nor trust in Vanity,
 For on a Faithless Friend thou dost rely;
 Tho' Green the Branch, it finds a swift decay,
 And in its Dawn concludes its Promis'd Day:
 So Unripe Fruits are from their Branches thrown,
 And from their Stalks are new Born Blossoms blown;
 For Fire shall Burn th' Assembly of th' Unjust,
 Whom Bribes Corrupt to falsifie their Trust.*

Then Job, ————

All this before I've heard; what nothing new,
 Still the Old Path of Folly you pursue?
 Such Wretched Comforters Man never knew.

Why

Why this Excess of *Talk*? O *Obstinate*!
 Thy Words new Trouble to my Soul create;
 How can'st thou take Delight to Plague thy Friend?
 When will thy tiresome *Reas'nings* have an End?
 Were I like you, such Answers I cou'd use,
 With *Unavailing Talk* your Ears abuse;
 And whilst I seem'd to *Pity*, I cou'd *Smile*,
 And at your *Sufferings* unconcern'd, *Revile*.
 This I cou'd do: But sure my *Bleeding Heart*
 Wou'd in a *Friends* Affliction share its part:
 My *Words* shou'd be like *Balm* to *Heal* your Grief,
 And ev'ry *Accent* bring some kind Relief;
 Yet gentlest *Words* are all mispent on me;
 Nor *Silence* can assuage my Misery,
 Even *Company* is tiresome to me now,
 And *Friendships* self does out of Fashion grow:
 For I am made to Loath my self I see,
 And I abhor my own *Deformity*:
 The Wicked at my *Ruin* Laugh, around they wait,
 And grieve to find *Destruction* comes so late:
 Impatiently they stand, with eager Eyes,
 All ready to Devour the unhappy Prize:

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 The Wicked at my *Ruin* Laugh, around they wait,
 And grieve to find *Destruction* comes so late:
 Impatiently they stand, with eager Eyes,
 All ready to Devour the unhappy Prize:

With *Peace* and *Plenty* I have long been blest,
 Still Storms arose to rob me of my Rest :
 Like some *Tall Pine* that long on *Ida* stood,
 The *Pride* and *Glory* of the *Mighty Wood* ;
 So did I stand, Respected and Ador'd,
 And had Obedience from the *Servile Crowd* ;
 Till *Heaven* Conspir'd to shake my happy State,
 And let me to the Worlds opprobrious Hate.
 Now all at once Affliction rushes on ;
 Th' impetuous *Torrent* hurries me along :
Destruction on *Destruction*, *Ruin* on *Ruins* lie ;
 And *Heaven* on me pours its *Artillery* :
 Vile *Sackcloth* on my Body I have spread,
 And *Ashes* cover my dishonour'd Head :
 My weeping Eyes supply a ready Flood ;
Reflect they are, as they had Wept in Blood :
 Yet still my own *Sincerity* I trust,
 And tho' afflicted I am not *Unjust* :
 O Earth ! If thou art Conscious of my Guilt,
 Reveal the Blood my impious Hands have spilt ;
 In vain, if *Guilty*, are my Pray'rs preferr'd,
 The Ears of *Mercy* to such Pray'rs are barr'd.

The Sacred *Records* of the Holy Sky
 Bear Witness with me of my *Integrity*,
 Your base *Reflections* little move my *Mind* ;
 Unto Heavens Will my *Thoughts* are all resign'd.
 Wou'd God allow, I wou'd my *Cause* defend,
 And freely Plead with him as with a Friend :
 In a few Years I must return to *Earth*,
 A *Tribute* due to Nature, whence I took my *Birth* ;
 Thence no return is ever to be made,
 From that irremiable dismal *Shade*.

My *Snuff* of *Life*, lends but a *Sickly Light*,
 Th' aspiring Flame foretells the *Eternal Night* ;
 Yet in my utmost Pangs, your *Scorn* is more
 Than all the *Miseries* I felt before.
 O ! I'm become the publick Scorn and Hate,
 And as their common *Jest*, am *Pointed at* ;
 My Eyes are blind with *Weeping*, pale my Face,
 I seem the Shadow now of what I was.
 The *Just* may wonder at my sudden Fall,
 And *Pity* me, since *useless Pity's* all :
 Yet my *Example* shall prevailing be,
 And they like me shall hate *Hypocrisie*.

The *Upright* in his *Innocence* shall Trust,
And *Hell* shall ne'er prevail against the *Just*.

O ! Then forbear, cease to Afflict your *Friend*,
At length let your unjust Reproaches end :
Strangers themselves wou'd Blush to use me so,
But a false Friend is ever the worst Foe.
If I have Sin'd, who can the Crime atone ?
The Punishment has fall'n on me alone.
How can you basely thus Insult my *Fate*,
And proudly *Triumph* o'er my unhappy State :
Of Heaven forsaken, and with Woes oppress'd,
I never can obtain a Moments Rest :
I tell my Sorrows, and reveal my Grief,
But O ! In vain I beg a kind Relief ;
I'm *fast*, I strive in vain to shun the *Snare*,
No way to break my *Fetters* does appear ;
Strip'd of my Glory, I am Naked left,
Of all my *Pompous* Ornaments bereft :
Hope like a Shadow seems, but hardly seen,
And straight it Wings its hasty *flight* again.
Th' *avenging Ministers* of Heaven are nigh,
And Frowning treat me as an *Enemy* :

Where-

Where-e'er I turn my Eyes, Destruction stands,
 And *Smiles* to find her *Prey* so near her Hands.
 My *Brothers* from my sudden *Ruin* fly,
 And *Friends* estrang'd despise my *Misery*.

O ! I had drawn a *Scheme*, — but *Fate* breaks in,
 And makes me leave in haste the imperfect *Scene* :
 My Hour draws nigh, when I in Peace shall go
 Down to the gloomy *Wilderness* below ;
 Where vile *Corruption* and base *Reptiles* breed,
 And on their Fellow Creatures daily feed :
 For they, as well as Man, receive their Birth
 From One Original, all *Fruitful Earth* ;
 There is the end of *Hope*, in that *Obscurity*,
Worms and *Mankind* together blended lie.

But yet —————

I know my *Saviour* Lives, whom I shall see
 At the last Day, in all His Majesty :
 On *Earth* I shall behold him and appear
 In the same Robe of *Flesh*, which now I wear :
 And tho' devouring *Worms* this *Garb* consume,
 Whilst I lie Moulding in the silent *Tomb* ;

Yet shall these Eyes behold him reconcil'd
 To me, *Indulgent, Merciful and Kind.*
 Cease to Afflict me, since my Cause is just ;
 Nor to your own Opinions safely trust ;
 For to your Sorrow you at last shall know,
Justice is sure, tho' late she gives the *Blow.*





V O L P O N E,
O R T H E
F O X.



I N Times of Yore, when Brutes were
Speakers
And Men were only reckon'd *Sneakers*,
There was a Fox of great Renown,
One of th' Supporters of the Crown,
Which kept the meaner Beasts at odds,
About their Worshipping their Gods,
And set the others at defiance,
Because he had such near Alliance
With a strong Neighb'ring Lyon made
That was brought up to th' fighting Trade.
And had procur'd immortal Fame,
As had the *Lyoness* his Dame :

For

For she was Sly and always near
 The Regal *Lyon's* gentle Ear,
 And did observe the subtle Fox,
 Much taken with her goldy Locks.

Sir *Ren* (quoth she) I hope't's no Sin,
 Since you and I're so near a kin,
 To talk in private now and then,
 And settle Matters where, and when?
 For you know what a Charge we bear,
 That we must manage with great care,
 While my dear Spouse is at the War.

I must confess I bear a weight
 Enough to sink the Richest State,
 While you pour in such unheap'd Measure,
 As will consume a Nations Treasure.
 Alas you think not what you do,
 We cannot now much further go;
 Let us pursue our Ease and Sport,
 You rule the *Country*, I the *Court* :

We need no Foreign Dangers fear,
 The Noble *Lyon* hunts the *Bear*,
 And makes us safe and happy here.
 While you prevent the *Panther's* Race,
 From what they aim at Pow'r and Place ;
 For tho' they're beautiful, it's true,
 We have some other things in view,
 The World knows not, 'twixt I and you.

Madam, quoth *Ren*, 'tis by your Grace,
 I smile with such a Court Grimace,
 For who can frown, that sees your Face ?
 Your Features fair, inspire me still,
 I'm but a Slave to act your Will ;
 If you're Religious, I am so,
 And whom you hate, I'll make my Foe.
 See if the *Panthers* dare complain,
 Or any murmur at your Reign.
 While I this Magick Wand controul,
 Which is the Nations better Soul ;
 The *Panthers* are a suppliant brood,
 That own the *golden Calf's* their God,
 And they'll pay Homage to my Rod.

As for the *Geese* they are our Friends,
 Tho' it is all for their own ends ;
 They think I'm Godly, 'cause I Preach,
 And that I will Religion teach ;
 I shall do so while in their reach.
 But if they'd read old *Aesop* o'er,
 They might have thought on this : Before
 The *Fox* begins his Prey to seize,
 He Preaches, *then beware the Geese.*

There are some *Wolves* that grin and leer,
 To see the *Fox* exalted here,
 And to your *Lyonship* ally'd so near.
 But, Madam, on my brutish Word,
 I value not the Beasts a T---d ;
 But will, with all industrious Care,
 Still pay my chief Devotions here :
 I'll set the *Geese* to gabble at 'em,
 For tho' I fear 'em not, I hate 'em ;
 They are such strange insulting Cattle,
 Tho' they can't hurt, they'll give you Battle,
 And joyn with the wild *Panther's* Race,
 If they can bring me to Disgrace ;

The'

Tho' *Wolves* and *Panthers* ne'er agreed,
They will Unite to make me bleed.

But I have got some *Swans* that Sing
Louder than a Church-Bell can Ring,
Those I'll imploy to deaf the Cry,
That 'mong the *Wolves* and *Panthers* fly,
For they're so hot, they miss the Scent,
And then repine with Discontent.
They cannot gain what they design,
Because the *Fox* soon springs the Mine,
And so discovers the Deceit
They lay to catch him as a Bait ;
But all their Nets are yet too thin
To hold me, shou'd I once get in.

They may perhaps some *Geese* ensnare,
Who are too heedless to beware,
And think the *Panthers* shou'd be kind,
'Cause once they met a civil *Hind*.
The *Wolves*, for sure they hate and fly,
You know the Cause as well as I:

If they'd succeeded, as they thought,
 Then you and I had come to nought,
 So we have reason to look shy,
 And put on *Airs*, when they are by.

The *Geese* despise 'em, you may Swear,
 They love a Beast with a long Pray'r;
 And *Wolves* are said to be profane,
 Because they were so the last Reign,
 Tho' now they're Godly without gain.

But pray, Sir *Ren*, what can it be,
 That makes the *Geese* so shy of me,
 Since I espouse, with you, their Cause,
 And save them from the *Panther's* Laws?
 I wonder why they shou'd not join
 Me, with your Lordship, in their Wine;
 Or Sing the wond'rous Things I've done,
 Since my auspicious Reign begun.
 How I've a *Treasury* of Pelf,
 That I have hoarded up my self;
 And tho' the *Lyon* gain great store,
 I get, less dang'rous ways, much more.

If Honour's purchas'd I'm the Spring,
 If 'tis rewarded, you're the King;
 What wou'd we more, we cannot have,
 Life we preserve, from Death we save;
 But Gratitude to none bestow:
 That is the only Debt we owe.

Well, Madam, we'll pay off the Score
 At once, 'twill make the Favour more,
 When *Pantbers* are turn'd out o'th' Door.
 The *Geese* will Triumph then, and say,
 Who wou'd not such a Beast obey,
 As guards with safety all our Flocks?
 Henceforth we'll ever chuse a *Fox*.
 Then let 'em, if they dare deny,
 To own *your Beastly Majesty*.
 For my part I shall ever show,
 What to the *Lyonnes* I owe,
 My Love, and Duty both bestow.
 But 'tis most strange among the Herd
 You shou'd be neither lov'd, nor fear'd,
 That all your fighting Lord has done,
 Of Friends shou'd not engage you one:

'Tis

'Tis Malice all, and *Wolfish* Spite,
 Let 'em grin on, they cannot bite :
 We both shall live to mock their Folly,
 And raise their Spleen and Melancholly ;
 I'll dress me spruce, begin to spark it,
 Among the Racers at *New-market*,
 I know the *Geese* such *Fools-caps* are,
 To think I do it for the Air :
 But you and I know better things,
 For we are rais'd upon their Wings,
 And for them have good cause to Pray,
 But we shall all their Favours pay,
 And clear their Score another way.

I hope, my Lord, you do not mean
 That e'er the *Geese* should Rule again,
 They are such noisy, foolish Fowls,
 I'd rather you'd promote the *Owls* ;
 Who tho' they can i'th' Dark see Light,
 When th' Sun shines brightest, have no Sight.
 The *Panther* is a Noble Brute,
 And fit for Pow'r without dispute,

And

And tho' they strive all to offend you,
 'Tis because the *Geese* commend you;
 They all suppose you are their Creature,
 Not thinking 'tis against your Nature,
 For tho' you love to see them Fat,
 It is, that you may kill and eat.

The *Panther* knows you can't destroy him,
 But you have Power to annoy him,
 Therefore he won't submit to those
 Severe Commands you wou'd impose.
 Now, I desire, your Beastship wou'd
 Consider th' best, for both our good,
 Since, as a Brute, you do profess
 Such kindness for the *Lynxes*.

Madam, you have advis'd aright,
 For to the *Panther* I've no Spite,
 No other rival Brute I fear,
 The *Wolf's* too near a kin to th' *Bear*,
 And cannot gain much Favour here.
 Therefore, it is my Policy
 To be to all the *Panthers* shy.

As for the *Geese*, I am their *Ward*,
 And they believe me their *Safe-guard* ;
 So that I am in Conscience bound,
 To keep 'em from the greedy *Hound* ;
 Not, but I always did design
 To pick their *Feathers* off as mine,
 And, I'm in hopes, you'll not disdain,
 To add them to your *Peacock* Train.

A *Swan* came to me t'other Day,
 And told me he expected Pay,
 For he had well deserv'd Reward,
 Being he was the *Fox's Bard* ;
 That, he had Sung so long for me,
 The Beasts began to Mutiny,
 And threaten'd they wou'd clip his Wing,
 If e'er again they heard him Sing.
 At last a *Goose* fet up her Quill,
 And did the Fields with Musick fill,
 When soon the *As*s began to Bray,
 Said, he'd as much as *Geese* to say :
 Then all the Brutes with wonder gaz'd,
 To know what had this *Hubbub* rais'd.

They

They all concurr'd, and spake as one,
 What is the *Fox* so gen'rous grown,
 That *Geese* and *Asses* change their Tone?
 A little *Weasel* standing by,
 Soon gave them all a Reason, why
 These Brutes were of the *Fox* so fond,
 Because he'd drawn them into *Bond*;
 And did design the rest to Fleece,
 By kind assistance of the *Geese*.
 The *Ass* disdain'd to come behind
 The *Swan*, or *Geese*, in any kind,
 And so began the *Fox* to praise,
 In hopes he shou'd have got the *Bays*.
 But as ill luck wou'd have it be,
 I had retain'd a *Goose* in fee,
 Both void of Wit, and Poetry;
Jove knows my Income is too poor
 To give a better Poet more.

But shortly, now, the Brutes will meet :
 I fear all those that have Four Feet
 Will quite expunge who have but Two,
 And then I know not what to do.

If *Geese* be voted as unfit,
 Among Four-footed Beasts to fit,
 And Judge of either Sense, or Wit;
 Then all the labour I have ta'en
 Is lost, and I'm undone again.
 Or if the *Panthers* find it out,
 That to the *Geese* I'm so devout,
 I must be forc'd to *Tack about*.

I thought you'd scorn'd that filthy Name,
 Wou'd lose your *Life*, to save your *Fame*;
 But I must recollect your'e *Wife*,
 And can discern without glass *Eyes*,
 The *Fox's* Interest is his *Prize*.
 But still, my Lord, the *Wolves* are fly,
 And *Brutes* who're given much to *Lye*:
 So, if your Honour, take not care,
 They'll neither you, nor I, much spare.

If they against you shou'd inform,
 'Twou'd bring on me a dreadful Storm,

And

And therefore, Sir, provoke them not,
 For they are dang'rous at a Plot,
 And you know we have made a blot:
 I wou'd not have the *Wolves* to hit,
 For all that we have got by it.
 The *Panthers* do suspect a cheat,
 Which makes them manage with such heat,
 But dare not trust the *Wolves*, because
 They are obnoxious to the Laws.

Now if the Brutes shou'd all consent,
 To chuse a *Panther-Parliament*,
 What must we think, will be th'event?
 But that the *Wolves* will quite untwist,
 The *Quill* thro' which we both have Piss,
 And then, Sir, I must bid adieu,
 To all Affairs 'twixt me, and you.

Madam,—

You touch me in the tend'rest Part,
 Both of my Int'rest, and my Heart,
 And what you say, I can't deny,
 It does perplex my Policy :

And

E 3

Yet

Yet I have still a *Card* to play;
 Will please the *Wolves* another way,
 Since they are greedy after Prey.
 So that will stop their Throats a while,
 And make them sometimes on me smile;
 Till I have drawn the Brutes aside,
 And soften'd all their Hate and Pride;
 That they forsake the *Panther's* Chace,
 And let the *Fox* go his own Pace;
 For 'tis not that I dread them single,
 But when they in Assemblies mingle;
 They are most fierce, tyrannick Beasts,
 And have the subtlest Smell, and Tasts.
 They won't be by the *Fox* then put on,
 But will be serv'd with the best *Mutton*,
 So far that I begin to tremble,
 Against the time they next assemble;
 Least in a rage, when they are vex'd,
 And with the *Asses* much perplex'd,
 They shou'd into their Passions fly,
 And all the *Geese* at once destroy!

For

For then it is, they break my Measures,
 And to be sure they'll search my Treasures,
 So that at last I lose my Bacon,
 For which such mighty Pains I've taken ;
 Therefore I labour hard to make
 Some *Panthers* mine, and save my Stake ;
 And then I'll let the *Geese* go gabble,
 To save themselves among the Rabble.
 For 'tis not for the least respect,
 That I their Interest protect,
 But only to support my own,
 Tho' at the hazard of the Crown ;
 For what are all the *Geese* to me ?
 But I gain by their flattery,
 And so encrease my *Treasury*.

Let them go seek some other Fools,
 I am not theirs, but they're my Tools ;
 And if they cannot see the Cheat,
 They're *Geese* indeed, without deceit :
 But I must keep in my disguise,
 As yet, a while, if I am Wise,

Least *Wolves*, and *Panthers* shou'd descry
 The secret Haunts where now I lye,
 And act my sweet Hypocrisie.

Alas, if they cou'd make plain Proof,
 With *Geese* I'm under the same Roof,
 I'm sure enough to lose my Head,
 Or sent abroad to beg my Bread.

Nay then, my Lord, if that's the Sport,
 The *Wolves* and *Panthers* take at Court,
 Pray follow your own Policy,

And both with *Geese* and them agree :

But if you must with One dispute,
 Be sure side with the strongest Brute.

It's far from being a Disgrace,
 For Beasts that are in your high Place
 To be call'd *Trimmers* now-a-days,

But an addition to your Praise,

That you're not obstinately bent

To thwart and vex a Parliament.

For if they're *Panthers*, so are You :

If *Wolves*, you're something of their Hue :

And if they're *Geese*, you'll be as true.

To ev'ry Party well inclin'd,
But to your self be always kind,
And constant to your faithful *Hind*.





A
Poetical ESSAY
ON THE
Last Sea-fight with the French,

August 12. 1704.



Sing the Pride of *Albion*, and the Pow'r
That guards our own, but threatens the
Gallick Shore.

To *Britain's* Glory, I my Song pre-
pare,

Britain, the Arbiter of Peace and War,
How glorious Her extended Canvas shows,
Her Navy, how commanding to Her Foes,
To whose Majestick Height, all *Europe* bows?

Then

Then tell, my Muse, if thou can'st well express,
 Such wond'rous Greatness in the Art of Verse ;
 How *Albion's* Fame does more at large appear,
 When armed *Fleets* Sail thro' the yielding Air,
 And awe the Neighb'ring Worlds with pannick Fear.

Tell, how the sharpen'd Keel divides the Main,
 And how the turgid Waves press in again ;
 How fond their close Embraces they pursue,
 And Kifs their Verdure into Azure Blew.

Tell, how these floating Citadels prepare
 For Friendly Union, or Destructive War :
 In Strife, how like *Leviathan* they move,
 And when they speak, how like the Voice of *Jove* ;
 How many Prodigies we here may find,
 And see with what great Art they are design'd ;
 How nicely weigh'd is ev'ry pond'rous Beam,
 And how each closely fitted to its Frame ;
 With what Command the Rudder guides the Hulk,
 How such Proportion in the Massy Bulk.

Tell

Tell this, and Twice Ten Thousand Wonders more,
 These that in wond'rous Machines we explore.
 And when we've all our Admiration cloy'd,
 Observe to what great Ends they are imploy'd :
 What God-like Souls the chief Directors are ;
 Then view the Myst'ry with the last Despair,
 When prudent Conduct gives the great Command,
 These Wooden Worlds obey the Ruling Hand.

Now was the time when the hot *Syrian* Dog
 Infects the Seas with ev'ry noisom Fog ;
 The Mouth the *Roman* Senate did decree,
 Perpetual, to *Augustus* Memory.
 In those same Seas, where that fam'd *Cæsar* fought,
 And where at *Actium*, he such Glory got ;
 Great *Albion's* Navy did with Thunder roar,
 Dreadful to *Africk*, and th' *Iberian* Shore :
 In that renown'd *Cantabrian* Ocean, She
 Display'd Her *British* Flags of Victory.

The wond'rous Tale of *Actium* must be lost,
 When this is told on the same *Barbary* Coast ;

The

The Battel of *Lepanto* quite forgot,
 Where this, the Greatest, and the last was fought;
 This Battel, which at once made *Europe* know
 What *Albion* cou'd, what *Gallia* cou'd not do.

In *Tyrrhene* Seas near proud *Iberia's* Shore,
 Insulted often by the Barbarous *Moor*,
 Aspiring *France* her Canvas Wings display'd,
 Pluming her self with Thoughts to be Obey'd,
 She spread her Sails, and her vast Anchors weigh'd.

With flattering Pomp, she made the Watry Main
 Servile to her, and her Majestick Train.

But see, fair *Albion's* Fleet from *Africk's* Shore,
 Soon does the Hopes and Fears of *France* explore;
 Her *Peacock* Train hoisted with so much Pride
 Late on her Top-masts Head, now's laid aside,
 They take th' Alarm, and for the Charge prepare,
 Swoln big with Conquest, tho' possess'd with Fear.

Africk and *Spain* both saw th' amazing Sight,
 And look'd with Horror at th' approaching Fight:
 They

They saw with Wonder, what encreas'd their Fear,
 And shook like Cowards, as the Fleets drew near :
 In dire Amaze, the *Spaniards* saw that Day,
 That must enforce their Nation, either way,
 Be Slaves to *France*, or *Charles* the *Third* obey.

From their steep Clifts, they saw both Navies come,
 Crowding their Sails, like Clouds before a Storm ;
 The Air grew dark, and all the Lights of Heaven
 Seem'd in Eclipse ; as when a *Sea* is driven
 By *Lybian* Winds, that on the *Beeches* roar,
 And cast the Billows on th' *Iberian* Shoar,
 The Flood breaks in, the frightened People fly,
 And more by Flight, than by the Tempest Die ;
 The Surging Waves swell still in higher Pride,
 And sport in Triumph on the raging Tide :
 While the sad Shore, thus vanquish'd with Despair,
 Yields to the Waves, and the tormenting Air.

So flood the *Spaniards* on the Neighbouring Shore,
 And so, with dreadful Aspects look'd the *Moor*,
 The loud Mouth'd Cannon quickly did repeat,
 The General's Brav'ry, and the Sailors Heat :

Gallia

Gallia return'd with Fire, their glorious Rage,
And now the Murd'ring Engines of the War Engage.

Now Shot pours in, like ratling Show'rs of Hail,
Or Spouts that in the *Western* Ocean fall ;
Now Darkness Black as Hell, that wou'd affright,
And Fire breaks out, like Lightning in the Night ;
Thick Sulp'rous Flames spread o'er the Beamy Skies,
Not to give Light, but blind the Soldiers Eyes,
While Horror still encreases with their Cries.
Deaf'ned with Noise, Amaz'd with sudden Blows,
Now 'mong the Sailors more Confusion grows ;
Their Shrowds are torn, Masts by the Ship-board fall,
And Rage and dire Destruction reigns thro' all.

Here Legs and Arms in wild Disorder lie,
While furious Flames amidst the Tackling fly :
This way they run to prop the falling Mast,
Then leave't, to save the sinking Ship with haste :
Here a Broad-side has pour'd a Deluge in,
Then at the Pump they Work with all their main,
To pour the Sea into the Sea again.

Now

Now the Fight rages, now the Battel's hot,
 And e'ery Sailor to his Business got ;
Gen'ral with *Gen'ral* now design'dly meet,
 While *Shovel* Thunders thro' the *Gallick* Fleet,
 And streaming Flags lie shatter'd at his Feet.
 Whole Show'rs of Fiery Balls on Ship-board rain,
 While the dread Sounds disturb th' *Atlantick* Main ;
 For *Sovereignty* the Bellowing Engines roar,
 And make their Claim known to each distant Shore.

Ev'n *Neptune* trembles at th' impetuous Shocks,
 Forakes the Deep, for Safety, seeks the Rocks.
 But Earth and Seas, the dire Convulsions feel,
 The frantick Waves, like Drunkards, tofs, and reel,
 And tumble too and fro, the mighty Keel :
 Rouling 'gainst Seas, her Massy Ribs are split,
 And forc'd in this Combustion to refit :
 Others like burning *Beacons* do appear,
 Stor'd well with Pitchy Cordage, and with Tar.

Next see a horrible and hideous Blast,
 Blow up the Deck, and rend the sturdy Mast ;

Break

Break the tuff Oak in Splinters thro' the Sky,
 Then force the pond'rous Waves in Air to fly;
 While mangled Limbs amidst the Surges ride,
 Toss'd by the Sea, in a disdainful Pride.

The *Eastern* Winds drive on the roaring Train,
 That fret the angry Billows of the Main :
 Now *Nereus* Foams, and now the storming Tide,
 With Violence 'gainst ev'ry Ship does ride ;
 Waves fall on Waves, and Seas on Seas are driven,
 Then break, like Thunder-Claps that fall from Heaven.

Both Sides attack, both Sides alike defend,
 This gives the Charge, the other Aids his Friend.
 Sometimes they hope, sometimes they doubtful grow,
 While Death strikes sure on both at ev'ry Blow.

Conquest leans here, then on the other side,
 Like boist'rous Winds that drive th' unruly Tide :
 Here one drops down, his Room another fills,
 That a huge Ball, this a small Splinter Kills ;
 His Friend succeeds him, takes the vacant Place,
 And falls himself within a little space.

Heaps crowd on Heaps, and Groans so dreadful grow,
 The hideous Objects from their Sight they throw,
 And in their Cries, sink to the Deep below.

Behold the Sea-green Waves with Blood are dy'd,
 And Purple Billows on the Surface ride ;
 See how the *Porpoise* Monster is afraid,
 Looks pale with Horror, dares not show his Head,
 But hides himself in the Seas ouzy Bed.

Tritons in vain attempt to banish Fear,
 But fly with hast unusual, here and there,
 Thro' all the Deep, Astonishment they spread,
 And more the Fire, than *Neptune's* Anger dread.

See how the Gen'ral Toils and Foams to meet
 The *Gallick* Heroe, 'midst his pompous Fleet ;
 How his Eyes sparkle, how his Eye-Balls roul,
 How wise his Conduct, and how great his Soul
 Swoln big with Rage, with *Albion's* Glory fir'd,
 To ev'ry Soldier he new Life inspir'd.

Each did his Fellow with stern Wrath inflame,
 And swelling Pride, made ev'ry Sailor claim
 The spreading Lawrels of their Gen'ral's Fame.

Clap-

Clapping and Raving with tumultuous Sound,
 The very Seas did to the Noise rebound ;
 Disdaining Fear, tho' Death their *Huzza's* met,
 They spurn'd the Grilly Tyrant from their Feet.

Now Pale, then Black, and Bloody as they lay,
 Pursuit of Conquest banish'd Fear away,
 And ev'ry Soldier Bless the Glorious Day.
 No base Contention rose, but noble Strife,
 To see, who shou'd —————
 Most Honour gain, not who shou'd save his Life.

Thouloufe, the Pride of *Gallia's* Fleet, in vain
 On mighty *Rook*, pour'd all his fiery Train :
 Whose hideous Clamours rent the very Skies
 With Terror, nought but *Briton's* durst despise.
 Like some fell Monstrous *Whale*, cast on the Shore,
 That scares the Neighb'ring Cattel with his Roar,
 So *France* spoke from the Cannons murd'ring Breath,
 Doleful Prefages of approaching Death.

Whole Sholes of *Gallies* to their Admiral come,
 Which from Great *Rook* receive a speedy Doom :

With slavish Dread they cross the Eddies Row,
 But e'er their Work is finish'd, sink below,
 With hideous Shrieks and Cries of Gallick Woe.
 Down as they Tumble, fresh Men raise their Heads,
 Then sink beneath, into their liquid Beds.

Rook, like Great *Neptune* in his God-like Pride,
 When on a sporting *Dolphin* pleas'd to Ride;
 Mounted on tossing Billows in a Storm
 Round him, as Guards, a Thousand *Tritons* swarm.
 Such is his Glory, and as firm he stands
 'Gainst *Gallia's* Navy, and her Batt'ring Rams;
 While *Jennings*, like a Noble Second, came
 To Aid his Gen'ral's Battel, and proclaim
 How like an *English-man* he courted Fame:
 His Heart was Oak, free from the Thoughts of Fear,
 While Death attacks him both in *Van* and *Rear*,
 And throws Destruction round him ev'ry where.

Now *Tholoufe* does afresh his Fury try,
 And Bullets flaming from the Furnace fly,
 They Burn, they Break, they Tear, and they Destroy.

Here

Here gushing Blood the crowded Decks wash
down,

While gorging in the Purple Stream they Drown :

Or weltring in their Gore, their Spirits spend

In helpless Cries, before the Battel end.

For such the Fury of these Captains were,

Each brave Commander did his Danger share,

And ev'ry Soldier felt the shocking War.

Like as with equal Rage and equal Might,

Two adverse Winds contend, together Fight ;

Cloud against Cloud, and Wave 'gainst Wave, they

dash,

And Sea and Air, with strong Convulsions clash.

Then on some Rock with furious Shocks, they

rush,

And whatso'er opposes them, they crush.

So met these Royal Navies on the Main,

While streaming Fires spread o'er the Watry Plain.

Like some dire Comet, whose fierce Flames foretel,

Where bloody Death, or Pestilence will dwell.

As a Wild *Bull* his Rival's wont to meet,
 So daring *Shovel* Storms the *Gallick Fleet* ;
 His Eyes speak Fire, the Language of his Guns,
 That with the Force of these, their Courage stuns:
 Like some fierce *Tyger*, who displays his Head
 'Midst Herds of Deer, who've their Pursuer fled.

Some *Cyclops* sure, at *Vulcan's* Anvil, Struck
 This Dauntless Heroe out of Fire and Smoke.

Now *Leake*, and *Bing*, and *Dilks*, with Fire bear down,
 In *Gallia's* Ruin, they involve their own :
 Their Courage prove, where the most Danger grows,
 And Satisfaction in their slaughter'd Foes :
 Pale Gashly Death all their Decrees obey,
 Fiercer than Hurricanes, or a Mad Sea,
 That fights the Wind in vain, for Victory.

Or just like *Phaeton* they wou'd aspire
 With *Gallia's* Fleet, to set the World on Fire :
 Vast Fleaks of Light'ning from their Cannon fly,
 While Death pursues the vanquish'd Enemy ;

And

And *Albion's* fierce Artillery proclaim,
Great *ANNA's* Glory and Immortal Fame,
Like *Jove's* dread Voice, in Thunder and in Flame.





THE
Royal PROPHETESS.

A N
Heroick P O E M.



Hen Pious *Joshua* *Israel's* People led
After the Mighty Prophet had 'em fed
With Food from Heaven for their daily
Bread.

Jacob's ungrateful Race forgot the God
That had preserv'd them by his Sacred Rod ;
Perverse and Stubborn as their Fathers were,
They scorn'd the tenders of his bounteous Care,
And ev'n 'gainst high Heav'n it self made War.
Tho' when the great *Dictator* of their Laws
Was snatch'd away, *Joshua* espous'd their Cause.
Joshua, so much for Arms and Arts renown'd,
And who the hopes of *Israel's* People Crown'd.

When

When such a Guide did for their Tribes appear
 Old *Judah's* Lyon rose, and *Israel* banish'd fear,
 Whilst from his Sphere fled back the glaring *Sun*,
 Amaz'd, asham'd, to see himself out-run,
 Stock-still he gaz'd, with Wonder fill'd; and fear,
 Nor durst he to his Journey's end draw near,
 But as a vain Spectator of the Day,
 Stood loit'ring of his precious Hours away.

Mean time the Hero, with a matchless Grace
 Met nought but Victory in ev'ry Place,
 Where grizly Death was staring in his Face.

The Haughty *Amorites* press'd his Troops in vain
 Till *Gibeons* Fields were cover'd with the Slain;
 The bashful trembling *Moon*, all pale and wan
 Affrighted stood to view the God-like Man.
 While thro' the rapid Streams of *Jordan*, he
 Made his bold Passage like a Deity.
 No Terrors did his fiery Passion cool,
 His Armour was the Courage of his Soul.
 Nor did the God, for whom his *Joshua* fought,
 Permit his Hero to be long forgot,

For

For 'midst th' eternal Monuments of Fame
None will compare to *Joshua's* Deathless Name.

He liv'd thro' *Israel's* Tents for Arms renown'd,
And dy'd with never-fading Lawrels Crown'd.

While *Jacob's* Sons in Sorrow bath'd their Eyes,
And Clouds with Mourning Sables deck'd the Skies,
Deb'rah the Royal Prophetess did rise.

Deb'rah, whose Sacred Name tunes every Lyre,
And does my Muse with Pious Thoughts inspire :
From *Ephram's* Tribe her sacred Breath she drew,
And *Israel* well her great Fore-Fathers knew.
Divinely fair her sparkling Beauty shin'd,
As *Jaspers* with the *Cbrystal* more refin'd ;
Her flowing Hair like the first dawn of Light,
With Gold enamel'd show'd the Silver-white ;
Upon her Brow a Thousand Graces met,
Where they in Thrones of spotless *Ivory* sat ;
Her Cheeks with native Blushes were o'er-spread,
Not yielding to the fair *Carnation* Red ;
Her Eyes would swell and burst, and melt in Showers,
As Pearly *Dews* sit on the choicest *Flow'rs* ;

To Crown her Charms the Sun lay hid for shame,
 And own'd her Eyes by far the brighter flame ;
 Like Rocks of Marble on a Silver Mold,
 Her Snowy Breasts their Beauties do unfold,
 So every Heart with pleasure she commands,
 No Heart, no Soul, her Lordly Pow'r withstands.

Of *Lapidoth* she was the virtuous Wife,
 And liv'd a very Pattern all her Life
 Free from the Jars of Matrimonial strife.
 Heav'n such a Bridegroom never yet describ'd,
 Nor ever Earth so Good, so Chaste a Bride.

Under the spreading *Palm-Trees* She abode,
 Securely tended by her Guardian God,
 On *Ephraim's* Mount, with awful Pow'r She sat
 To govern *Israel*, and prescribe their Fate.

There stands a lofty Pile, which looking high,
 Rears up its stately Head to meet the Sky,
 Deep founded on a Rock it firmly stood,
 Fenc'd from th' Insults of *Jordan's* Swelling Flood.

The Beauteous Frame with curious Art was wrought,
 With Wood from *Ophir*, and from *Chittim* brought,
 With tallest *Cedars* that the Forrests shade,
 Of *Fir*, the *Beams* and *Rafters* all were made,
 The Roof with Gold of *Parvaim* overlaid;
 Such wond'rous *Architrave* the Structure shew'd,
 As if design'd by some all Artful God;
 Huge Mountain *Pines*, th' Imperial load sustain'd,
 Which from the solid Trunks alone were fram'd,
 On Pedestals of Molten *Brass* they stood,
 And Leaves of purest Gold o're-laid the Wood;
 Their *Chapiters* were Carv'd with nicest Art,
 And in their form each Workman play'd his Part.

One Tow'ring *Cedar*, of Gigantick size,
 That did on *Lebanon's* fair *Forrest* rise,
 Did by its Native Strength alone support
 Th' ascending Ladder of this spacious Court;
 A Hundred Paces, to the Floor you mount,
 And Twice Two Hundred afterwards might count,
 Of purest *Ebony*, the Steps were made,
 With *Chittim* Iv'ry, curiously Inlaid;

No Walls were there, but of the *Onyx* Stone,
 Nor Light; but what thro' clearest *Crystal* shone;
 The Ceiling, of stupendious height did seem,
 Shewing no Crack, or Flaw, or Artless Beam,
 But in the Noblest Paintings, there Divine
 Did all the Glorious Acts of *Israel* shine.
 There, *Moses* by the Fiery Pillar stood,
 And *Pharoah's* Chariots rowling in the Flood;
 There, stood the Waves, in heaps on either side,
 And *Moses* leading *Israel* as their Guide;
 There, were in Colours, Artfully exprest
 All *Egypt's* Plagues, in lively Horror drest,
 And living Streams flow'd from the Painters Rock,
 Just as they look'd when the great Prophet struck;
 Nor were the wond'rous Deeds of *Joshua* forgot,
 And all the mighty Battels which he fought.

A Lordly Dome rais'd up its Antique Head,
 Which o're the Centre of the Building spread,
 Two Hundred Cubits 'bove the Roof did rise,
 And the same Number spann'd the bulky size.
 With pond'rous Gold the Pile was cover'd o'er,
 And Orient Gems adorn'd the inner Floor.

There

There *Varrio's* Skill in shining Colours lives,
And there immortal *Joshua* survives.

There you may see, the Radiant Beamy Sun
By Man's soft Pencil, Artfully out-done,
When he stood still upon the Burning Zone.

There, see, how the great Painter so can dress
Art, as t' exceed ev'n Nature in Distress ;
So bold he Paints the fall of *Jericho*,
That She scarce felt such mighty Pangs of Woe,
When Her surrounding Walls were tumbling down,
And *Joshua's* Host Triumphant in the Town ;
When Childless Matrons, with unpitied Eyes
Wept, at the Universal Sacrifice.

There, Colours do by bold Expressions tell
How the Great Heroe stood when *Bashan* fell,
How *Jordan's* Streams, cou'd never stem the Tide
Of *Joshua's* Fire ; He thro' the Flood wou'd Ride,
And force the Waves stand still on either side.

Beneath the Glories of this Painted Sky,
Statues of lasting *Brass*, stood mounting high,
At whose proud Feet numberless Trophies lye.

There,

There, haughty *Nimrod*, like a *Tyrant* stood,
 And those *Rebellious Sons*, who since the Flood
 Wag'd War with Heav'n, and durst confront their God
 In daring Forms, that did their boldness crown,
 Who *Babel* rais'd, and with it tumbled down.
 Their Images appear'd of *Gyant* size,
 Grim were their looks, and *Gorgon* like their Eyes:
 No smiling aspects did the Heroe's grace,
 But Horror star'd in ev'ry Grizly Face,
 Naked and bare, their Brawny Limbs descry'd
 Th' insulting Men, that Heav'n and Earth defy'd.

Beneath these huge *Colossus's*, you might see
 Twelve spacious *Arches*, fram'd of *Ebony* ;
 With lust'rous *Pearl*, each Bow was spangled o'er,
 And *Jasper* Stones pav'd all the low'most Floor,
 The choicest *Onyx*, form'd the Pillars thro',
 And the *Pilasters* were of *Saphire* blue.

Next, hence adjoyning lies a Gallery,
 With Marble polish'd like a Chrystal Sea.

Hence

Hence by ascending Steps you mount a Throne,
 Of burnish'd Gold, which with like Splendor shone,
 As does the Chariot of the Blazing Sun :
 Fix'd o're't, was set a high Imperial Crown,
 Which nought but Tyranny cou'd tumble down :
 There hung on high a Canopy of State,
 Where *Deb'rah* like, a powerful Monarch sate.

Close by this Palace, flows fair *Jordan's* Streams,
 Where spreading Palm Trees shade the Sun's fierce
 Beams,

Where Beauteous Sea-Nymphs, on the Waters sport,
 And bulky *Triton's* grace the splendid Court.

Here, Ships from *Tarshish* safe at Anchor ride,
 Here, Men of War bear out the foaming Tyde,
 While Wanton *Skiffs* at pleasure o'er it glide.

Here, Season'd *Ashes* make the Sailors Oars,
 And *Senir Oaks*, the Merchants hoard in Stores ;
 Work-men from *Gebal* hew the Timber down,
 And *Zidon's* Carpenters the Labour Crown.

Fam'd *Arvad's* Pilots steer Her Ships to Land,
 When in the midst of them tall *Cedars* stand ;

Up *Jordan's* swelling Flood, swift sailing come
 Merchants from *Lud* and *Persia*, laden home ;
Coral and *Agat*, they with *Emrals* buy,
 And *Dedan's* Merchants Trade in Ivory,
 For finest Wooll, and *Balm* of *Gilead* they
 Bring Gold and Precious Stones from *Raamah* ;
Arabian Spices are exchang'd for Corn,
 And for choice *Ebony*, they barter *Horn* ;
 With *Tin* and *Lead*, *Shebah* and *Ashur* Trade,
 And with fine Silver home their Shipping lade ;
 For *Honey*, *Wax* and *Wheat*, of *Minniths* Soil
 They bring back *Olives*, *Cassia*, *Wine* and *Oyl*.
 Thus *Jordan's* flowing Streams more fruitful are,
 Than either *East* or *Western* Oceans far,
 Plenteous in all the Riches of the *West*,
 And stor'd with fine Apparel from the *East* ;
 In Rich Embroid'ry they from *Haram* shine,
 And *Eden's* softer Linnen makes 'em fine.

Near hence, a pleasing Prospect to the Eyes,
 The Beauteous Garden of the *Palm-Trees* lies,
 Where *Jordan's* Streams in various windings play,
 And thro' thick glades cut out their shady way ;

Thence their fresh Rills delight the sporting Fawns,
 When they glide gently down the verdant Lawns,
 When o'er the Pebbles, softly they complain
 Their broken Numbers touch the Love-sick Swain:
 The Muses, all these Silver Brooks Flock round,
 And Nymphs and Fawns, with Water Lillies crown'd;
 A Thousand Loves express in Am'rous strains,
 A Thousand Joys disperse among the Plains.

Here, well secur'd from Envy, Flatt'ry, Hate
 And Discontent, that oft on Great Men wait,
 In Innocence Men prove their Happy State,
 And Challenge all the Tyrannies of Fate ;

Here, lavish Nature Prodigal of Bliss,
 Shows us, what pleasure in Her Bosom lies,
 What to the Earth Her kindly Offspring bring,
 And how Her Beauteous Blossoms freshly spring ;
 How Fountains rise, from the Seas swelling Tyde,
 And Flow'rs are dress'd with such delightful Pride.

Here, Art it self so lively does appear,
 As if this place by Her created were,

And

And does so near to Natures Thoughts aspire,
 She gilds the kindly Plants with new attire,
 Where Nature has too great a Niggard been,
 In Homely *Russet*, or in Native *Green*;
 Beams of more lively and delightful show,
 Do from their Beds in glorious Colours grow:
 So does She wed the *Tulip* to the Sun,
 While various Mixtures thro' each other run.
 The verdant *Holly* ev'ry circling Year,
 A diff'rent Livery She gives to wear,
 So lustrous, Art can make ev'n Nature shine,
 From Mountain slips, she dwarfs the lofty *Pine*;
 She joyns the *Hawthorn* to *Alcinous Pear*,
 While Wilding-Stocks *Pomona's* Apples bear.

Here, Triumphs Art, and here Heav'ns smiling
 brow,
 Does all the sweets of Infant Nature flow;
 The Joyous Birds in little Songs conspire,
 To raise delight and melt us to desire.

Then tell me *Jordan*, why thy crooked Tyde,
 Does thro' this spacious Artful Canal glide?

Why, here your healing Fountains dance and play,
 Then hide their curled heads, and steal away ?
 Tell me ye Streams, why here your Current flows ?
 Why leave the Banks, that did you once enclose ?
 Say lovely Springs, what is it you have got
 By this exchange, or what is't you have not ?
 Here ev'ry Day from an adjacent Bow'r.
 The Beauties of the *East* each Morning Flow'r :
 The early Sun, with Beams comes dancing out,
 And sporting *Nereids* wanton here about ;
 Here *Swallows* from their Winter Beds arise,
 And downy Sleep is banish'd from their Eyes.

All perfum'd Odours that delight the Sence,
 Are here pour'd out in lavish Affluence ;
 Not *Ili's* Fields or *Tempe's* flow'ry plain,
 On which the streaming Floods of Heaven rain,
 Or *Hybla's Thyme*, but must compare with thee in vain.
 To all these Nature did some Sweets bestow,
 But in this Garden every Sweet does grow.
 With various mixtures ev'ry Bank she dy'd,
 And damask'd all the Fields with od'rous Pride.

Here on high *Trillage* made of golden Wire
 Sweet *Limes* or shady *Elms* are taught t' aspire,
 While for her Guard their boughy Arms they bear,
 And ev'ry Tree erects its Leafy Spear.
 The wanton Flood o'er spacious *Cascades* rows,
 And laves its liquid Waves in Silver Bowls,
 Upon whose sides fresh fragrant Roses stray,
 O'er which the watry Streams delight to play.

Here *Circe's* sleeping Charms so fam'd of old
 Are quite out-done by the Springs Icy cold.
 Here Evening Breezes freshly fan the Air,
 Quench the hot Flame, and cool the rage of Care;

But now the pensive Queen by Heav'n inspir'd,
 And with the Publick Good divinely fir'd,
 Fix'd in her Mind her People's Cares, resolv'd,
 At last her teeming Thoughts she thus resolv'd.

Th' insulting *Amorites* have long perplex'd
 This Promis'd Land, and long have *Israel* vex'd.

Jabin, their haughty Monarch every where
 Makes *Zebulon* and *Naphtali* by fear
 Fly from his conq'ring Arms with base despair,
 While all the *Gentiles* tremble at their Flight,
 None dare resist the Fury of his Might :

All must submit, or his displeasure find
 In rancour suited to his Savage kind.
 This said, a Message soon was sent
 T' assemble *Israel's* Elders to her Tent.

Mean time, her wearied Soul with Cares oppress'd
 Drew down the Curtains of her Eyes to rest ;
 Extended on a Flow'ry Couch she lay
 Entranc'd, as Death had wing'd her Soul away :
 While thus the Prophetess took her repose,
 A sudden Vision to her Fancy rose.
 A Form appear'd, but so amazing bright,
 Its lustre flash'd intolerable light ;
 Her Knees together knock'd, her starting Hair,
 With trembling Heart confess'd unusual fear.
 His Garments seem'd thin as the upper Air,
 Sweet was his Mein, his Face divinely fair,

Soft as a Cloud, but more Ætherial bright,
 His Image shone like springing Tydes of Light ;
 Down on his Shoulders with an easy Care,
 A flaming Meteor flow'd like Silver Hair ;
 His Cheeks were blushing as the Morning Sun,
 His Eyes more piercing than his Rays at Noon ;
 His Voice like softest Zephirs that on Violets play,
 Refreshing Odours all the scorching day.
 Such Harmony his Numbers did inspire,
 Her Soul was tun'd to his melodious lyre.
 When thus the sacred Bard his Message told.

Deb'rah, thou Favourite Friend of Heav'n rise,
 Dispel all Fears, wipe Sorrow from thy Eyes :
 The great *Jehovah*, Founder of this State,
 The God that did on your Fore-Fathers wait,
 Will still the Wonders of his Mercy show,
 And surely make *Philistine* Nations know,
 There is a God to whom they do not bow.
 By thee, fairest of Women, most divine,
 By thee thy God thro' *Israel's* Land will shine ;
 Thou shalt in all thy glorious Works succeed,
 Obey my Words, for they're by Heav'n decreed.

Heav'n, which makes ev'n Kings descend their
Thrones,

Stript of their Purple and their shining Crowns,
Who boast of Strength, and trust in that alone,
Are by the breath of Heav'n soon tumbled down ;
Myfterious Truths hid in the Veil of Night
Are by his Pow'r produc'd to open light.

In Plenty now the happy Nation lives,
And like a spreading Vine the Country thrives.

When sudden Desolation unforeseen

Reduces all her Pride to want again.

What numerous Crowds did once *Samaria* grace,

They seem'd to murmur at the narrow space ;

Now all her mighty Warriors can't oppose

The daring Fury of insulting Foes.

Her Senators are at a stand, nor know which way

T' avoid the ruin of the fatal Day ;

Council will not avail, all in amaze

With haggard Eyes upon each other gaze ;

Fain would they fly, but know not where to run,

No hope is near the threatned Death to shun.

Call strait the Mighty Men of *Israel* here,
 And tell this Message in the Peoples Ear,
 That *Jacob's* Race shall curb the growing Pow'r
 Of proud *Philistine* Lords who wait each hour
 The chosen Tribes of *Israel* to devour.
 From *Issachar* the Hero shall be born,
 Whom thou shalt with the chief Command adorn;
 He shall be Captain o'er thy Men of War,
 Inspir'd from Heav'n with Conduct and with Care
 And brave, tho' not insensible of fear.
Abinoam's Son, *Barak's* the Hero's Name,
 Oh *Deb'rah* ! That shall exalt thy Fame,
 And bring on *Jabin* everlasting shame.
 Send for the Warrior, let the People know,
 To *Barak's* Genius *Sisera* must bow ;
 Consult your Council, for the dreadful War
 With all the strength of *Israel* prepare :
 For *Moab* is with *Sisera* gone down,
 And *Jabin* hunts for an Imperial Crown.
 The *Amorites* and *Moabites* are Friends,
 And hated Nations joyn for hated ends ;
 Then hast to Arms thou best of thy fair Race,
 Let Peace thy Mind, while Smiles adorn thy Face,

Wake

Wake glorious Princess from thy Rest, and see
Thou for a Guardian hast a Deity.

Swift from her Eyes the Spirit made its way,
And nought remain'd to Sight but lightsome Day,
When all alone she was surpriz'd to find
Such strong Impressions on her feeble Mind.

No sooner was the leaden Clouds of Sleep dispell'd,
And *Morpheus* loos'd the Fetters which he held,
But *Israel's* Chieftains waited at her Tent,
To understand the Message she had sent.

A goodly Frame rais'd high of carved Wood,
Leaning its lofty Head, on *Cedars* stood,
Near an old Venerable Pile —
Adorn'd with curious Work of Antique Hands,
There all the States in full Assembly met ;
Where they in Princely Robes of Scarlet set,
Glitt'ring in costly Gems, each takes his Place,
And fills the Senate with Majestick Grace ;

While

While Warlike Trumpets their shrill clangors sound,
 The Peoples Voices ecchoing rebound,
 And Shouts and Tramlings shake the trembling Air
 and dancing Ground.

There hangs the Balance of the weighty State,
 And there Rewards and Punishment do wait
 A rigorous, or an equitable fate :
 There Arbitrary Laws are curb'd and chain'd,
 And there the *Summit* of all Justice gain'd,
 Judges themselves, if Lawless, are not free,
 From this Tribunal Seat of Equity.
 Blest *Liberty* in Triumph sits her down,
 Nor hurts the State, nor shakes the Imperial Crown.

All now were met, the Council fill'd apace,
 And every Elder took his wonted place :
 When thus Queen *Deb'rah* spoke ——
 My Lords, the cause why you're assembled here,
 Is to advise ——
 About th' important Bus'ness of the War ;
Jabin, you know, his Conquests spreads around,
 And Vict'ry has His Arms with Triumph crown'd.

The

The slavish *Amorites* deflow'r our Fields,
 Whilst *Zebulon* to their Incursions yields,
 And *Moab's* Race, with heavy Burdens bent,
 Submit to haughty *Jabin's* Government.
 The might of *Hazor's* King, I need not tell,
 Or all His vast Designs: You know too well
Israel has felt the fury of his Pow'r,
 When God-like *Joshua* deliver'd you before.
 But now, more potent by his Allies grown,
 He Triumphs e're the Battel is begun.
 While all his num'rous Squadrons do prepare
 For dreadful Mischief, and destructive War;
 Whom shall I chuse 'mongst *Israel's* mighty Men,
 The Conduct of the Battel to sustain.
 Who dare 'gainst *Sisera*, his Courage try
 To Conquer bravely, or as bravely Die.
 Then *Barak* answer'd *Deb'rah*, and said,
 I will the Noble Youths of *Israel* lead,
 And proudly for my Countries Honour bleed.
 No *Philistine* shall on Mount *Ephraim* boast,
 That *Israel* wants a Captain for their Host;
 If *Jacob's* Rulers the design approve,
 I'll take the Charge and to the Battel move.

But

But *Othniel* a *Benjamite*, with Glory fir'd,
 And who to Pow'r, with less desert aspir'd ;
 Stood up, and thus with furious rage reply'd,
 Is *Barak* fit to lead the Tribes to War,
 Who once against all *Israel* did appear ?
 Have I in vain on *Ephraims* Mount defy'd,
 The *Ammonites*, and all the Hilly side,
 That *Bethel* does from *Moab's* Land divide.
 And shall not *Othniel* lead the People out,
 Speak Princess now, my Lords, declare your doubt ;
 Can you deny the Glory of my Fame,
 Or what has *Othniel* done to brand his Name ?
 With that, an *Ephramite* in Council wise,
 With deference to the rest, did thus advise.
 We all are sensible, the happy State
 Of *Israel*, does on our great Councils wait ;
 That *Judab's* Lyon is dismay'd with fear,
 And *Hazor's* Monarch Conquers ev'ry where.
 What Noble *Othniel* then propos'd before,
 I well approve, and think on any score,
Barak shou'd never serve in *Israel* more.
 Did not brave *Othniel* lead us with Success,
 When *Barak* left *Judea* in distress :

'Tis

'Tis true, his Conduct is upheld by Fame,
 But *Israel* doats on *Othniel's* dearer Name ;
 Matchless he stands in all the Peoples Voice,
 And I opine he ought to be our Choice.

At these warm Words, a *Danite* old in War,
 All cover'd o'er with Scars and Martial care,
 Of dauntless Courage and of thoughtful Pride,
 Sate still, considering by the Chieftains side,
 Wanting Revenge on *Othniel* cast his Eye,
 With marks of Passion not of Cruelty :
 At last his Rage abating, Silence broke,
 The Council being mute, these Words he spoke.

O Princess ! Let not Popular Applause,
 Byass your Judgment in a glorious Cause ;
Barak has offer'd to lead *Israel* out,
 And who can of his Conduct, or his Courage doubt ;
 The better part of War in him remains,
 By wise Designs more than by Blood he gains ;
 He that like *Othniel* does to Battel go,
 With Strength alone, he beats but half his Foe ;

Mature in Councils Gen'als ought to be,
 Not fill'd with Fire so much as Policy,
 For Life's of more concern than Victory.
 But how dares *Othniel*, e're his grey Head age,
 Attempt with War-like *Sis'ra* to engage,
 Or lead united Forces to the War,
 Where old experienc'd Gen'als appear.

This Speech fill'd *Zoab*, a *Naphtalite* with rage
 That did exceed the Conduct of his Age.
 My Lords, said he, I've long in Council sat,
 And oft consider'd *Israel's* dangerous State,
 But never yet expected, once to have heard
 A Prince of *Issachar*, with *Othniel* compar'd :
 What cou'd he find none to espouse his Cause,
 But one so little vers'd in *Israel's* Laws ;
 One who in Foreign Service may have known
 What, by Despotick Monarchs has been done.
 But *Israel's* State is blest with such a Gem,
 She'd not exchange for *Jabin's* Diadem :
 And this old doating *Danite* has forgot,
 That *Dan* must suffer too in *Zoab's* lot :

Must

Must we the Portions of our Land divide,
 To pamper *Barak* with a Gen'ral's Pride,
 And make the Sons of *Iffachar* disdain,
 The very Tribes that do their Pomp maintain.

These furious Words, from Party Passion rais'd,
 The Queen and Council with surprize amaz'd.
 At last, strict Silence was commanded round,
 When *Deb'rab*, thus with God-like Patience crown'd
 These Words pronounc'd : My Lords, I call'd you
 here,

'Tis true, to advise about the present War,
 But ne'er design'd you shou'd 'fore me declare,
 If *Jewish* Blood with too much Passion Boil,
 'Nere Spil't in vain on *Israel's* faten'd Soil;
 Let *Moab's* Land your lavish Courage share,
 At Home 'tis base, Abroad, 'tis Noble War.
 Let me Command you, your Contentions cease,
 And give me your Debates in settled Peace ;
 I wou'd b' advis'd, when I wou'd Govern well,
 And advise you, that Pattern to excel :
 Then once again let me with Temper hear,
 Who you Judge fittest to Command the War.

Then

Then *Barak* humbly Spoke —
 Great Princess ! And you Lords of *Israel* hear,
 Who make the *Jewish* State your constant care ;
 To you with all Submission I appeal,
 You are the Balm that our Divisions heal.

Tell me, my Lords, if you have ever seen
Barak, to *Israel* false, or to the Queen ;
 Why then shou'd *Ephraim*, or *Naphtali*, revile
 The Race of *Issachar* —

But I can *Zoab's* Rage with ease forgive,
 So *Israel* prosper, and Queen *Deb'rab* live ;
 You may remember when all *Ephraim* fled,
 And *Juda's* Nobles stood like Statues dead.
 Then *Barak* propt that proud ungrateful Race,
 That in *Judea*, *Barak* wou'd disgrace :
 Oh hear me Lords ! Spare your Reproaches now,
 Does not all *Israel* to *Philistine* *Jabin*. bow ?
 Do we not cringe below the Tyrants Feet,
 And to the Laws his Arms prescribe submit.

What then has *Barak* done ? do *Jewish* Peers
 Despise the Man that wou'd dispel their Fears ?

H

Not

Not for my self, do I this Honour seek,
 My Countries Danger, 'tis that makes me speak :
 But since I find in faithless *Israel* few,
 When pressing Dangers call, that will be true,
 I shall my Courage for the future spare,
 Cowards can boast, when Danger is not near.

With that, a *Reubenite*, tho' Young, yet Wise
 Stood up, and thus in Council did advise,
 Tho' grey, Experience has not reach'd my Years,
 Nor have I been alarm'd with Foreign Fears,
 Yet I am sensible all *Israel's* Fate,
 Does much on our Wise Councils wait.
Judea's Safety in our Conduct lies,
 And Strength is nothing if we are not Wise ;
 Therefore, my Lords, I must my Judgment give
 For *Barak*, which I hope you will receive.
 Then all the Council mov'd with willing Ears,
 Attended to the Wisdom of his Years ;
 While thus the Noble Youth continued on,
 The bold Discourse he had so well begun.
 I am amaz'd, from this Wise Board to hear,
 One Soul of ancient *Jacob's* Race appear,

'Gainst

'Gainst *Barak* : Did he not *Judea* save ?

Are not his Thoughts, his Looks, his Words, his Actions
brave ?

Don't we by long Experience know how great
He stood, at Frighted *Ephraim's* last defeat,
And what we by his prudent Councils gain,
Is equal to the Glories of a Monarchs Reign ;
How provident at Home, how watchful in the Field,
Envy its self must to His Virtues yield :
The pompous Luxury of Camps he flies,
While downy Rest their Rioting supplies,
Who're chain'd in Sleep, when Sleep forsakes his
Eyes.

He said, and as the hallow Caverns of some Wood,
Send back in Eccho's the still Voice aloud,
So from the Silence of the Council rose,
To all his Words, a general applause.
But Malice in the Assembly still remains,
Whilst *Maroc's* Blood fermented in his Veins ;
He was, of *Judab's* Captains, rank'd the Prime,
For Strength and Matchless Valour in his time,
Who thus, with cloudy Aspect sour'd, began——

O, Princess ! And you Lords of *Israel* hear,
 What Reverend Age is able to declare ;
 You all must know how awful once I fate,
 When Scepter'd Monarch's waited at my Gate,
 And proud *Philistine* Lords their Homage paid,
 On *Ephraims* Mount, where now they are obey'd :
 I tell you Nobles, *Barak* must not go,
 To lead out *Israel*, or engage the Foe ;
 Has not great *Hazor's* powerful Monarch seen,
Israel distress'd, and *Deb'rab* made their Queen :
 What then remains for us to seek but Peace :
 Divided as we are, how must we Fight,
 But perish poorly by inglorious flight :
 I know what Strength all *Israel* can Command,
 Not able to protect our *Holy-Land*.

At these base Words, the Queen in Passion rose,
 And with becoming Zeal did *Maroc* thus oppose,
 Tho' She was with the softest Nature blest,
 Like sleeping Doves, when on their downy rest,
 For *Israel's* Cause She was Divinely fir'd,
 And spoke these moving Words, by Heav'n inspir'd.

O Sons of *Jacob* ! Look ye from a far,
 And see the Ruins of approaching War,
 How sure Destruction shows its ghastly hue,
 And Death and Mis'ry stand in open view,
 Like ancient Night and Horror, Discord seems,
 But Union centers like the Sun its Beams ;
 Avoid my People then, resolve to fly
 Confusion and Eternal Anarchy ;
 Ponder the Dangers of that wild Abyss,
 Wherein the pregnant Cause of Mischief is :
 The Womb of War, lies in the rowling Tyde
 Of Factious Streams, that does the Flood divide,
 And drowns the level Land on either side. }
 But neither Sea nor Shore Divisions please,
Bellona's Storms create to them no ease ;
 But trembling at the noisy Sounds they make,
 As with Convulsions seiz'd the Earth does shake,
 The Massy Frame on which her Pillars stand,
 Rock thus as at the Thund'ers dire command.
 When surging Smoke breaks from huge clashing
 Clouds,
 And Warring Winds confound the Sailors Shrouds,

As if Heav'n's Battlements were tumbling down,
 All Nature Trembles at the hideous frown
 Of War —

Whose ruddy Flame like Gorgon's Eyes appear,
 Too bright at distance, and too killing near ;
 Remorseless is the Pity of this Fiend,
 Uncertain are his ways, but sure his end.

His Arms out-stretch'd are like a Furnace wide,
 Thousands he Measures at each spacious stride ;
 And his infernal Belching who can bide

His Wings extended fan the boistrous deep,
 And does the Scaly Brood in Terror keep ;
 The batt'ring Engins of his awful flame,
 Ruin and Want and Misery proclaim,
 Bent on his Rage no Time nor Place he'll save,
 But murder Mankind to recruit the Grave.

This said, the Queen to *Maroc* turn'd her Eyes,
 And to his biting Words she thus replies,
 My Lord, —

Tho' War of all our Evils is the worst,
 And brought on Man when Man by Heav'n was
 Curst,

Yet

Yet such the State of *Israel* is this Day,
 I fought your Aid, knowing no other way ;
 For *Deb'rah* was expedient, to maintain
 The Glories you expected from my Reign ;
 But wondring now, I gaz'd with much surprise,
 And scarcely can believe the object of my Eyes.
 Is not that *Maroc*, Prince of *Judab's* Blood,
 That once for *Israel* like a Bulwark stood,
 And can his Courage dwindle into Fear,
 'Cause *Jabin* threats, and *Sisera* draws near ?
 Have we not oft *Philistine* Hosts defy'd
 On *Jordan's* Banks, and on the Hilly side,
 Triumph'd o'er that insulting Monarch's pride.
 What have I heard pronounc'd from *Maroc's* Tongue
 Of Peace, who always has of Battels sung.
 What Peace from perjur'd *Jabin* can we find ?
Jabin the Monster of the Monarch kind.
 Has he not all his ties of Friendship broke,
 When he was fetter'd once with *Israel's* Yoke,
 When he to *Judab's* Lyon su'd for Peace,
 But only kept it for his Soldiers ease ?

Think you, I'll hold the Regal Rod in vain,
 But guide my People, and their Rights maintain.
 Then tell me, Prince, why must not *Barak* go
 To lead out *Israel's* Host, against her Foe ?
 I call'd you here in Council to advise,
 But find by your delays Dangers arise ;
 The Enemy encreases ev'ry where,
 And yet we in Security appear,
 Careless at Home, Abroad Destruction fear ;
 By prying Cowardice we make them bold,
 Some glory in the Advantages they hold ;
 Yet in our Native Strength we daily boast,
 And never think how soon it may be lost ;
 Therefore all Thoughts of discord let us fly,
 When Danger calls, 'tis time to think of *Unity*.

At this a general Murmur fill'd the Room,
 Like whistling Winds that from deep Caverns come,
 When strait behold thro' all the sacred Place,
 Consent sate chearfully on ev'ry Face ;
 But stern *Samor's*, who with contracted Brows,
 That the perverseness of his Nature shows,
 Frown'd, and with Ireful Looks the Queen oppos'd.

My

My Lord, I sit no vain Spectator here,
 To trifle with my Country's Safety, but I fear
 Ev'n now She suffers more than She can bear;
 If War be what the Council does advise,
 I hope the Council will provide Supplies;
 Not go to fight with *Jabin's* Power by halv's,
 And make us sooner, than we need, be Slaves:
 As for this *Barak*, whom you wou'd declare,
 Will he lend Money to support the War,
 Or serve his Country like a *Jewish* Peer;
 Without a Mercenary Soldier's Pay
 That fights for Gold, or for it runs away;
 Are there no Nobles in *Judea* left,
 Or are we of Nobility bereft?
 Not one brave Soul thro' *Israel's* Tents to say
 I fight for Honour, not for *Jewish* Pay.
 Where is the ancient Pride of *Judah* fled,
 That suffered none to lead them but their Head?
 Victorious Sov'raigns, whose Imperial Sway
 Taught them at once to Conquer and Obey,
 Then who's this Mighty Son of *Issachar*,
 That he such Glory shou'd attempt to share?

Is not experienc'd *Zobab* living still,
 The Mighty Heir of his great Father's Skill?
 Was he not bred up in the Martial Field,
 That first did to his Infant softness yield?
 Where then is *Israel's* boasted Wisdom seen,
 Or yours, in choosing *Barak*, Mighty Queen?

At this a sudden Noise breaks thro' the Air,
 Which chills the Senates Blood with pannick Fear;
 Th' Earth shakes, Dogs howl, while they all trem-
 bling stand,
 As once the Sun did at Heav'n's great Command;
 A Haggard Fury cuts her winged way
 Amidst the Senate, at the Noon of Day;
 Her sable Mantle was embroider'd o'er
 With loathsome Spots and Stains of Purple gore;
 Four Steeds her Chariot drew, as black as jet,
 With unpair'd Nails, and torturing Claws beset;
 The frightful Screech Owl first prepares the way,
 And sulph'rous Poyson Steams proclaim her stay,
 With staring ghastly Looks, unmov'd she fate,
 Swoln big with Pride, but more with Rage and Hate,

Pale Pinnard Cheeks, black Hair, sharp pointed Chin,
 A breathless Corps without, all Hell within,
 Then Lordly like old *Lucifer* in state,
 She look'd, while all the Hall in Silence sat,
 With flatt'ring Speeches, and with soothing Rage,
 She strives the Tribes of *Israel* to engage.
 See, see my Sons your fruitful Land no more,
 Smiling in pleasant Shows and plenteous store,
 If you to War with *Jabin* go, ah! See!
 The Earth no more replete with Luxury;
 Now Lutes and Viols charm the ravish'd Ear,
 Then will you be distracted with pale Fear.

Let War sleep safe, and Whips of Furies cease,
 Let ease succeed, and *Israel* live in Peace,
 Let all your Youths, in sporting, laugh and play,
 And with fresh Olives, crown the smiling Day.
 So said, she vanish'd, while the Senate round
 Look'd fullen, with stern Anger frown'd,
 Some bit their Lips with Rage, some stupid fate,
 Some gnash'd their poys'nous Teeth with spite and
 hate ;

Soft

Soft Murmours first, crept thro' th' enraged Crowd ;
At length, they storm'd and chaf'd, and Thunder'd
loud,
And all sad Vengeance swore, and all dire Mischiefs
vow'd.

When see amidst this heat, before their Eyes
A form of Light ineffable did rise,
Like the glad Morning Sun in flow'ry May,
That gilds the *Sphere* with his uprising Ray,
Her upper Garments were like Silken Lawn,
Or the blue Curtain, which o'er Heav'n is drawn;
Of Crimson red her rosy Cheeks were dy'd,
With beauty blushing nought but Natures Pride,
So snowy white, her milky Breasts, so fair,
Light wou'd be Shadow if we shou'd compare ;
Low at her Feet the Earth lay grov'ling down,
And humbly waited her to tread upon ;
The curling Waves about her only Crow'd,
To grace her Triumphs when they roar aloud ;
This beauteous Image sat upon a Throne,
And more than mortal Lustre 'bout her shone.

At last, the Clouds broke from their misted Eyes,
 When they beheld their Queen with glad surprize;
Deb'rah they saw was sent 'em from above,
 To Rule and Guide them by her pious Love.

And now the Queen prepar'd to let 'em know
 How bounteous Heav'n in Goodness did o'erflow,
 Charms from her Tongue did fall, and ev'ry Word
 Pierc'd thro' the Ears soft Organ like a Sword,
 Th' Assembly stood all lifeless, Pale and Mute,
 Nor durst reply, nor durst again dispute;
 But to the Throne, with down cast Eyes they bow'd.
 And prostrate at Her Feet, their Duty shew'd,
 Conviction fell with fear on every Son,
 Who had oppos'd the Choice, the Queen begun;
 And every one now strives to loose his Tongue
 To *Deb'rah*, then to *Barak* makes his Song :

Zobab whom *Samor* wou'd have made their Choice,
 First mov'd the Senate with exalted Voice :
 Who can forget, O ! Queen th' Happy Day
 Thou blest our *Israel*, with thy peaceful Sway ?

When

When *Israel* slept, thou wak'd our slumbring Eyes,
 And as another Sun did at our Midnight rise ;
 Heav'n did it self in bright Apparel dress,
 And tuneful Angels sung soft Hymns of Peace,
 In dancing Airs, Stars from their Spheres were sent,
 And springing Joy spread o'er your Royal Tent.

Why then shou'd we ungratefully oppose
 Our Royal Mistress ? Why her Favours lose,
 Who such vast Bounties on her *Palestine* bestows ?

If *Barak* be the Man by Heav'n decreed
 Why dare we Heav'n and thus make *Deb'rah* bleed,
 If neither Heaven nor yet the Queen had said,
Barak shou'd lead out *Israel* as their Head,
 Is not his Courage, and his Conduct known
 To *Israel*, that we choose him for our own.

Doctor



Doctor *HANNES* Dissected

I N

A Familiar Epistle by way of

Noſce Teipſum.

September 10. 1710.



Learned Wight, ſome ſay of late

That always lov'd to ſerve the Great,

Met a Diſeaſe out-match'd his Skill,

And ſome pretend to ſay ſo ſtill,

Tho' learnedly he's told the Mob,

The Lungs were tainted ev'ry Lobe,

And how th' *Abdomen* was affected

So nicely well it was diſſected

As who ſhou'd ſay that Dr. *Hannes*

If any one wou'd take the Pains

Wanted either Guts or Brains.

I know not what the Vulgar think
 Or how some Men at Noon-day Wink,
 But thus it is, may't please you all,
 To raise a P——p a Prince must fall.

Thus when grave Sages are neglected,
 And beardless Boys so much respected,
 When Oracles, that wont of old,
 Mighty Mysteries to unfold,
 Are like Stories still untold :
 When solid Truth and solid Gold,
 Are for Noise and gingle Sold ;
 Then Notion may for knowledge Pass,
 And *Æsculapius* for an Ass.
 Thistles and Logick chop together
 As Baro——men do Wind and Weather,
 Both hit alike, and both prove good
 One for the Mind, the other Food.
 Had not Men's Wits Eclipsed been,
 'Tis Ten to One we had Foreseen,
 And then we'd wanted no Dissections,
 No Consultations, no Inspections,
 Nor any need of these Reflections ;

But when Mens Eyes are grown so bad,
 They cannot see what once they had,
 'Tis time to let 'em feel the Smart,
 And clear their Eyes by Rules of Art,
 When that falls short, 'tis some Content
 Tho' th' Mark was miss'd it was well Meant.

And thus poor Mortals seek for Ease,
 When the *Physician's* the Disease,
 As learned Heathens use to tell
 Where such Men live does Sorrow dwell,
 But sure a Nation must be Blind,
 Or else they wear their Eyes behind,
 That cannot tell a Man of Sence,
 From one that's all Impertinence.

All Guts and Meseraick Veins;
 Lungs, Liver, Spleen and rotten Reins,
 But little Head, and much less Brains.

}
 }
 }

Joynts stiff, Inflexible as Stones,
 No Juice or Marrow in his Bones,
 Nor flesh nor Fat is to be seen,
 But Muscles shrivel'd dry and lean.

This is the wondrous piece of Nature,
 That picks the Bones of every Creature ;

And yet you'd Swear to look upon him,
 He knows no more than what comes from him.
 But how so great a Man of Art,
 Should let a *Royal Heir* depart,
 And never tell the reason why,
 He shou'd not Live, or he shou'd Dye.
 Tho' some time after as they say,
 He cou'd have told a certain Way,
 How to have got the Poison out,
 That lurk'd in th' Heart or there about.
 But then his Thoughts were so Perplext,
 Just as a Priest that takes a Text,
 And has forgot what he design'd
 When first the Text came in his Mind.
 Ev'n so, our learn'd *Apollo* did,
 Not thinking what Heaven had forbid.
 But had the People thought on't then,
 They might have been great Friends to *Spain*,
 And sav'd them many a needless Shilling,
 That they bestow'd on their King's Killing,
 By sending for a *Neapolitan*,
 When we have much a quicker Man,

And far more dextrous at the Parts,
 At shewing livid Lungs or Hearts,
 Or any Secret of that Nature,
 For this is but the smallest Matter,
 He can of few Years Practice shew,
 How he has serv'd a Thousand so.
 And wou'd you wonder at his Skill,
 Whose Business 'tis he proves to Kill;
Spaniards, dull Souls, preserv'd their King,
 By *Chocolet*, or some such thing:
 When *Hanns* has Arts, as yet unknown,
 Where 'tis but *Presto* ——— and they'er gone.
 I wonder any one then dare,
 With this *Philosopher* compare,
Gibbons and *Ratclife*, he'd prove Fools,
 If laid in's Anatomick Schools.
 He'd so dissect both their *Abdomens*
 You'd swear they were but nasty Omens.
 Then tell you 'tis but common Matter,
 Such as is found in every Creature,
 As Wise in Brutes as human Nature.
 For my part, I believe it true,
 Since *Hanns*, I see no more in you.



Upon the Third Verse of the
Fifth Chapter of *Eccles*. For
a Dream cometh thro' the Multi-
tude of Business : And the fol-
lowing Lines of *Petronius*.

Somnia quæ ludunt Mente volitantibus umbris
Non delubra Deum, nec ab æthere Numina
Mittant
Sed sibi quisque facit, &c.



THE fleeting Dreams that play before the
Mind

Are not by Heav'n for Prophecies design'd,
Nor by Ætherial Beings sent us down,
But each Man is Creator of his own :
For when the weary Limbs are sunk in ease,
The Soul essays to Wander where it please ;

The

The scatter'd Images have space to play,
And Night repeats the Labours of the Day.

*An Ode composed for St. Luke's Day,
1712. in praise of Painting.*

I.

DEscend *Apollo* with thy sacred lays,
Strike the tuneful Lyre,
Harmonious Accents raise,
That Musick may conspire,
To mount our Souls up high'r,
And Celebrate the wond'rous Painters Praise.

II.

Sounds with thy Colours blend,
And ev'ry Passion please ;
Ravish the Ear, the Eye surprise,
Whilst Musick's Strain
Thrills thro' each Vein,
And Pleasure thro' the Fancy flies.

III.

Paint Mirth and Joy
On the Idalian Boy,

Whilst Smiles adorn Face,
 A free and wanton Air
 Let *Venus* share,
 And *Pallas* a Majestick Grace.

IV.

Imperial Greatness bolder Strokes Command
 from the great Painters Hand,
 For 'tis that Noble Art
 That touches most the Heart ;
 His Pencil seems to make the Monarch know,
 Seraphick Bliss and melancholy Woe.

V.

Oh Sacred Patron of this Art Divine
 Of heavenly Origine,
 Whence Things inanimate arise
 With Life and Action fill'd,
 So beauteous they surprize
 And scarce to Nature yield.



O N
TUNBRIDGE-WELLS,
A
LAMPOON.



O T many Miles from *Tunbridge Town*
Are Waters found of great Renown,
Which rising in a dirty Vale,
By dirty *Naiads* are set to Sale.

Here formal worthless *Querpo* Plies,
Extorting Fees for wrong Advice ;
Who drauling says, this Spring is good,
T' invigorate and cleanse the Blood :
That it surely cures the *Cholick*,
And makes the vap'ry Ladies Frolick ;
That it's for the *Scurvy* a Specifick,
And makes unteeming Dames Prolifick ;

Tho' a Gallant for that sad Ill,
Might prove a surer Cure than Steel.

Hither well-fetch'd Cullies come,
Are stript, and so march naked home ;
The under *Beaux* come here to spark it,
And Maids forlorn to make their Market.

The Widow comes to drink the Water
For *Grief* and *Spleen* when't's no such Matter,
Another Husband's th' only Cure,
For the Sorrow *Relicts* do endure.

The hung'ry Sharper flies down hither
Some fair plum'd Bubble to unfeather,
He Palms and Coggs, and with false *Lewis*,
Pays what the upright Gamster's due is.

The Dotard comes to his last Stage,
Drinks Water to renew his Age,
While his Spouse of younger date,
Prays Heaven it may conclude his Fate.

Dorinda here for Wit and Fire
 And Satyr keen beyond her Sire,
 Had made sad Work, but that her Spouse,
 At ev'ry Jest wou'd knit his Brows.

Frettina next begot by *Jove*,
 Rivals for Shape the Queen of Love;
 Hither she did for Stoppage come,
 But carried her Obstructions Home.

Sprightly *Calebrus* wou'd do better
 For her Disease than *Tunbridge* Water,
 He poor Swain has hardly spoke,
 Since she th' unhappy Place forsook.

Babilla too of ancient Merit,
 Comes down for Poverty of Spirit,
 Tho' Heaven be prais'd her Tongue affords,
 A fair fecundity of Words;
 Tho' Old as *Lud* she's Young in Thought,
 And tho' she always talkes says nought.

Griza

Griza half skill'd in *Analytick*,
 Affects to be a female Critick,
 Who like the *Bat* forsakes her kind,
 And tires the Men t' improve her Mind;
 She crowds among the *Beaux Esprits*
 And half of what she learns forgets;
 The other half being not precise,
 'Tis Ten to one she misapplies.

Rampana of Gigantick Strain,
 Unweildy like *Leviathan*,
 If tapt wou'd yield as much Train Oyl,
 As any monstrous *Green-land* Whale;
 With sullen Air along she walks,
 Th' half animated Mountain Stalks;
 The trembling Pavement with regret,
 Bears up against the lumpish Weight.

Bounce makes Love in Terms of War,
 He Frights with dreadful Sounds the Fair,
 He does the Dippers entertain
 With fine Thoughts out of *Harlequin*,

Five Thousand Times he calls to *Starch*,
 To bid the *Haut-Bois* play his March;
 The nimble Boy performs his Trust
 And straight again comes back to's Post,
 To which I think he is Three Inches scarce
 On pain of Death from *Bounces* A——
 The Page must there attend for fear
 The meen shou'd not the Lord declare.
 He Dances like a founder'd Horse,
 And yet at Politicks he's worse,
 But worst of all at writing Verse;
 The Heroes of inferior Name,
 I leave to *Cawdry* to Proclaim;
 The City Nymphs and Country Dames
 Will take it ill to miss their Names,
 It is a gross Affront I own
 To be excluded a Lampoon;
 But they'll excuse me when they hear,
 That an ungainly awkward Air
 Wont furnish out a Character.

On



On a FRIEND.



N D shall a Friend depart without a decent Verse,

To sing his *Requiem*, and adorn his *Herse*.
No ; tho' dull Sorrow cloud my Lines, I'll show,
The kind remembrance to his Name I owe,
And Gratitude at least shall from my Numbers flow.
Fancy to Friendship freely gives the Place,
And Truth to ev'ry Word the Noblest Grace ;
Receive dear Soul, the Tribute of my Ink,
Which deeper than my Tears will in thy Marble sink,
And tell the World while thou in Silence lies,
What they shou'd do, to Grace thy Obsequies,
What thou thy self wou'd to thy Friend have done,
Had he, as 'twas thy harder Fate, first gone.
Weep then ye Relicks of the sacred Dead,
And mourn those Virtues which too early fled ;

Indul-

Indulgent Fondness, void of secret Strife,
 Among his Servants, Children, or his Wife ;
 Constant Companion of his daily Care
 As he was ever fond and kind to her ;
 The tendrest Parent here the World might see,
 Nature her self ev'n is out-done by thee ;
 For thou art dead for thy Posterity.
 Thy Care in Life was for their Good imploy'd
 And for their Happiness at last thou dy'd,
 Wondrous Goodness both in Life and Death,
 Which was continued to thy latest Breath ;
 Patient in Sickness, in Distress Content,
 To Anger Slow, but easy to Relent ;
 Indulgence so pursu'd thee to the End,
 Thou cou'dst forgive much easier than offend.

On the Cold Bath at Oldcastles.

Hail sacred Spring ! Thou ever-living Stream !
 Ears to the Deaf, Supporters to the Lame
 Where fair *Hygienia* ev'ry Morn attends
 And with kind Waves her gentle Succour lends,
 While

While in the Chrystal Fountain we behold
 The trembling Limbs, Enervate, Pale and Cold;
 A Rosy Hue she on the Face bestows,
 And Nature in the chilling Fluid glows,
 The Eyes shoot Fire, first kindled in the Brain,
 As beds of Lime smoke after show'rs of Rain;
 The fiery Particles concentred there
 Break ope' their Prison Doors and rage in Air:
 Hail then, thou pow'rful Goddess that presides,
 O'er these cold Baths as *Neptune* o'er his Tides;
 Receive what Tribute a poor Muse can pay
 For Health that makes the Senses Brisk and Gay,
 The fairest Off-spring of the heavenly Ray.

Hor. Ode xiv. *O navis, referent
 in mare te novi Fluctus.*

UNhappy Bark! What dost thou do? Why stay?
 Tempests afresh will drive thee out to Sea.
 Ply stoutly to the Haven, make the Shore,
 See how thy Banks are strip'd of ev'ry Oar.
 South-Western Winds blow with impetuous Blast
 They crack the Yard, and bend the sturdy Mast;

The

The lab'ring Keel the Cables scarce sustain
 Toss'd by the Billows of th' imperious Main,
 Not one whole Sail is left, no Gods are near,
 Or when invok'd, refuse to lend an Ear.
 Tho' thou from *Pontick* Pines may boast thy Fame,
 And from those lofty Woods an useless Name ;
 The cautious Mariner who has Dangers try'd
 Wont in a painted Ship alone confide,
 To be the Pastime of the Winds and Tide.
 At least with anxious Thoughts drove to despair
 By what delighted most, was most his Care ;
 But hap'ly scape those dang'rous rocky Seas
 That lye among the shining *Cyclades*.

The Oxford Almanack explain'd,
 1711.

TELL us O *Juno* whom thou hast sent down
 In Prophets Drefs to guard the *British* Crown,
 Is't *Osborn's* Face or *Hyde's* that now appears
 With Wisdom equal to their finish'd Years,
 And prudent care of frugal Treasurers ?

Who

Who is't beneath that Mantle does preside,
 With a perswasive Grace, devoid of Pride ;
 Is not that Pillar, his peculiar Care,
 Which ripens with such Strength and solemn Air,
 With more than human Art and Wisdom cast,
 For Service of the Gods design'd to last.
 Does he not from that School of Learning come,
 Known by the Muses Hill, and sacred Dome.
 To whom *Aurora* does her Message bring
 Of Light renew'd, and a returning Spring.
 When Charity again revives her Hope
 Of better Days, and a more fruitful Crop.
 When the false Brother hides his shameful Head,
 Beneath that Altar where he found his Bread ;
 But the true *Eaglet* dares the height of Day,
 Does all his Secrets 'fore the Sun display
 And bids Truth Shine in its Meridian Ray.

But *Juno* O ! That graceful Form defend
 That to the Prophet does her Palm extend,
 Whose Virtues, by the Mural Crown exprest,
 Her Countries Safety show, and People blest ;

See at her Elbows how Two Villains waïd
 Regardless of her Honour, or their Fate;
 Into her secret Councils still wou'd pry,
 And naked dare the View of Majesty.
 Mechanicks too, insult her to her Face,
 And threaten when they shou'd implore for Grace;
 Yet she unmov'd with glorious Freedom stands,
 And well advis'd, resolves on fresh Commands;
 Scorning that Slaves shou'd bind her Royal Hands.
 See how she bids her Martial Subject go,
 And scatter Terror on the *British* Foe.

See from afar *Britain's* triumphant Fleet
 Cutting the Surges with unrivall'd State,
 How to the Skies their streaming Flags aspire,
 And how their Bulks pregnant with Men and Fire,
 To execute their Monarch's Will conspire.
 That Fleet which Succour to the *Eagle* brings
 And bids him now display his Royal Wings,
 For she'd conduct him thro' the *Indian* Main,
 And make him Monarch of the Richer *Spain*;

Whilst its great Mistress seeks no more Renown
 But to preserve what Heav'n has made her own,
 And not to seek, but give another Crown.

S O N G S.

*On a Gentleman and a Lady that fell
 in Love with each other at first
 Sight.*

WHen Strephon saw Olinda's Charms
 He own'd the Pow'r of Love:
 He sigh'd and wish'd within his Arms,
 He might the Blessing prove.

The silent Maid, divinely Fair
 With Blushes strove in vain,
 To stifle in her Breast the Fear
 Of smiling on the Swain.

Both sigh'd and gaz'd while from their Eyes
 Love spoke his Language plain,

Strephon

Strepson confess'd the kind surprize,

Which she return'd again.

*A Song set to Musick and Sung at
York-Buildings.*

YOU that Beauty's Flame adore
Tell me by what Magick Pow'r
All your Cares are softned so
Lovers know not what they do.

How you're charm'd with ev'ry Fair
Celia's Wit and *Cloe's* Air,
Or like Poppets how you move
Here and there by Wires of Love.

Come tell me each Swain
That has felt the kind Pain;
When the God does prevail
In the Head or the Tail.
Is not Love then a Riddle
A Dance without Fiddle,

That make all Men Addle,
Then he that is free
From the Halter like me,
May mount any Jade without Saddle.

Another Song.

WE are pleas'd with a Glas
And we Ogle the Lads
That has Wit and a delicate Feature,
While Musick and Wine
Do joyntly combine
T' inspire the fair she with good Nature.

Then Love darts a Smile
Does our Senses beguile
That we cannot tell what is the matter,
We Laugh and we Play
And something we say
To discover our Mirth or our Folly.

But when the Nymph's gone
And we left all alone
We return to our old Melancholy,
We're thoughtful in vain
'Till she comes back again
Then we ramp like young *Bacchus* as jolly.

*On the Queen's first Appearance after the
Death of his Royal Highness the Prince of
Denmark. A Song.*

STrike, Harmonious Sounds begin
To Crown the joyful Air,
Ev'ry Voice and ev'ry String
Fresh Melody Prepare.

Hark, the conq'ring *Briton's* shout;
Anna moves her drooping Head;
The Trumpets Clangor and the Drums
Wake her from her mourning Bed.

Royal Hearts Rejoice
Anna fills each Voice
That did her Sorrows moan,

Anna once again
Britain's darling Queen
 Ascends with Joy the Throne.

*On a Piece of the Royal Oak sent
 to a Gentleman as a Tobacco-stopper.*

I Send you Sir, this poor Remain of Wood,
 Vile as it seems, 'tis venerably good :
 It is a Fragment of that Ancient Tree
 The *Royal Oak* ; Safeguard of Majesty ;
 Which has the Force of Wind and Weather flood
 Till Time decay'd, this very Heart of Wood,
 And tho' some abdicated Years have pass'd
 Since that brave Stock shot out and sprouted last,
 It still remains such in its sacred Parts
 As those who truly suffer, *Loyal Hearts*.

In Imitation of Sir John Sucklin.

TO tell thee *Jack*, what I have seen to Day,
 Wou'd lead thy Eyes as well as mine astray ;

A Beauty of such Excellence, so rare,
 It wou'd be Prophanation to compare ;
 Her Cheeks are dy'd with such a blushing Red
 As on the full blown Rose was never spread,
 No Lilly with her whiter Skin can Vie,
 All Nature's Store's a counterfeited dye ;
 So plump, so soft's her Lips, so full of Bliss,
 No Grape that's Ripe more Juicy is.
 Then, he that looks upon her Eyes,
 Must be immortal or he dies.

*To the eternal Fame of that wonderful Politician,
 indefatigable S—esman, faithful M—er, in-
 comparable Patriot, loyal Subject, facetious
 Gentleman, profound Lawyer, and undaunted
 Stickler for the non-forgiving Party, Harlequin
 le Grand ; once the first in the H—se, tho'
 the last in the L—st ; who had the Honour
 to climb without Merit, and to fall without
 Pity ; the Mirror of all Scribes, the Punisher
 of Wit, the Patron of D. D'F —, and the
 President of the Pi—ry.*

C Hear up, Friend *Harlequin* ! Thou'rt not the first
 That has been blest, in order to be curst :
 Knaves, Fools, and Tools, have often climb'd aloft,
 Not by their Merit, but by others Craft,

Such that may to the angry Gods atone,
For all those Mischiefs done by thee alone.

Therefore, take Courage ; he that Climbs at all
By wicked Means, should never fear to fall.

Thy tott'ring Height by mighty Strides was gain'd ;
Thy Speed was much too swift to be maintain'd :
For Man or Horse too violent in their Pace,
Are apt to stumble e'er they win the Race.
Thy tow'ring Height no prudent Limits had ;
Pride made the blind, and Malice made thee mad ;
Stern in Authority, severe to all
That did beneath thy Want of Mercy fall ;
Pettish and haughty, easily provok'd,
Or Poets, by thy Means, had ne'er been yok'd
Within those Wooden Gimcracks, which we find
Where first for Knaves, and not for Wits design'd.
For who can merit Scandal, more than those
Who sell their C——ry to their C——ry's Foes ?

What, tho' you once did o'er the N——n tow'r !
Yet now with Shame you've lost that awful Pow'r,
And

Such that may to the angry Gods atone,
For all those Mischiefs done by thee alone.

Therefore, take Courage ; he that Climbs at all
By wicked Means, should never fear to fall.

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Thy Speed was much too swift to be maintain'd :
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What, tho' you once did o'er the N——n tow'r !
Yet now with Shame you've lost that awful Pow'r,
And

And art become the Subject of Lampoon,
 For all the little Scribblers of the Town ;
 Whilst those, o'er whom thou triumph'ft, when so
 Great,

Sing thy Disgrace, and hasten on thy Fate,
 That Heav'n's promis'd Vengeance may be shew'd,
 On thee and thine, and all that cursed Brood,
 Whose Father triumph'd o'er the Royal Martyr's
 Blood.

Thus ruin'd Families, undone by thee,
 With joyful Eyes, thy happy Downful see :
 For who can pity him, who ne'er could show
 One gen'rous Act to either Friend or Foe ;
 But always promis'd Favours, to deceive,
 And ne'er in Pow'r had Mercy to forgive ?

The same hard Measure may'ft thou always find,
 Not only from the Laws, but all Mankind,
 That the same Path thy Servant has prepar'd,
 May be assign'd thee as thy just Reward ;
 For since no Mercy would the Traytor save,
 Ev'n h---g the Master too, who taught the Knave :

That

That little Scriblers, who were once thy Scorn,
 May trot to see thee take one happy Turn,
 And teach the angry World in doleful Verse,
 To curse thy Actions, and reproach thy Herse :
 Nay, may the jingling Champion of thy Crimes,
 Give us thy Hift'ry in his nauseous Rhimes,
 That all thy Deeds may shine without a Mask,
 In Numbers only fit for such a Task.

And to oblige thee farther, when the Law
 Against thee shall the Sword of Justice draw,
 May the fond Fool be of his Hymns as free
 To th' Gallows, as he was to th' Pillory.

Thus may the Prophet, with his empty Sounds,
 Labour in vain to heal thy Mem'ry's Wounds ;
 And with his windy Bombast, crown thy Fate,
 Which, tho' it comes to Morrow, comes too late.



*To the eternal Shame of Low-Ch—b, and the
lasting Reproach to Mo——on, Segnior Har-
lequin Occasi, the modern Turn-coat.*



Ail! Glorious Patriot of the R——s
Race,
With T——n in thy Heart, and
T——y in thy Face !

No more let Church-men praise thy fiery Steed,
The Horse runs best, that can maintain his Speed :
But you, like *Phaeton*, drove on too fast,
Till from your Chariot you was headlong cast.
Let Sneakers then, no more prick up their Ears ;
Or such tantivy Men encrease our Tears.
The Chair's too good for you, to act your Part,
You'd better talk at T——n in a Cart :
There you deserve in Robes of State to sit,
Adorn'd with Hemp, not Wooden Ruff, as fit.
Here by confessing you have been i' th' Wrong,
You then may bore your self thro' your own Tongue,

That

That all the World you've injur'd, then may find,
 You for Preferment sail'd with ev'ry Wind;
 Follow'd the hottest Scent without Controul,
 And to the Devil gave Body and Soul:
 You couzen'd all the Sophists, and the Tribe,
 That took you for a learned faithful Scribe.

Your Conscience first, like *Baalam's* Ass, was shy,
 Bogg'd and whinc'd, which when you did espy,
 You cudgel'd her, and spurr'd her on each Side,
 Until the Jade her Paces all could ride.
 When first you mounted on her tender Back,
 She would not leave the Presbyterian Track,
 Till in her Mouth the High-Ch——h Bit you got,
 And made her learn to Gallop or to Trot.
 'Twas a hard Trot, and fretted her, alas!
 The Moderation Amble easier was:
 You taught her that, and out of that to fall
 To the Tantivy, of Prelatical.
 Now with a Snaffle, or a twined Thread,
 To any Government she'll turn her Head.

Hail!

Hail! Then, Great Patriot of the Turn-coat,
 Crew,
 May'st thou ne'er fail to change, and still be new,
 Till thou hast met, what to thy Merit's due.

*To my generous Friends, and worthy Patriot,
 Harlequin le Grand. The humble Memorial
 of your little Scribler, Spy, Champion, Closet-
 Counsellor, and Poet, D——l D'F——e.*

AH! Sir, before your great Deserts were known
 To th' Court, the S——e, the Country, or
 the Town;

When you and I met flyly at the *Vine*,
 To spin out Legion Letters o'er our Wine,
 I then foresaw your Malice and your Pride,
 With Forty more aspiring Gifts beside,
 Would raise you, by some Toil, in spite of Fate,
 To be an Upstart-Prodigy of S——e:
 But yet believ'd, when you so high had soar'd,
 And to the pow'rful P——t you aim'd at, tower'd,
 That you'd have stood more steady, than to fall
 At once from such a lofty Pinacle:

But S — e-Preferments are uncertain Things,
 Ruin sometimes from R — l Favour Springs ;
 But he that robs the Bees, must never fear their
 Stings.

I once stood fair to be a mighty Man,
 You know the Time when who but Prophet *Dan* ;
 But I, alas ! Impatient of Delay,
 Unwisely play'd the Fool *The Shortest Way* ;
 Or else to be chief *H — quin* of S — e,
 Had been my Fortune, as it prov'd your Fate.
 Why not ? For if it's possible to rise
 By crafty Projects, and officious Lies ;
 'Tis plain, that I'm for any Station fit,
 For who can doubt my Cunning, or my Wit,
 Since I am Courtier, Poet, Prophet, and a Cit ?
 You know my Parts, for you have try'd 'em oft,
 I've been the Tool that rais'd you up aloft ;
 The Offspring of my bold unbridl'd Muse,
 My Flirts and Flights, my Hymns, and my *Reviews* ;
 My Legion-Letters scatter'd up and down,
 And Cries of Pop'ry to amuse the Town ;

But

But above all, that excellent Essay,
 My Step to th' P — y *The Shortest Way*.
 These were the useful Flams and Shams, thou know'st,
 Which made thy Passage easy to thy Post;
 For my keen Wit, with your ill Nature join'd,
 Blacken'd the Wise, and did the Foolish blind:
 Or, by the sacred Stile of my R — w,
 There never had been Room for such as you.

Have I not rhim'd and rail'd, sworn, ly'd, and spy'd,
 And all to pleasure your Revenge and Pride?
 Have I not chang'd, by your Advice, my Name,
 And us'd Ten Thousand Arts to spread your Fame?
 Have I not travell'd *Scotland* in Disguise,
 And fill'd the N — th with Reams of mighty Lies?
 Dispatch'd Intelligence, that you might find
 How freckl'd *Caledonia* stood inclin'd?
 Did I not flatter them, and plainly prove,
 Their Scabs were Saint-like Blessings from above?
 And all to serve you at a Time of Need?
 'Tis true, I own, I did it for my Bread.

How oft have I impos'd upon the Crowd,
 And whisper'd T ——— n, 'till 'twas talk'd aloud,
 That you your lucky Cards might better play,
 And win the doubtful Game *The Shortest Way*?

But now our Projects are at once undone ;
 Tho' you may stand, 'tis Time for me to run ;
 But I'd advise you to proceed with Care,
 Since all your Hopes is in a T---ft of H---r ;
 Forget not the unhappy Fate of *Ninus*,
 'Tis dangerous trusting to a Mount of V---~~us~~.

But noble Patron, e'er I take my Leave,
 One special Favour I must humbly crave ;
 Whate'er you do, pray save me from the Fate,
 That fell upon my Brother Spy of late ;
 Nouns! Who'd be Agent to a S----be of S----e ?
 But sure, Great Master, you're too much my Friend,
 To prove a Captain *Porter* in the End ;
 For tho' I'm thought to be a Saint by some,
 I'm really unprepar'd for Martyrdom.
 Besides, I vow and swear it makes me sweat,
 To think so small a Volume as a Sheet,

L

Should

Should all the Glories of my Life contain,
Wrote by that sad Historian, *Paul L——in.*

Therefore, if once you draw me in so far,
To make me fear a *Tyburn* Sledge or Car,
You'll find no foolish *Gregg* of Prophet *Dan*,
For I shall turn the Tables, if I can,
And hang that Master, that has hang'd his Man.

*To the late Right H——ble : An Epigram,
Written by an Infant little Scribler, whose
Father has been ruin'd by the severe Con-
duct, and over-sharp Management of Harle-
quin le Grand.*

H Ad'st thou in Pow'r, been merciful and
good,
As Great Men ought to be, and Christians shou'd,
The little Scriblers wou'd have sung thy Praise,
And soften'd thy Misfortunes with their Lays ;
But since large Fines, and Pil — es, by thee
Where made the base Rewards of Poetry,

The injur'd Muses their Revenge will have,
 And without Mercy, chase thee to the Grave;
 There, on thy Tomb, eternalize the K — ve,
 That future Times may read thy true Desert,
 And see how grand a V — — n once thou wer't.
 For what ungrateful Son, tho' ne'er so young,
 Has he the Gift of either Pen or Tongue,
 Can bridle his Revenge, in Silence sit,
 And see his Father punish'd for his Wit,
 By him who gull'd whole K — — s by his Fraud,
 Ruin'd, by Tr — — y, our Af — — rs Abroad,
 And serv'd his Prince as falsely as he does his
 G — — d ?





THE
INSECT WAR:
OR, A
BATTLE

BETWEEN

The *Hornets*, the *Wasps*, the
Catterpillars, and the *Butter-*
Flies.

A
FABLE.

Written in the Year, 1706.

Rara est Concordia fratrum.



N Old, and Modern Fables I have read,
What *Birds* and *Beasts*, like *Men* of Sense
have said;

How

How both cou'd with, as much ease Tattle,
 As *Women* Scold, or *Children* Prattle.
 But ne'er before this Pregnant Age was't known,
 The *Reptile Kind* had so much Reason shown ;
 That they cou'd speak ; in long Harangues Debate,
 And talk about Affairs of *Church* and *State* ;
 Nay, settle Matters, Dang'rous in some Cases,
 So as to turn some *Insects* out of Places ;
 Till by a fatal Battle they had try'd
 Each others Strength, and found the Weakest Side.

The *Butter-Flies* were Grand and Num'rous grown,
 They swarm'd in ev'ry Field, and ev'ry Town ;
 But to speak Truth, did not in any Place,
 Damage like the foul *Catterpillar's* Race ;
 Which spar'd no Living thing, that they cou'd meet,
 For all was Fish with them that came to Net.
 The Honest *Hornets*, mean time, Buzz'd about,
 To see what Budding Flowers they cou'd pick out ;
 But they were strangely baulk'd, for ev'ry where
 They went, they found the *Catterpillars* there.
 This they resented, and at last grew shy,
 In short, they told the Haughty *Butter-Fly*,

'Twas hard, the Catterpill's were not Content,
 To be excus'd by them from Punishment ;
 Which they had Merited, for running o'er
 The Wealthy Product of all Natures Store ;
 But they must be so Pert and Insolent,
 To take a Liberty was never meant.

For Catterpillars, at least, shou'd understand,
 They are not Natives of this Fruitful Land ;
 But only sent among us for a Curse,
 As they to *Ægypt* were, but here are worse.
 The *Butter-Flies* to make a Formal Show,
 As if they wou'd the self-same Mischiefs do ;
 With that Inhospitable Barb'rous Guest,
 Which wou'd devour his once too Gen'rous Host ;
 He who at first receiv'd him kindly in,
 And to Protect him, own'd him for his Kin ;
 Now he, forsooth, must call him *Elder Brother*,
 Or be Kick'd out of Doors by th' other ;
 And if of *Danger* he but speaks one Word,
Bilboa—— they threaten him with *Fire* and *Sword*.

The

The *Hornets* thus deplor'd their woeful Case;
 And swore by *Jove* such Usage shou'd not pass ;
 Not thinking all this while the *Butter-Fly*,
 Had in him so much Damn'd *Hypocrisie*.
 But soon they found the Matter was too plain,
 That these same *Butter-Flies* were Rogues in Grain,
 As well as *Catterpillars*, tho' more Sly,
 Yet, like them, hated *Uniformity* :
 And ev'ry thing besides, the *Hornets* did,
 That they one Day had like to've Wings forbid,
 Because the humble *Catterpillars* had none ;
 But that Sham wou'd not with the *Mob-Flies* down,
 Left they at last pass for a *Rabble Rout*,
 For want of Wings to spread their Fame about :
 Not but they're *Mad*, they cannot so high rise
 As *Hornets*, 'cause the Sun Distracts their Eyes.
 For they have Wings in Measure Twice as long,
 Yet neither are they half so Swift, or Strong ;
 But notwithstanding this they gain'd apace,
 In Interest with the Feeble *Insect* Race.

For *Butter-Flies* made not a small Pretence
 To all the *Politicks*, and all the *Sense*,

So that they wou'd perswade the *Hornet* Kind,
 They need not harbour *Jealousies* in Mind ;
 But they might Sleep securely in their Nests,
 For *Catterpillars* wou'd not break their Rests :
 Yet told them, at the same time, *They had Right*
To every thing of theirs, that they cou'd get ;
And if they thought themselves secur'd by Laws,
Or trusted to the Justice of their Cause,
They were Deceiv'd.—————

For if that it was th' utmost they cou'd Plead
Assur'd them, and without Ceremony said,
That it wou'd stand them but in little stead.
 For they were now resolv'd to change their Tones,
 To take away their Stings and make 'em Drones.
 As for the Huge Cathedral Noise they made,
 Like their own Humming Bag-Pipes when they play'd,
 Of that they were not in the least afraid.

This, you must think, did very much perplex
 The Honest *Hornets*, and their Leaders vex ;
 For they had long Possess'd the Fruitful Place,
 Free from the Spoils of that devouring Race.

At this the *Hornets* round the Fields did send
 Their *Summons*, for their Brethren to attend.
 Accordingly they met one fatal Day,
 When *Hornets* thought they had a deal to say
 Against this *Plaguy, Perverse, Treach'rous Train*,
 That basely had disturb'd their *Peaceful Reign*,
 With *Faction's Civil Broils* of *This* and *That*,
 About *Religious Things*, and God knows *What*,
 That *Crawling Catterpillars* never meant,
 But with a *Secret, Devilish, Black Intent*,
 To Undermine the *Hornets*, whom they saw
 Fenc'd in, and Guarded by a *Sacred Law* :
 Which they at any rate desir'd to break,
 That they might be at Liberty to speak.

By this means they were sure to gain their Ends,
 And make the Trimming *Butter-Flies* their Friends ;
 Who Secretly did never much Esteem,
 The *Hornets* more, than they did them.
 They hate the *Catterpillars*, who profess
Religion, formal both in Show and Dress ;
 Which *Butter-Flies*, by their Neglect despise,
 And fancy both themselves too Great and Wise.

But

But *Hornets* could not rightly understand
 That *Butter-Flies* at last wou'd Rule the Land ;
 Till they, too soon, to their own Sorrow found
 Their Faith was Built upon too sure a Ground.
 For when th' Appointed Day of *Trial* came,
 Whole Swarms of *Catterpillars* Blind and Lame
 Crept in to give for *Butter-Flies* their Vote,
 And Hollow'd all the Honest *Hornets* out.
 This the *Wing'd Brood* took for a sure disgrace,
 As what poor *Insects* that had Sense, cou'd less ;
 Since they were compass'd round with swarms of *Lies*,
 And *False Suggestions* from the *Butter-Flies*.
 Who Lorded it with such *Tyrannick Sway*,
 The *Hornets* were compell'd to yield the Day.

But e'er th' Embattled Host forsook the Field,
 An Angry *Wasp*, one that disdain'd to yield,
 Flew up, and swore he wou'd not quit his Shield.
 This rais'd Confusion 'mong the Creeping Kind,
 Who were, for want of Wings, lagging behind ;
 Yet e'er the Rumour had o'er-spread the Plain,
 The *Butter-Flies* had Rally'd them again ;

And

And manag'd with such Skill their *Rabble Rout*,
 That to the *Waspish Chief* they Fac'd about ;
 Who mean time had oblig'd his *Hornet Bands*
 To stand the Charge ; submit to his Commands ;
 And so maintain'd their just Possessions, free
 From the vile Yoke of *Cringing Slavery*.
 This pleas'd the generous Race, who now disdain
 To give, what they to keep before, thought Vain.
 What hasty Rage they wou'd to Battel fly,
 Seem not to dread their Powerful Enemy,
 But rather than submit, are now enclin'd to Dye.

Thus stood the Combatants till a surprize
 Fell out, that dazzled all the *Hornets Eyes*,
 To see themselves joyn'd by the *Butter-Flies*.
 This forc'd them quickly, like some *Magick Charm*,
 For fear of their Dishonour, to disarm :
 Their Leader strait lays down his *Manly Shield*,
 Bends his way Home, and quits th' *Inglorious Field*.
 While Oh ! The Damn'd Deceit of outward Show,
 The *Hypocrites* cou'd scarcely let him go,
 E'er they fell foully on the *Hornet Bands*,
 Seiz'd all their Arms, and Manacl'd their Hands ;
 Curb'd

Curb'd 'em with *Laws*, 'gainst which if they com-
plain,

They lose the Favors of their hotspur Reign.

Thus *Hornets* lay, till some Decreed by *Fate*,
To Rescue them from such a *Tyrants Hate*,
Shou'd raise Divisions in the *Insect State*.

Make *Flies* and *Worms* 'bout *Pride* to disagree,
One plead for *Order*, one for *Anarchy*,
Till both were Ruin'd by *Hypocrisie*.

At last the *Waspish Race* entirely rose,
And did the *Butter-Flies* with Rage Oppose ;
Nor spar'd the *Catterpillars* baser Brood,
Prone to all Ill, to ev'ry thing, but Good :
They Arm'd themselves, each with a *Pois'non's Sting*,
And ev'ry *Wasp* in *Gall* first dip'd his *Wing*.
Then spread th' *Infection* o'er each *Herb* and *Flower*,
The Creeping *Catterpillar* shou'd devour ;
Till gorg'd with *Rage*, and swell'd up big with *Spleen*,
They burst ; and gave the Earth her own again.

Thus

Thus *Wasps* perplex'd the *Catterpillars* State,
 Made by the *Simple Hornets* Proud and Great;
 Who were so weak, they cou'd not see the Cheat.
 But still believ'd the *Gawdy Reptile Kind*,
 As they were *Gay* in *Show*, *Honest* in *Mind*.
 While their own Kindred, who for *Publick Good*,
 Have all the Rage of *Butter-Flies* withstood;
 Thus Shamefully Neglected, let 'em Fight
 'Gainst all the *Insects*, for the *Hornets* Right.
 Which *Wasps* have so industriously maintain'd,
 They've lost their own, and nothing by the *Hornets*
 gain'd ;

Yet still their Courage for their Cause they show,
 'Gainst a most Numerous, and Unequal Foe;
 Knowing thy gain an *Immortality*,
 The Fading *Butter-Fly* will never see.
 Tho' *Wasps*, like them, are of a short Liv'd Line,
 To others they can leave their great Design;
 And make their Actions, tho' themselves don't live,
 When *Butter-Flies* are quite extinct, survive.

But

But yet to Crush this *Feeble, Peevish Race*,
 They Toil and Moil, and break the *Insects Peace* ;
 When they might know it is in vain to strive,
 For *Wasps*, as well as *Butter-Flies*, must live.
 And tho' the *Peaceful Hornet* they run o'er,
Wasps are resolv'd to try their utmost Pow'r ;

But see a Bloody Battel is begun,
 The *Long Wing'd Insects* quite Eclipse the Sun,
 And reach even to the Regions of the Moon. }
 While *Wasps*, like *Bats*, that dare not Face the Light,
 Fight in the Dark Obscurities of Night ;
 In Caves and Dens, for shelter they retire,
 Yet Sally out again with dreadful Fire ;
 With wond'rous Art compos'd, they spread around,
 And the more flisted, do the more rebound.
 Great *Coeborn's Machine's* have not half the Pow'r
 To Ruin Towns, and Cities to Devour ;
 As the quick *Poison* in this *Insects Sting*,
 That can destroy th' *Ambition* of a King ;
 That at one Stroke can make a *Coward Brave*,
 And then reduce him to the *Meanest Slave* ;

Heroes immortalize, or let 'em Dye,
 And undistinguish'd, with the *Vulgar* Iye.
 So Strong and Fatal is their *Poison* grown,
 A *Diadem* it props, or can pull down,
 And is a Trusty Safeguard to a *Crown*.
 This is the *Battering Engine* that they Play,
 Which sometimes thro' a Kingdom makes its way.
 That tho' the *Wasp* so despicably shows,
 Not like the *Butter-Fly* in Gaudy Cloaths;
 He can offend with greater Force his Foes.
 More to the Purpose, and for greater Ends,
 Raise up the *Greatest*, and the *Noblest Friends*;
 But as forsaken by the *Hornet* now,
 He must to every *Caterpillar* bow;
 With *Servile Words*, and with *Obsequious Face*,
 Cringe to the hollow *Butter-Fly* for Grace.
 This is the Fate of *Wasps*, on their Defence,
 Pleading for *Liberty* and *Innocence*;
 But when in *War*, they all their *Poison* throw,
 Strike Home their *Stings*, and Murder as they go.

Witness

Witness this Onset from the *Wasps* Race;
 That has procur'd the *Butter-Flies* Disgrace,
 How many Leaders have been Stung to Death?
 How many fal'n by their *Infectious Breath*?
 Yet still Revengeful, they pursue the *Wasp*,
 Who will destroy more at his Dying Gasps,
 Of such strange *Particles* this *Insect's* made,
 His Strength encreases, as his Vitals fade;
 Nearer he comes to his Immortal State,
 Great is his Soul, much greater is his Hate;
 With *Dire Convulsions*, that it shakes the Earth,
 As *Aetna* Trembles at an *Earth-quake's* Birth;
 Around the Globe the Black *Contagion* spreads,
 Harbours in *Courts*, and sculks in *Downy Beds*,
 Where it Infects the *Mighty* and the *Great*,
 And shows each *Statesman* his approaching Fate.

Yet still behold this odd *Mysterious Kind*,
 Of *insect Race*, can no *Indulgence* find;
 Spight of his Charms, the *Butter-Fly* pursues,
 The more he's Baffled, still the Fight renews.
 Still, still, Exasperates the *Wasp* to wound,
 And by his Numbers makes him quit the Ground:

But all in vain he offers to destroy
 The *Insect* which is Fated not to Dye:
 A strange unhappy *Immortality*.
 Who is't that pities not the Wretches Fate,
 Who knows not when his Pains will Terminate?
 Yet still the *Wasps* maintain th' unequal Fight,
 And Gall their Foes with *Liberty* and *Right*;
 For *Power* can never alter *Natures Laws*,
 Or *Insects* Perish in a *Righteous Cause*,
 Where equal *Justice* holds the Ballance true,
 And *Butter-Flies* and *Wasps* have both their due.



M

ON



On the UNION
A
P O E M
To the QUEEN.



O W shall (a) my *Muse* express thy
Pow'r or *Praise*,
Whose Godlike (b) Gifts are *Crowns*,
and *Peaceful Days*,

While our weak Eyes delude our weaker Sense,
To view a *Mortal* with (c) *Omnipotence*?

(a) Et quo te Carmine dicam? *Virg. Georg. l. 2.*

— O Fama ingens —
Quibus Cælo tu laudibus æquem? *Virg. Æn. l. 11.*

— Utinam modo dicere possem
Carmina digna. *Ovid Met. lib. 5. f. 6.*

(b) Sophitos ignes Anna regniq; Coronam
Cum Sceptro tribuit. *Virg. Æn. l. 8.*

(c) Mente deos adiit. *Ovid Met. l. 5. t. 2.*

Chara deum soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum. *Vir. Ed. 4.*

How

How cou'dst thou else, when (a) *Discord* had o'er-
spread

This *Isle*, couch it in its own proper *Bed*?

How cou'dst thou make a *Paradise* appear,

Where such *Dissentions* had possess'd the *Sphere*?

Restore that (b) *Sun* and *Moon* again, whose *Light*

Give us *Day* now, and over-rules our *Night*.

How cou'dst thou make each (c) *disagreeing Beast*,

Trust their own *Safety* in each other's *Breast*?

How cou'dst thou (d) *Flagrant Mischief* overawe,

And calmly make it yield to *Nature's Law*?

When stubborn Nations jarr'd with mutual *Spite*,

'Twas then thou shone with a (e) *Diviner Light*,

And then inspir'd the (f) *People* to *Unite*.

(a) ——— Furor impius intus
Sæva sedit super arma, & centum victus abenis
Post tergum Nodis. *Lucan. l. 7.*

(b) Dicto citius tumida æquora placat,
Collectaq; fugat nubes, solemq; reducit. *Virg. Æn. l. 1.*

(c) Cum canibus timidi veniunt Pocula damæ. *Vir. Ecl. 8.*
Ipse licet videas, cavea fabulantur in una,
Et pariter focias carpit uterq; dapes. *Mart. l. 9. Ep. 72.*

(d) ——— Quem flagitat. ———
Vestra diem Virtus, finis Civilibus armis,
Quem quæsitis adest. *Lucan. l. 7.*

(e) ——— Patim divinæ mentis & haustus.
Æthereas dixere. *Virg. Georg. l. 4.*

(f) O fortunatæ Gentes, ———
——— Quæ nos fortuna quietos
Sollicitat, suadetq; ignota laceffere bella? *Virg. Æ. l. 11.*

Treaties of Old refus'd thou didst Renew,
And perfected, to show what thou cou'dst do.

When *Beauty* had no *Form*, and *Form* no *Sire*,
Nor *Waters* felt the quickning Force of *Fire* ;
As the first (a) *Chaos* at th' Almighty Call,
So at your Nod *Subjection* fell on all :
The Sword declin'd its Head and seem'd to low'r ;
And drop'd to find your (b) *Word* of greater *Pow'r* ;

We are amaz'd at this strange (c) Act of thine,
This *Union* looks so like a Work *Divine*.
What shall we say ? By making of us One,
You've fix'd upon your Head a *Tripple Crown* ;
The Glory of Ten Crowns is all too vain,
As a Reward to offer such a (d) *Soveraign*.

(a) Sic chaos ex illa naturæ mole priores
Digestum partes scimus habere suos. *Ovid de Pont. l. 4. Ec. 8.*

(b) ——— Signa ego ———
————— & arma

Militibus sine cæde, discerpta vide. *Hor. lib. 3. Od. 5.*

(c) ——— Dat Anna Britannis,
Mentis majora fideq;
Munera. *Ovid Met. l. 13. Fab. 4.*

(d) Quanto quisq; sibi plura negaverit
A diis plura feret. *Hor. l. 3. Ode 16.*

For *Virtue* 'tis makes her great *Fame* and *Worth*,
The *Widow's Oyl* encrease by pouring forth :

(a) A Torrent thus in *Winter* that does flow,
O'er *Trees* and *Hills* in *Summer*, runs below ;
The higher led by Fortune *ANNA* gets,
Her *Goodness* ev'ry where the more remits.

Then let us (b) think on thee, while we (c) *Suppress*
Our Words, for Speaking will but make thee (d) *Less* :
Fathom the (e) *Ocean*, and what we find
Boundless, by *Measures* cannot be confin'd ;
Tho' after you with *Phæbus* Light we run,
We must not think to (f) overtake the *Sun*,
While with its *Light* it opens our Eyes thus,
The (g) *Brightness* as we view it (h) *dazzles* us.

(a) Sic ego torrentem, qua nil obstabat eunti
Lenius, & modico, strepitu decurrere vidi.

(b) Satis laudat qui tacet.

(c) Laus est non facere quod facere possumus. *Laët.* 63.

(d) ——— Grates persolvere dignas
Non opis est nostræ. *Verg. En.* l. 1.

(e) Oceani fluctus me numerare jubes. *Mart.* l. 6. *Ep.* 34.

(f) Sunt mihi quæ valeant in talia pondera Vires ?
Et animos certe vestros sensuros honores ? *Lib.* 13. *Fab.* 1.

(g) Parte sui meliore viget, majorq; videri
Cœpit, & augusta fieri gravitate verendus: *Ovid M.* l. 9. f. 4.

(h) Mutat nocte diem, radiisq; potentibus astra
Sol vetat ire. *Lucan.* l. 10.

When *Winter's* past the Teeming *Earth* grows glad,
 And Prides it self like *Infants* newly clad ;
 So *Love* this *Union* meets, its Joy to fill,
 Past Fears and Dangers spreading farther still.
 Two Realms ^(a) embrace our Patriots with one Heart,
 While Heaven and *ANNA* fill up every Part.
 A Gift Twice Giv'n, first from the God's above,
 Then here, we shou'd return with double Love ;
 But while we think on this, and wonder thus,
 Fate shows it self still more *Miraculous*.
 O never for a happier Nation leave us,
 Since all we are, and do enjoy, you give us !
 For whom you've made a *New World* to dispencc,
 Your ever Wife ^(b) *Protecting Providence*.
 Ne'er leave us till our growing *Palm* expands
 Above the daring reach of human Hands ;
 Until you've made *United Britain* seem
 A very *Golden Brook* and *Silver Stream* ;
 The very *Land of Happiness*, from whence
 Proceeds such wond'rous *Pow'r* and *Excellence* ;

(a) Nominis ante mei venient Oblivia nobis
 Pectore quam Pietas, sit tua pulsa meo. *Ovid de Pont. l. 2.*

(b) Pendet in hac anima Populorum vita salusque
 — O rerum felix tutela, salusque. *Mart. l. 5. Ep. 1.*

Let *Xerxes* ride in his vast Armies Front,
 Dry Rivers up, and Stem the *Hellepont*,
 All this wont equal what we now enjoy,
 By healing *Union*, and soft *Liberty*.
Praise here must sink in *Merit* when we strive
 To keep an *Act* so wond'rous great alive :

Then let us Dedicate the Happy Day ^(a)
 That *Britons* do their Just Oblations pay,
 To *Union* first, to *Flora*, and to *May*.
 The ^(b) Triumph of our Joy from thence bears
 Date,
 When *Thee* and *ANNA*'s Name we Celebrate ;
 When we cry *Triumph* with a *Jubilee*,
 We can't but we must cast our Eyes on *Thee* ;
 Those *Rays* that made this Day, and which were
 sent
 By kinder Heaven on the Parliament ;

(a) *Britannis plus nunquam præstitit ulla dies* *Mar. l. 3. Ep. 6.*
Hunc Aurora diem spectacula tanta ferentem.
Quam premum croceis roscida portet equis
 ——— *Ver illud erat, ver magnus agebat.* *Ving. Georg.*
Orbis, &c.

(b) *Quando magis dignos licuit spectare Triumphos ?*
Quando Palatini plus meruere Dei ? *Mart. l. 5.*

When we sing *lo Pæans* we must say,
That it was *Providence* that led the *Way*.

To give to (a) *ANNA* Praise, and to prefer
This (b) *Day* of *Flora* Sacred unto her.
So *Jove's Bird* doubles with his *Two Sun'd* Sight,
And only *Day* appears by this *clear Light* ;
Our (c) *Phæbus* thus in his true *Lustre* seems,
When we behold him with these *shining Beams* ;
When we our *Thanks* to our great *Patriots* pay,
Shou'd we at any but this *Altar* pray ?
Derive our *Fate* from any other *Spring*,
Than this blest *Royal Chrystal Stream*, the *Queen* ?

-
- (a) ——— Tibi sic sint vota quotannis. *Virg. Ecl. 5.*
(b) May-day, from whence the *Union* begins.
(c) Ecce Parens verus Patriæ *Lucan.*





THE RETIREMENT.



Ail my delight! All Hail thou happy
Shade!

Under whose Branches once fam'd *Cowley*
laid.

Hail ye Cherfean Groves! All Hail ye Woods!
And Silver *Swans*! All Hail ye *Nymphs* and Floods!
Who e'er near *Thames* have their abodes
The sweet Retirement both of Men and Gods;
Hail ev'ry happy Mortal seated there,
So near to Bus'ness, and so far from care.

Blest with th' Enjoyment that full Plenty yields
In Nature's Garden the luxurious Fields,
Where soft Contentment rears its verdant Head
On ev'ry humble Plant and ev'ry mossy Bed,

There

There stretch'd at ease true Satisfaction lies,
 That all the Noise and Heat of *London* flies ;
 Like Slaves Men Toil in that tumultuous Town
 And only *Free-men* are when here laid down,
 They can their Labour at their leisure Crown.
 Under an *Elm* or *Walnut's* Branches rest,
 And be all Day with *Peace* and *Pleasure* blest ;
 With all things decent for a *Rural* State,
 To make Men Happy, not to make them great ;
 For Nature here has in Perfection shown
 The *Pride* and *Grandure* of a Pompous Town,
 Which *Folly* makes Men Mimick but in vain,
 No *Tyrian Dye* can give the *Violet* stain,
 Or *Rose* or *Julyflow'r* be dy'd in *Grain* :
 The beauteous *Green* the homely *Holly* wears
 Lasts her without repair some Hundred Years,
 Such frugal Ways Nature instructs the *Hind*,
 And with wise Lessons Cultivates his Mind ;
 He must be Happy that her Laws pursue,
 For what she dictates, is what we shou'd do.

Oh happy State of happy Man first made !
 E'er of himself or *Solitude* afraid ;

But

But of the Joys of Life cou'd take his fill,
 Nor wanted ought to do it but his Will;
 He saw Delight and had it at Command,
 Pleasure and *Appetite* went Hand in Hand.
 But what is *Eden* if it cannot please,
 For with his Garden 'twas he lost his Ease.
 Oh sad exchange! From such a cool Retreat,
 To mix with *Crowds* and Bustle in the Heat,
 To gain the Bread of Life with Care and Sweat.

How unconcern'd does that Man live, how free,
 Like the first State of Native Liberty,
 That fates himself in his own little Store,
 Nor hoards up Wealth, nor wishes to have more;
 But looks with chearful Pleasure on his own,
 And Smiles at the false *Gems* that fill a *Crown*.
 Round his own Grounds can take the wholesome
 Air,

And finds his Satisfaction in his fare.
 When having lopt his *Trees*, or prun'd his *Vine*,
 On coarse clean Linnen can be pleas'd to Dine,
 Or Roast, or Boil'd, without Ragou's, or Wine.

This

This plain Content is all Heav'n can bestow
To wretched Man, while he remains below.

A
P O E M

*Occasion'd by the Promotion of the
Right Honourable Sir Thomas
Trevor, now Lord Trevor, to
the Dignity of Lord Chief Justice
of the Common-Pleas.*

*Ante triumphales currus Ecclesia præses
Justitia & Pietas, cingit utrumque latus.
Inter purpureas fulget clementia turmas
Virtutum glomerans, agmine tota Cohors.*

LET Britain now adorn'd with Justice Shine,
And by her Pow'r shew she's of Race Di-
vine ;

Let Heav'nly Dew in pearly Drops fall down,
And Ceres ev'ry Field with Plenty crown ;

Since

Since *Trevor* sits in blest *Astræa's* Seat,
 Made by his Merit, not his Sov'reign great,
 Nor honour'd, but an Honour to the State.
 None e'er the Laws of *England* better knew,
 And to those Laws and Country durst be true ;
 Fearless of Threats, for flatt'ring Arts too great,
 He rul'd the Law, and by it serv'd the State.
 Thus *Trevor* o'er the Common Bench presides,
 And with th' exactest Rules of Justice Guides ;
 He softens all the Rigour of the Laws,
 And pleads as well as Judges ev'ry Cause.

How long will *Fortescue* and *Fleta* live,
 And *Littleton* the fate of Time survive ;
 How *Coke* to endless Days be tumbled o'er,
 And *Hales* rever'd till Time shall be no more.
 But first my Muse, with careful heed survey
 The Days of Old, when Law in Darkness lay,
 And *Anarchy* possess'd Tyrannick Sway.
 When Lawless Men each other did invade
 E'er Property was known, or Laws were made,
 Till they by Reason and Experience saw,
 Men cou'd not long subsist without a Law ;

The

The wiser sort in Friendly manner joyn'd,
 And quickly were by *social* Leagues combin'd ;
 For mutual Help each others Aid they sought,
 And thus were into Form and Order brought :
 Necessity that first instructed Men to live ;
 Taught 'em by slow Degrees at last to live.
 But too luxuriant Nature did at last
 The great Design into a Labyrinth cast,
 And what for use was once so well apply'd
 Their lavish Prodigality deny'd.
 So vain Mankind do from their Safety fly,
 And for blest *Freedom* court inglorious *Slavery*.

After some Ages in Confusion past,
 And nought but War succeeded War, at last ;
 Heav'n it always was more kind to Man
 Than he was to himself, did thus Ordain,
 That States shou'd Flourish, and all Laws shou'd be
 The Ligaments of all Society.
 Then 'twas that *Solon* and *Lycurgus* rose,
 And did the force of Anarchy oppose ;
 Then were the Rules of Law and Justice giv'n,
 And the *Astrea* did descend from Heav'n.

From

From *Athens*, *Rome* her mighty Treasure brings,
 And by her Laws destroy'd her Tyrant Kings :
 The God-like *Brutus* laid the Corner Stone
 Of wholesome Laws and Liberty in *Rome* ;
 Hence did her awful Pow'r and Greatness rise,
 And Barb'rous distant Nations thought her Wife ;
 Now Consuls rul'd and Government Ordain'd,
 And like true Patriots, not like Tyrants Reign'd ;
 O'er all the World their easy Conquest spread,
 And where their Arms prevail'd the People led ;
 Not in base Servitude, but Nobly as they fought,
 Their Laws impos'd, and Civil Manners taught,
 So wide of force, they did their Conquests awe,
 'Twas not their Legions govern'd, but their Law.
 Then 'twas their Two neck'd *Eagles* 'gan to fly,
 And spread their Wings of soft Humanity ;
 Like Fame they soar'd, and like her much cou'd tell,
 How *Roman* Virtue, did the World excel ;
 How *Lælius* Friendship and how *Scipio's* Love
 The bravest Souls to Noblest Acts improve,
 Glory Spurs on, and Dictates to my Theme,
 The mention of Immortal *Cato's* Name.

Thus

Thus always *Rome* protect'd *Virtue's Cause*,
 And on that Foot establish'd all her Laws:
 When Consuls cou'd no longer that defend,
Cæsar prescrib'd to all their Government an end.
 Then o'er the Conquests that his Arms obtain'd,
 The Laws of *Rome* without Obstruction reign'd,
 But the rough *Britain's Roman* Laws distain'd:
 They under *Cæsar's* Government were free,
 And bore his Rule without the Slavery.

Not *Cæsar's* Sword or *Cicero's* Matchless Pen
 Cou'd move the Minds of steady *British* Men;
 Ev'n then they were of foreign Customs shy,
 Not to be flatter'd out of Liberty.

In Course of Time, where *Rome* her Pow'r had lost,
 The *Saxon* first our Eastern Ocean cross'd,
 Rough as the *British* Race they hit the Clime,
 Nor strove to alter Customs in their time;
 But what the Fam'd *Dunwallo* first had done,
 That they establish'd on the *British* Throne.
Dunwallo who Molmative Laws assign'd,
 And executed Justice in its kind:

The Temple first a sacred Refuge made,
And did protect the Plowman's Share and Blade.

Alfred in *Saxon* Language writ his Laws,
So sacred he esteem'd the Nation's Cause;
Nor ought my Muse pass over *Guitheline*,
A famous Monarch of the *British* Line ;
Warlike and Brave he kept the *Picts* in awe,
And blest his Country with the Mercian Law.

But see how various are the turns of Fate
Some Mal-contents there are in ev'ry State;
For in the best and mildest Government
There will be Villains that are discontent.

The Warlike *Danes* then to their aid they call,
First set 'em up, and soon proclaim their fall ;
With mighty Zeal they bring those Safe-guards o'er,
And stake their own, to gain a foreign Power.
But still the Laws kept steady in the State
Which their own Merits, not their Craft made great ;
For had they not the Sense of Justice shown,
The Law had been subservient to the Crown.

Now *Saxons* do again their Pow'r obtain,
 Not 'gainst the Laws, but with the Laws they reign.
Alfred and *Edgar* well deserve our praise,
 Who rul'd with Justice till King *Edward's* Days:
 True *English* Men still for oppressive Might,
 That ne'er will know when they are in the Right.
 But when the *Norman* Duke assum'd the Throne,
 Boldly he did attempt to follow none.
 But *Henry* with indulgence did withdraw
 The Weight and Rigour of the *Norman* Law,
 From heavy Burdens set the People free,
 And broke the Yoke of Dane-gilt Slavery;
 So great a Prince deserv'd a greater Name,
 Had not his Brother's Death Eclips'd his Fame.

The Clergy *Steph'n* from Temp'ral Laws set free,
 But bound the Lay-men fast in Slavery;
 Till *Saxon* Blood in Second *Henry* broke
 The servile Fetters of the *Norman* Yoke:
 Tho' *Rome* from *Stephen* yet usurpt a Pow'r,
 Which Church-men fail'd not to improve each Hour,
 For then the Priests did ev'ry where controul,
 And shew'd how they cou'd Rule in *Becket's* Soul.

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 Desil

Becket, who once supply'd the Chanc'lor's Chair
 With haughty Mein, and with as proud an Air,
 As if the Holy Father had been there.

Priests well might chuse from *Rome* a Sov'raign Guide,
Rome taught 'em Priest-craft, Priest-craft taught 'em
 Pride.

But *Henry* did the Ancient Laws restore,
 In spite of *Rome* and all her thund'ring Pow'r ;
 Bulls had no force Anathema's were vain,
 The King resolv'd, and did his Pow'r maintain.
 No sooner was the Land from *Rome* made free
 But she return'd to her Captivity ;
 While *Richard's* Triumphs grac'd abroad his Crown,
 The Laws at Home were basely trampled on ;
 By *Ely* a false Church-man, so are all
 That Crasp at Pow'r, the Miter and the Ball.

When the Third *Henry*, fill'd the *English* Throne,
 Then Justice, Law and Liberty, were known ;
 King *Edward's* Laws were once again reviv'd,
 And *Magna Charta* in full Freedom liv'd,
 Till Liberty to base Corruptions grown,
 Defil'd the Laws, and oft disturb'd the Crown.

This is the Monster that devours a State,
 And makes the People Tremble at their Fate,
 To see by what vast Strength and Pow'r she sways,
 And like *Leviathan* pursues her ways ;
 Dark as the Pit of Hell from whence she rose,
 To vex the Land and ruin its Repose.

On the BATTLE Of OUDENARD.

Pursue, pursue, follow the glorious blow,
 Leave no remainder of the haughty Foe ;
Lewis with Pride, and Wealth, and Pow'r, made great,
 Must fully all his Glories by Retreat.
Bacchus with *Tygers* swift to *India* rode,
 And 'twas pursuit of Conquest made the God :
 Thus distant Regions Eccho *ANNA*'s Name,
 Convey'd by the Progressive Voice of Fame ;
 Whilst *ANNA*'s Sword is lodg'd in *Malbro*'s Hand,
 'Tis Victory to Obey, and Empire to Command.
 See how the scatter'd Troops extend their Flight,
 And bless the safe Covert of the Night.

T H E



THE EIGHTH
ECCLOGUE of VIRGIL
Damon and Alphæsius.



THE mournful Muse of Two contending
Swains,
Of slighted Love and Witchcraft both
complains.

The wondering Cattle quite forget their Food,
The *Lynxes* of their Verse amazed stood ;
And the swift Flood takes on the Banks his Seat,
While we the Swains rejected Songs repeat.
And thou great Prince, whether thou passest o'er
Timavus Rocks or Coasts th' *Illyrian* Shore,
Assist my trembling Muse, whilst I rehearse
Thy mighty Triumphs in immortal Verse ;
In lofty Numbers thou may'st justly claim,
Due to thy great Commands and to thy Name ;

And suffer 'mong the conq'ring Laurels now
 The humble Ivy to adorn thy Brow.
 Scarce had the Shades of Night forsook the Sky,
 And the cool Dew on tender Grass to lie,
 When *Damon* to repeat his am'rous Song,
 Reclining 'gainst an Olive thus begun.

D A M. Bright *Lucifer*, thou that prepares the way
 Before the Sun, for the approaching Day ;
 Go on, whilst I of *Nisa's* Perjury complain,
 Cry to the Gods for Aid, but all in vain ;
 Begin my Pipe, with me, play the *Mænalian* Strain.

Mæn'lus does always hear the ecchoing Groves,
 The lofty Pines, and Swains distressed Loves ;
 And active Reeds were still imploy'd by *Pan*,
 Begin my Pipe, with me, play the *Mænalian* Strain.

Fair *Nisa's* Charms on *Mopsus* are bestow'd,
 Hopes are for ev'ry Lover now allow'd.
 Now may the *Horse* and *Gryphin* friendly greet,
 And tim'rous *Deer* with *Dogs* at watering meet ;

Cut your fresh Torches *Mopsus*, opportunely made,
 You now have got a Wife to light to Bed ;
 Disperse thy Nuts about to please the Boys,
 And solace all the Night in Nuptial Joys.
Hesper forsakes his Bed, while I complain,
 Begin my Pipe, with me, play the *Mænalian* Strain.

You are well match'd, and slight the courting
 Swain,
 Whilst you with Pride my Pipe and Goats disdain.
 Careless, distracted now my Looks appear,
 My comely Chin o'er-spread with bushy Hair,
 As if the Gods regarded not my Pain,
 Begin my Pipe, with me, play the *Mænalian* Strain.

I was the forward Lad, when in our Ground,
 Gath'ring of ruddy Apples, you I found,
 Though scarce arriv'd to Thirteen Years of Age,
 The yielding Boughs for you I did engage ;
 But as I look'd I dy'd, and gather'd all in vain,
 Begin my Pipe, with me, play the *Mænalian* Strain.

I know what Love is now, its Birth must be
 On horrid *Smaros*, or cold *Rhodope*,
 Or *Libya's* wild supplies thy barb'rous Veins,
 Begin my Pipe, with me, begin *Mænalian* Strains.

Dire Love, first taught the Mother's Hand to Sin,
 And with her Children's Blood she did begin.
 Inhuman Parent ! To destroy her own,
 Was she more cruel, or her impious Son ?
 The Boy was base, her Cruelty remains,
 Begin my Pipe, with me, begin *Mænalian* Strains.

Hence let the tender *Sheep* the *Wolves* provoke
 And golden *Apples* bud upon the *Oak*,
 The *Alder* bear *Narcissus* gentle Flow'r,
 And ev'ry Shrub the purest Amber pour.
 With *Swans*, the *Owls* contend on ev'ry Tree,
 And *Tyt'rus*, *Orpheus*, in the Woods with Thee.
 The *Dolphins* with *Arion* on the Main,
 Begin my Pipe, with me, play the *Mænalian* Strain.

Let all things find a different Course to live,
 Ye *Sylvan* Shades your verdure still survive,

From

From yonder Precipice I'll take my flight,
And drench my self in Floods far from her fight.
This Legacy bestows a dying Man,
Cease now my Pipe, cease the *Mænalian* Strain.

These Words poor *Damon* spoke without disguise
To which *Alphæsius* thus replies ;
The sacred Muses their Decrees can tell,
All Men alike all things cannot reveal.

ALP H. Bring me some Water here, this Altar
fence

Around, with Vervain, Oyl and Frankincense,
That by some sacred Magick I may find
A certain way to change his fickle Mind ;
Nothing is wanting, but my Charms remain
To bring home *Daphnis* from the Town again.

For Charms will make the Moon dance from her
Sphere,

Ulysses Friends by Charms transformed were :
Charms will in Fields, destroy the deadly Snake,
And from the Town my Charms bring *Daphnis* back.

Thrice

Thrice round his Head Three Fillets tye
 Of various Colours and of different Dye,
 Thrice round these Altars bear his Effigie.
 In the odd Count the Gods some pleasure take,
 Then from the Town, my Charms, bring *Daphnis*
 back.

Three different Dyes let *Amarillis* bring,
 And tye in treble Knots the Magick String,
 Then say, these are Love's mystick Knots I make,
 Now from the Town, my Charms, bring *Daphnis*
 back.

As Fire melts Wax, or hardens stubborn Clay,
 So shall my Love make *Daphnis* Heart obey.
 Sprinkle the Cake, and burn with sulph'rous Steem
 The crackling Laurel, *Daphnis* does the same,
 And I for him this raging Fire maintain,
 To bring back *Daphnis* to my Arms again.

Daphnis is seiz'd with such desiring Love
 As a young *Heifer* that around does rove,
 To seek the *Bull* through ev'ry Copse and Grove.

Near

Near purling Streams, on the green Bank lies down,
 Lost to her self nor thinks the Night comes on,
 When to the expecting Herd she shou'd return.
 Such is fond *Daphnis* Love, nor shall I ease his Pain,
 Oh let my Charms from thence bring *Daphnis* back
 again.

The Perjur'd Man these Garments left behind,
 The only Pledge remaining that he once was kind,
 Which after him to Earth shall be confin'd.
 These Pledges I bestow for *Daphnis* sake,
 Then from the Town, my Charms bring *Daphnis* back.

Mæris on me these poys'nous Drugs bestows,
 Plenty whereof in *Pontus* daily grows :
 With these into a Wolf he's often chang'd
 Himself, and in the Woods at large has rang'd ;
 Often I've seen him from the Grave return,
 Poor wand'ring Souls, that in dark Regions mourn,
 Remove to his own Fields anothers standing Grain,
 Then from the Town, my Charms, bring *Daphnis*
 back again.

The

The sacred Ashes *Amaryllis* bring,
 And throw 'em o'er thy Head into the running Spring.
 Look not behind, these Rites for *Daphnis* are,
 Who flights the Gods and Philters we prepare,
 Bring back, ye sacred Herbs, and powerful Charms,
 Bring back lov'd *Daphnis* to my longing Arms.

See now the Ashes round our Altar play
 And of themselves their trembling Flames display,
 Whilst in suspense I'm kept with his delay.
 I know not what the Omen means, but hark,
 There *Hylax* at the Door begins to bark.
 We must believe the best, as those that love
 Their Dreams to their own Fancies still improve;
 Then *Amaryllis* let's forbear our Charms,
 I've brought my *Daphnis* to my longing Arms.

The Ninth Eclogue of *VIRGIL*.

Lycidas and *Mæris*.

Lyc. **W**Hither does *Mæris* thus uncern'dly
 haste ?

That he pursues the Road to *Rome* so fast;

Mæris.

Mær. 'Tis much we have escap'd thus far alive ;
 This Day I thought not, *Shepherd*, to survive :
 When I shou'd hear a Stranger say ; This Ground,
 And all these fertile Fields by me are own'd :
 Begone, you Rascals, from this pleasant Farm ;
 Discons'late we depart, for fear of Harm.
 Since Fortune over all things bears the sway,
 What can remain for us but to Obey ?
 Two fatted *Kids* to the proud Rogue I bear ;
 That they may choak him, is my constant Pray'r.

Lyc. I heard indeed from th' Foot of that high Hill,
 That by Degrees descends to yonder Rill ;
 And where the dodder'd *Beech* hath stood so long,
Menalcus sav'd that Land with his diviner Song.

Mær. You heard so, and loud Fame proclaim'd it true,
 But it was not our Verse alone wou'd do.
 For War, O *Lycidas*, is more severe,
 And *Doves* with *Eagles* might as well compare ;
 The boding Chough from an old hollow Tree
 Advis'd to cease our Strife, and to agree ;
 Had he not taught us these dire Ills t' avoid,
 Nor *Mæris*, nor *Menalcas* had his Life enjoy'd.

Lyc.

Lyc. Who cou'd have perpetrated such a Deed
So cruel, as to make *Menalcas* bleed ?
Who of the Nymphs wou'd then bright Songs have
made,
The fruitful Soil with flagrant Flow'rs have spread,
Or shelter Fountains with a leafy Shade ?
Compose such Songs as late from thee I took,
When on our *Amaryllis* thou didst look,
And with her Beauty charm'd cast down thy Hook ;
And said, pray feed these *Goats* for me, dear Swain,
And water them, I'll soon return again ;
I have not far to go, howe'er take heed
Of that old Ridgling with the butting Head.

Mær. To *Varus* such like Strains he did rehearse;
Varus, whose Name's worthy immortal Verse,
If we in *Mantua* can but rest in Peace;
Ah! 'Tis too near *Cremona* for our ease:
But if thou canst preserve thy *Mantuan* Plains
Our Verse shall soar above the winged Swans.

Lyc. So may thy swarms avoid the *Cyrnean* Yew
And Milk in Plenty from thy *Heifers* flow ;

Begin,

Begin, if thou'ft the Gift of Poetry
 The Muses lately have beftow'd on me.
 I have made Verfes too, to fix my Fame ;
 And all the Swains give me the Poets Name.
 I'm not fo vain to Credit what they fay ;
 I can't yet please my felf, in my own way.
Cinna nor *Varus* have vouchsaf'd to hear
 Therefore like gabbling *Geefe* 'mong *Swans* I muft
 appear.

Mær. I'm thinking, *Lycidas*, I can rehearfe,
 If I remember right, a noble Verfe ;
 Advance, fair Nymph, my *Galatea* hear
 What Paftime is in gentle Streams, declare ;
 Here Flow'rs the Spring, and there the pregnant Soil,
 On ev'ry Bank, does with fresh verdure fmile,
 Round ev'ry Flood delightful Objects rife ;
 White *Poplar* here, the naked Bow'r fupplies ;
 And tender Vines compleat the cooling Shade,
 Whilft raging Floods th' unbounded Shore invade.

Lyc. Something I heard thee Sing alone laft Night
 I have the Tune, cou'd I the Words recite.

Mær. Why on the old *Æra Daphnis* doft thou pore ?
 Since *Cæfar's* Time, that Reck'ning is no more.
 'Tis *Cæfar's* Star, that makes the joyful Field,
 And on the Hills the *Grape* her Purple yield.

Graft

Graft Tears for *Daphnis* ; After Ages may
 Be glad to crop, and bless the joyful Day
 'Tis Time brings all things forth, we all decay ;
 I when a Boy consum'd a Summers Day
 In Singing ; but my Voice, alas ! Is gone,
 My Voice and tuneful Notes fled with my Song,
 As if I'd seen a Wolf ; but yet you can,
 If you're requir'd, repeat 'em o'er again.

Lyc. You raise my Expectation by delay,
 Tho' all the Fields are peaceable and gay.
 See all things now so much to rest inclin'd,
 The trembling Leaves scarce feel the murm'ring
 Wind ;

And on our Journey we are got half way,
Bianor's Tomb does now its Top display.
 On these strip'd Leaves here, let us stretch a long
 Here lay the *Kids*, and Sing a merry song.
 We've time enough to reach the Town by Light,
 Or if we fear the gathering Clouds e're Night,
 A pleasant Song will shorten much the Road ;
 Come, let us Sing, I'll ease you of your Load.

Mær. Let's mind what we're about, dear Swain
 forbear ;

We shall Sing better, when my *Master's* here.

B R F



BRITAIN'S Palladium ;
OR,
My Lord Bolingbroke's Welcome
from FRANCE.

*Et thure & fidibus Juvat
Placare, & vituli sanguine debito
Custodes Numidæ Deos. Hor. lib. I. Ode 36.
———— ad Pomponium Numidium
Ob cujus ex Hispania redditum gaudio exultat.*

WHAT Noise is this, that interrupts my Sleep?
What echoing Shouts rise from the briny
Deep ?

Neptune a solemn Festival prepares,
And PEACE thro' all his flowing Orb declares :
That dreadful Trident which he us'd to shake,
Make Earth's Foundations, and Jove's Palace quake,
Now, by his Side on ouzy Couch reclin'd,
Gives a smooth Surface and a gentle Wind :
Innumerable Tritons lead the Way,
And crouds of Nereids round his Chariot play.

O

The

The ancient Sea-Gods with attention wait,
 To learn, what's now the last result of Fate.
 What earthly Monarch *Neptune* does decree
 Alone ; his great Vicegerent of the Sea.

By an auspicious Gale, *Britania's* Fleet
 On *Gallia's* Coast this shining Triumph met ;
 These Poms Divine their mortal Sense surprize,
 Loud to the Ear, and dazling to the Eyes :
 Whilst scaly *Tritons*, with their Shells ; proclaim
 The Names that must survive to future Fame ;
 And Nymphs their Diadems of Pearl prepare
 For Monarchs who, to purchase Peace, make War :
 Then *Neptune* his majestick Silence broke,
 And to the trembling Sailors mildly spoke :
 Throughout the World *Britania's* Flag display,
 'Tis I command, that all the Globe obey :
 Let *British* Streamers wave their Heads on high,
 And dread no Foe beneath *Jove's* azure Sky ;
 The rest let *Nereus* tell —

If I have Truth, says *Nereus*, and foresee
 The intricate Designs of Destiny :

I that

I that have view'd whatever Fleets have rode
 With sharpen'd Keels, to cut the yielding Flood :
 I that could weigh the Fates of *Greece* and *Rome*,
Phœnician Wealth, and *Carthaginian* Doom,
 Must surely know what, in the Womb of Time,
 Was fore-ordain'd for *Britain's* happy Clime ;
 How Wars upon the watry Realms shall cease,
 And *ANNA* give the World a glorious Peace :
 Restore the Spicy Traffick of the East,
 And stretch her Empire to the distant West :
 Her Fleets descry *Aurora's* purple Bed,
 And *Phæbus* Steeds after their Labours fed.
 The Southern Coasts, to *Britain* scarcely known,
 Shall grow as hospitable as their own :
 No Monsters shall be feign'd to guard their Store,
 When *British* Trade secures their golden Ore :
 The fleecy Product of the *Cotswold* Field
 Shall equal what *Peruvian* Mountains yield :
Iron shall there, intrinsic Value show,
 And by *Vulcanian* Art more precious grow.

BRITANIA's Royal Fishery shall be
 Improv'd by a kind Guardian Deity :

That mighty Task to *Glucus* we assign,
 Of more importance than the richest Mine;
 He shall direct them how to strike the *Whale*,
 How to avoid the Danger, when prevail;
 What Treasure lies upon the frozen Coast
 Not yet explor'd, nor negligently lost.

In vast *Acadia's* Plains, new Theme for Fame,
 Towns shall be built, sacred to **ANNA's* Name;
 The Silver Firr and lofty Pines shall rise
 From *Britain's* own united Colonies;
 Which to the Mast shall Canvas Wings afford,
 And Pitch, to strengthen the unfaithful Board;
Norway may then her Naval Stores with-hold,
 And proudly starve for want of *British* Gold.

O happy Isle! to such Advantage plac'd,
 That all the World is by thy Counsels grac'd;
 Thy Nation's Genius, with industrious Arts,
 Renders thee lovely to remotest Parts.
ELIZA first the fable Scene withdrew,
 And to the ancient World display'd the New.

* *Annapolis.*

When *Burleigh* at the Helm of State was seen,
 The truest Subject to the greatest QUEEN:
 The *Indians*, from the *Spanish* Yoke made free,
 Bless'd the Effects of *English Liberty*;
Drake, round the World, his Sov'reign's Honour
 spread,
 Thro' Straights and Gulphs immense, her Fame
 convey'd;
 Nor rests Enquiry here; his curious Eye
 Descries new Constellations in the Sky,
 In which vast space, ambitious Mariners
 Might place their Names on high, and chuse their
 Stars.
Rawleigh, with hopes of new Discoveries fir'd,
 And all the Depths of human Wit inspir'd,
 Rov'd o'er the *Western World*, in search of Fame,
 Adding fresh Glory to *Eliza's* Name;
 Subdu'd new Empires, that will Records be
 Immortal of a Queen's Virginity. (Virginia)

But think not *Albion* that thy Sons decay,
 Or that thy Princes have less Power to sway;
 Whatever in *Eliza's* Reign was seen,
 With a re-doubled Vigour springs again:

Imperial *ANNA* shall the Seas controul,
 And spread her Naval Laws from Pole to Pole:
 Nor think Her Conduct, or Her Counsels less
 In Arts of War, or Treaties for a Peace;
 In thrifty Management of *Britain's* Wealth,
 Imbezzel'd lately, or purloin'd by Stealth:
 No Nation can fear Want, or dread Surprise,
 Where *Oxford's* Prudence, *Burleigh's* Loss-supplies;
 On him the Publick most securely leans,
 To ease the Burthen of the best of Queens;
 On him the Merchants fix their longing Eyes,
 When War shall cease, and *British* Commerce rise.

Alcides Strength, and *Atlas* firmer Mind,
 To narrow *Streights* of *Europe* were confin'd.
 The *British* Sailors, from their *Royal* 'Change,
 May find a nobler Liberty to range,
Oxford shall be their Pole-Star to the South,
 And there reward the Efforts of their Youth:
 Whence, thro' his Conduct, Traffick shall encrease,
 Ev'n to those Seas which take their Name from Peace.

PEACE is the Sound must glad the *Briton's* Ears
 But see! the Noble *Bolingbroke* appears;

Gestura

Gesture compos'd, and Looks serene declare
The approaching Issue of a doubtful War.

Now my *Cerulean* Race safe in the deep,
Shall hear no Canons roar, disturb their Sleep;
But smoothest Tides, and the most *Halcion* Gales
Shall, to their Port, direct *Britania's* Sails.

Ye *Tritons*, Sons of Gods! 'tis my Command,
That you see *Bolingbroke* in safety Land;
Your concave Shells for softest Notes prepare,
Whilst *Eccho* shall repeat the gentlest Air;
The River-Gods shall there, your Triumphs meet,
And in old *Ocean* mixt, your Hero greet;
Thames shall stand wondring, *Isis* shall rejoice,
And both in tuneful Numbers raise their Voice.
The rapid *Medway*, and the fertile *Trent*,
In swiftest Streams confess their true Content.
Avon and *Severn* shall in Rapture's join,
And *Fame* convey them, to the Northern *Tine*:
Tweed then no more the *Britons* shall divide,
But *Peace* and *Plenty* flow on either side;
Triumphs proclaim, and Mirth and jovial Feasts,
And all the World invite for welcome Guests.

Faction, that thro' the Land so fatal spread,
 No more shall dare to raise her *Hydra's* Head;
 But all her Votaries, in silence mourn,
 The happiness of *Bolingbroke's* return;
 Far from the common Pitch, he shall arise,
 With great Designs, to dazzle *Envy's* Eyes;
 Search deep to know, of *Whiggish Plots* the source,
 Their ever-turning Schemes, and restless Course.

Who shall hereafter, *British* Annals read,
 But will reflect, with Wonder, on this Deed.
 How artfully his Conduct overcame
 A stubborn Race, and quench'd a raging Flame;
 Retriev'd the *Britons* from unruly Fate,
 And overthrew the *Phaetons* of State:
 These wise Exploits thro' *Gallia's* Nation ran,
 And fir'd their Souls, to see the wond'rous Man:
 The aged Counsellors, without surprize,
 Found Wit and Prudence sparkling in his Eyes;
 Wisdom that was not gain'd in course of Years,
 Or Reverence owing to his hoary Hairs,
 But struck by force of Genius; such as drove
 The Goddess *Pallas* from the Brain of *Jove*.

The Youth of *France*, with Pleasure, look'd to see
 His graceful Mien, and beauteous Symetry :
 The Virgins ran, as to unusual Show,
 When he to *Paris* came, and *Fountainbleau* ;
 Viewing the blooming Minister desir'd,
 And still the more they gaz'd, the more admir'd.
 Nor did the *Court*, that best true Grandeur knows,
 Their Sentiments, by lesser Facts disclose,
 By common Pomp, or ceremonious Train,
 Seen heretofore, or to be seen again ;
 But they devis'd new Honours, yet unknown,
 Or paid to any Subject of a Crown.

The *Gallick* King, in Age and Counsels Wise,
 Sated with War, and weary of disguise,
 With open Arms salutes the *British* Peer,
 And gladly owns his Prince and Character.
 As *Hermes* from the Throne of *Jove* descends,
 With grateful Errand, to Heav'n's choicest Friends :
 As *Iris* from the Bed of *Juno* flies,
 To bear her *Queens* Commands thro' yielding Skies.
 Whilst o'er her Wings fresh Beams of Glory flow,
 And blended Colours paint her wond'rous Bow ;

So

So *Bolingbroke* appears in *Louis* Sight,
 With Message Heavenly, and with equal Light,
 Dispels all Clouds of Doubt, and Fear of Wars,
 And in his *Mistress's* Name for *Peace* declares :
 Accents Divine ! which the Great King receives
 With the same Grace, that mighty *ANNA* gives.

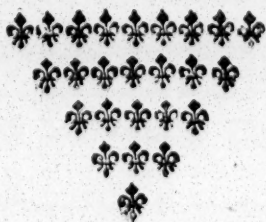
Let others boast of Blood, the Spoil of Foes,
 Rapine and Murder, and of endless Woes,
 Detested Pomp ! and Trophies gain'd from far,
 With spangled Ensigns, streaming in the Air :
 Count how they made *Bavarian* Subjects feel
 The rage of Fire, and edge of hardned Steel :
 Fatal Effects of foul insatiate Pride,
 That deal their Wounds alike on either side :
 No Limit's set to their ambitious Ends,
 For who bounds them, no longer can be Friends.
 By different Methods *Bolingbroke* shall raise
 His growing Honours, and immortal Praise.

He fir'd with Glory, and the publick Good,
 Betwixt the People and their Danger stood ;
 Arm'd with convincing *Truths* he did appear,
 And all he said was sparkling, bright and clear.

The

The list'ning *Senate*, with attention heard,
 And some admir'd, while others trembling fear'd ;
 Not from the Tropes of formal Eloquence,
 But *Demosthenick* Strength, and weight of Sense :
 Such as fond *Oxford* to her *Son* supply'd,
 Design'd her Own, as well as *Britain's* Pride.
 Who less beholden to the ancient Strains,
 Might shew a Nobler Blood in *English* Veins :
 Out-do whatever *Divine Homer* sung
 Of *Nestor's* Counsels, or *Ulysses* Tongue.

Oh! all ye Nymphs, whilst *Time* and *Youth* allow,
 Prepare the *Rose* and *Lilly* for his Brow.
 Much he has done, but still has more in View ;
 To *ANNA's* Interest, and his Country true.
 More I could Prophecy, but must refrain,
 Such *Truths* would make another Mortal Vain.



... strength, and weight of sense ;

...the ancient ...
...as well as ...
...the ...

...a chapter in English:

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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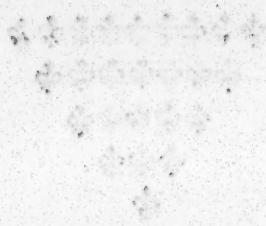
...for his life.

...done, but it has more in view;

Mary's father, and his County too.

and President

1954-1955





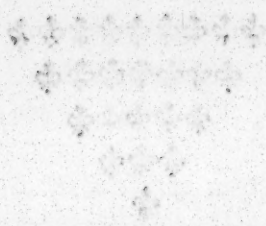
THE
British Court:

A
POEM, &c.

GIVE me a *Genius*, fill'd with soft delight
Of Beauteous Forms, blest Images of Light;
Teach me, *Apollo*, some Harmonious Song,
And with thy Heavenly Lays inspire my Tongue:
Be hush'd as Silence in the Dead of Night,
Black *Satyrisk*, thou Monster of the Light,
Cease howling, base Disturber of Mankind,
And look on with more Pleasure, or be blind.
Why shou'd thy *Venom* touch my tender Muse,
And poison all the Sweetness she shou'd use?
Tho' such bright Charms my Numbers does inspire
As will expel't, and fill my Breast with Fire,

Dart

... with attention being
... while others trembling fear'd;
... Tropics of formal Education,
... Strength, and weight of sense;
... to her own supply'd;
... as well as Britain's pride;
... to the ancient strains;
... in English Verse;
... long
... Tongue.
... while Time and Time allow,
... for his brow,
... but all is more in view;
... and his Country true,
... but must resist,
... another Moral View.



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Be hush'd as Silence in the Dead of Night,
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And look on with more Pleasure, or be blind.
Why shou'd thy *Venom* touch my tender Muse,
And poison all the Sweetness she shou'd use?
Tho' such bright Charms my Numbers does inspire
As will expel't, and fill my Breast with Fire,

Dart

Dart thro' my Soul, and with their Native Rays
 Shine on my Lines, and raise Eternal Praise:

While *Fame* flies swift, thro' ev'ry *Cavern* bears,
 And ev'ry spacious *Void*, th' *Immortal Airs*.

Attend, ye God-like *Artists*, that descry
 The secret Touches which in *Beauty* lie;
 Here, let your *Pencils* curiously distain
 The blushing *Paint*, which *Nature* does ordain
 Triumphant in the *Female Sex* to reign.

Behold the Happy Monarch from Her Throne,
 Eas'd of the Pressures of a weighty Crown:
 Now, far more Blest and Glorious does appear,
 Her Guard, a Train of Noble Beauties are;
 Here ev'ry Smile fresh Beams of Joy dispense,
 Whilst the Bright Circle owns its Influence:
 Softness of Nature, in the depth of Thought,
 The Goddess, with the Woman interwrought;
 Bus'ness and Pleasure so in her agree,
 They make the most delightful Harmony.
 But say, my Muse, when *ANNA* moves along,
 How Pleasure sits upon the Charming Throng!

And

And what blest Scene can more delight the Fair
 Than smiling MAJESTY, when Regent there ?
 Like *Phœbus*, darting Splendor from her Eyes,
 Whose piercing *Beams* quick as the *Lightning* flies ;
 Nor do they dazzle less than they amaze
 All who with Awe, or Admiration gaze :
 A *Ruler*, Sov'reign o'er her own vast Will,
 Slow to *Revenge*, and sure to act no ill :
 Pleasure sits Light without, whilst from within
 Somewhat divine appears, that shows the QUEEN.

Go on, my Muse, next to *Minerva's* Smile,
Minerva, the bright Goddess of the *Isle*,
 The happy Partner of Great *ORMOND*, place
 Where *Beauty* still maintains a pleasing Face.

Stop now, my *Muse*, lest here thou vainly seem
 T'abuse with thy unskilful Hand, this noble *Theme* ;
 Yet still with awful Fear approach the Fair,
 And tremble where such shining *Mortals* are,
 Where *Beauty*, *Modesty*, and flowing *Wit*,
 Do in the Presence of bright *Virtue* sit,

Where

Where Pleasure can no wanton Charms bestow,
 But what from Chaste *Idea*'s purely flow,
 And such as Virgin *Innocence* may know.
 Free from the Faults of Fashionable Vice
 In the most easie, not in *Airs* precise.

From this *Foil*, *Beauty* its true Lustre gains,
 And tho' once Fetter'd by inglorious Chains,
 Now absolute, it like a Monarch Reigns.
Reason has once again possess'd its Place,
 And banish'd Folly from the Beauteous Race.
 'Tis *Vision* all, and shuns Diviner Light,
 For Shades must vanish where they shine so bright:
 The Flame of Love consumes our dull Desires,
 And melts the Dross away by purer Fires.
 Thus the Fair Sex like Goddesses appear,
 And all Mankind with Pleasure must Revere,
 Whilst *Modest Art* their Excellence displays,
 And *Nature* shows it self a thousand ways.

So *ORMOND*'s Graceful Mein attracts all Eyes,
 And Nature needs not ask from Art Supplies;

Forgiving *Goodness* shines thro' ev'ry Part,
 And shows that Form contains the Noblest Heart.
 In vain Mankind adore, unless she were
 By Heaven made, less Virtuous, or less Fair.

BOLTON's bright Image raises soft Delight,
 And, like *Prometheus*, kindles Fire at sight ;
 Such *Magick* dwells within her secret Breast,
 As cannot be but by her Eyes exprest.

Such *Airs* has *RAN' LAUGH* to delight Mankind
 That yet no Equal to her Charms we find ;
 Soft Sounds of Harmony run thro' her Soul,
 And nought but Musick's Voice does there controul :
 By secret ways, the little God takes place,
 And *Beauty* plays the Tyrant in her Face.

But what dull Atoms can soft Sounds resist,
 Since they Create, at once, ev'n what they list,
 Delightful Forms from shapeless *Chaos* raise,
 Since Heav'n the Voice of Harmony obeys ?

Concord and Musick, such as charms the Ear,
 First mov'd this Earth, this dull unactive Sphere,
 And first made ev'ry sleeping Atom hear.

Musick's the Spring made by Divinest Art,
To move the Vital *Machine* of Man's Heart,
And circulate with *Pow'r* thro' ev'ry Part.

GODOLPHIN so engaging does appear,
That *Angels* only can resemble her,
When to please Men they put on Forms of *Air*.
Like hers, their matchless Faces look divine,
Light shines without, all *Goodness* dwells within.

Whilst *Collier's* Shape pursues th' Admirer home,
And adds fresh Flame where'er her Presence come
She still the Lover's Wishes close employs
On Youthful Charms, and soft engaging Eyes,
On lasting *Beauty*, and ne'er-fading Joys.

But see the Sacred Marks of *Beauty* shine
In *FORESTER*, more Glorious and Divine;
Easie her Shape is wrought in ev'ry Turn,
Charming her *Mein*, and Elegant her *Form*.
Artless she walks, with such a moving Grace,
'Tis difficult for Wit, or Words, to express
Which pleases most, her *Looks*, her *Air*, her *Dress*.

But I dare only mention *SPENCER*'s Face,
That fires all Bodies, like a *Burning-glass* :
The very Soul of Love, and Beauty's *Sun*,
Whose shining Beams has half Mankind undone.

So *BRIDGWATER*, the Gods peculiar care,
Is not less Good and Virtuous than she's Fair.
Becoming Airs from her Indulgence grow,
And solid Virtues her true Honour show.
Mildness of Nature in each Feature's dress'd,
And nought, but Softness dwells within her Breast.

In *SHEFFIELD*'s easie Shape and Mein we see
The Matchless *Venus* of great *Normanby* ;
But that's a Painted, this a Living *Deity*.
In chusing which, he shew'd his Judgment more
Than all the Beauteous Images before.
This Goddess, only for *Apollo* fit,
Triumphs in *Virtue*, as her Lord in *Wit*.

But, oh my Muse ! how gentle Beauty sighs,
And tempts the *Swain*, in *Wyndham*'s moving Eyes,
That Look and Languish with a kind surprize !

But her reserv'dness chides the *Lover's* stay,
 And silently commands his Eyes away ;
 A modest Blush has such prevailing Charms,
 It both forbids, and draws Men to her Arms.

Behold *Melpomene*, fair *SEYMOUR*, shine
 In *Somerset* and *Piercy's* Ancient Line :
 Happy's the Man prepar'd for such a Bride,
 Blest with all Nature's Treasure by his Side ;
 Greatness of Soul her Noble Nature moves,
 While Objects worthy of her self she loves.

WHARTON amidst the fairest may appear,
 And rival *Pallas* in her flowing Hair,
 That does to Beauty so much Pleasure yield,
 Like *Ears of Wheat* upon the fertile Field ;
 The Owner looks on with such great delight,
 All other Objects vanish from his Sight :
 As Stars at their Meridian Height look clear,
Wharton as fair and lucid does appear.

If *Dross*, and *Wit*, and *Air* Mankind can move,
 The *Prussian* Dame must reign bright *Queen of Love*.
 Fair *Spanheim's* Eyes shoot out their pointed Darts,
 Where-e'er they fly, they wound a thousand Hearts.

In *HIDE's* fair Face true Majesty resides,
 Yet *Cupid* claims his Empire, gently rides,
 And as a God commands ; when all obey,
 For *Love* and *Pow'r* have each an equal sway,
 Like *Sun & Moon*, this rules the *Night*, that the *Day*.

How *DUNCH* and *DIGBY* all their Charms
 dispense,
 While *CQWPER* adds her *Power* of Eloquence,
 And fills the World with *Musick*, *Wit*, and *Sense*.
 Such Charms as these deservedly may claim
 In Beauty's Annals a much larger Fame.

MANCHESTER moves with irresistible Air,
 Her Dress is taking, as her Face is fair ;
 Something that's new is always in her found,
 With some peculiar Grace she does abound

That is engaging, happy, new, and rare,
 Which makes her affable and debonair.
 Endless in numbers would the Circle prove,
 To trace these beauteous Images of Love.
 How *LEE*'s Complexion, and how *COLVERT*'s
 Smile
 Do grace the Fame of *Britain*'s Happy Isle.
 So *HARPER*'s killing Eyes, and *BARTON*'s Air,
 Oblige Mankind to own 'em Heav'nly Fair;
 Real Perfection's (which in both these live)
 Beyond what little Arts of Flattery give.

Why do we find in the Records of Fame,
 Such lavish Trophies to *Orinda*'s Name?
 Or why should *Sappho* still immortal be,
 When both, alas! were but faint Types of thee,
 And may still brighter shine in *ORREY*?
 Rough were those Draughts, and carelessly design'd,
 Thou art the Masterpiece of Womankind.

WORTLET, is made of tender moving Sighs,
 Refin'd Ætherial Mould, soft melting Eyes;

Magick,

Magick, which all our Mortal Cares beguiles,
 Enchanting Glances, ever-pleasing Smiles ;
 These are the bright Retinue which declare
 That *Cupid* daily plays the Wanton there.

LONG is discover'd by her sweet Regard,
 With the same Pleasure seen, that she is heard ;
Modest, but not *Precise* ; *Free*, but not *Wild* ;
 Neither Affected, too Reserv'd, nor Mild :
 To distant Courts her Infant Glory flies,
 Ten thousand Victims at her Altar lies,
 And twice Ten thousand offer to her Eyes.

Behold the Off-spring of a tuneful Sire,
 Fair *BEAUFORT*! blest with more than mortal
 Fire :
 Such are her Charms, as was the Poet's Song,
 When *Orpheus* did enchant the list'ning Throng :
 So artful, so melodious were his Strains,
 They made the Damn'd, tho' loaded with their
 Chains,
 Enjoy some Ease amidst Eternal Pains.
 So were the sporting *Dolphins* charm'd, around
 The Vessel's side, at sweet *Arion*'s Sound

Thus the Admirers to her Beauty draws,
 Tho' from too near approach her Thunder awes.

In *WOODSTOCK*'s Goodness all the Graces shine,
 Plac'd in her Form is *Venus*'s Magazine ;
 All Beauty's Treasure lodges in her Eyes,
 And from her Store bring still their fresh Supplis.
 Happy's the Man who leads with her a Life,
 So pow'rful is the Charm of such a Wife.
 Happy as Gods he lives, and sure as blest,
 Where no false Joys can rob him of his Rest.

When radiant Glances shoot from *PRICE*'s Eyes,
 They fill the World, like *Comets*, with surprize :
 But when they gently lay their Lightning by,
 The World seems lost in dark Obscurity.
 Each Charm about 'em looks both fresh and gay,
 Young as the *Spring*, and sweet as Flowers in *May*.

The Charms that from *MONTHERMER*'s As-
 spect stray
 Diffuse themselves as Orient Light, the Day,
 And merit more than all the World can pay.

Let

Let *GIBBONS* 'mong the brightest Beauties shine,
 Since 'tis her *Air* that makes her Form divine.
 Give *COWPER* Wit, still *BARTON* will have Sense,
 And *VERE* maintain a killing Influence.
 These Rival Beauties, thus we find appear
 The same by Art that they by Nature are ;
 Lovely and bright as unmix'd Honour shines,
 That rises not by proud, or servile Art declines.
 The Graces all on *SOMERSET* attend,
 And *Virtue* does to *Beauty* Honour lend.
 The Charming Sex are pleas'd to mix with her,
 That's with the Highest, Noble, Rich, and Fair,
 Essential Ornaments that vest the Great,
 And which did ever on the *Percy's* wait ;
 Not in meer Pageantry and publick Show,
 But in such Actions as from *Virtue* flow.

But how, presumptuous Muse, dar'st thou aspire
 To draw the Beams of Beauty without Fire ?
 Why thou attempt such a bold dang'rous Part
 With so much Weakness, and so little Art ?
 In vain thou labours to describe the Fair,
 Since here so many shining Beauties are ;

And those so many different Charms put on,

'Tis hard to find a Woman without one.

Stand round, ye *Beauties*, all your Charms disclose,

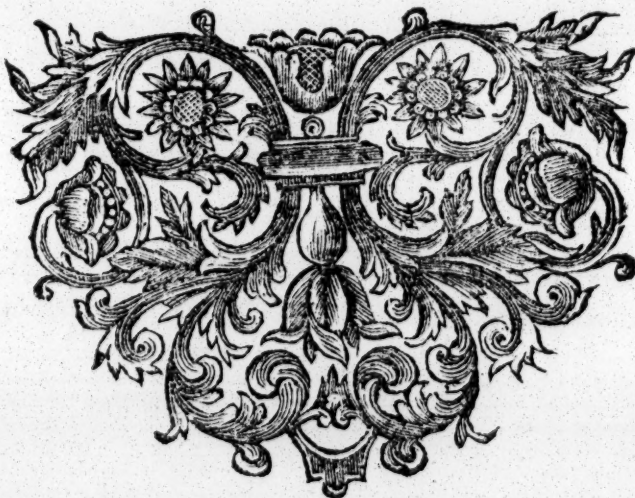
The fairest Circle that e'er shone, compose.

Stand round, ye *Lovers*, all your Passions own,

What *Pains* you've felt, what *Agonies* you've known:

Your soft Desires will all their Centre find

In these *Bell-Dames*, the Loveliest of their Kind.



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T H E
C I R C U S:
O R,
British Olympicks.

A P R E F A C E

TO a SATYR of this kind, may perhaps look very odd among our New-fangl'd Quality, with whom nothing will relish but what is gay and modish; for Vanity has got the Ascendant over their Virtue, good Nature, and Compassion: So that one Acquaintance will not bow to another, if the Advantage lies on either side, especially if one be on foot, and the other is mounted, as he imagins, in his Triumphal Chariot: But it would look more strange, if it was not conformable to the Mode of the Times; and if Gentlemen are never such dear Companions now, they must have no Conversation together, but upon equal Terms, lest some should say to the Man of Figure, Bless me, Sir! what strange filthy Fellow was that you bow'd to parading in the Mall, as you was dri-

driving to the Ring? I wonder Any-body will de-
mean themselves so much as to converse with dirty
People, that walk on foot. A Gentleman should
never be seen in the Street, out of a Chair, or in a
Coach; I do not mean a filthy Hackney-Coach,
which is enough to make a Man that consults his
Appetites puke, for 'tis Taste that distinguishes a
Man of Parts.

No Person can ever lay Claim to Wit and fine
Thinking, that does not lie soft a Nights, wear
clean Linnen a Days, and eat with a peculiar kind
of Delicacy at all Times; for these Things are as
necessary to the forming of a bright Genius, as clean
Straw and Chalk are to the whitening the Flesh of
an Essex Calf. And as this Curiosity ought to be
observ'd in our Diet, so it ought more particularly
to be regarded in our Manners, especially in that
part which tends to good Breeding; which is the
Reason the Fair Sex so far outdo us in Punctilio;
the very Essence of Education; for I have heard of
a Lady, whose Nicety prevail'd over her Inclina-
tions so much, that she would scarce allow herself
the Benefits of Nature, lest they should defile the
Purity of her Imaginations, and make her break
thro' the Decorum of good Manners. She avoided
chewing of her Victuals, for fear of corrupting her
Teeth, and a stinking Breath, so she swallow'd her
Meat whole with the Help of a curious Pair of Gold
Tongs, and a Whale-bone Rammer. She could
not bear the Thoughts of Marriage, because she
dreaded the Apprehension of touching Man's-flesh.

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Now, as some are as curious in Dress and Equipage, as others are in Decorums; to oblige all these Virtuoso's of such distinguishing Gou's, I have pen'd this Satyr upon the slovenly Part of the World, who value themselves upon Reason and good Sense, and so neglect those valuable Things which are of so much concern to the Well-bred and Accomplish'd, who only deserve the happy Title of, The Beau-Monde.

Adieu.



THE

T H E
C I R C U S, &c.

From vulgar Eyes, on Plains exalted high,
 Where Noble Dust does in Confusion fly,
 Thither the Wealthy and the Great repair,
 To draw Contagion from polluted Air.
 In gilded Chariots some delight to ride,
 And with their Folly gratifie their Pride,
 While the vile Ends they court from this Address
 Gives them false Notions of true Happiness.
 The empty Fame these Gallants have in view,
 And with such hasty Violence pursue,
 Alas! will wither e're the Glory's got,
 Tho' destin'd theirs by *Fortune's* bounteous Lot;
 And tho' no Laurel-Palms adorn their Brows,
 Immortal Wreaths are giv'n by gentle Spouse
 T' exalt their Honour, and adorn their House.
 These are the Glories, this the hunted Prize,
 The boasted Fame of Circle-Victories.

Blush.

Blush, *Britons*, then, that here you tamely yield
 The Trophies won in *Cressy's* dustier Field ;
 Where your brave Ancestors rejoic'd to see
 Honour retriev'd by *British* Gallantry.
 But see how soon the blooming Flower is gone,
 With'ring beneath the Coldness of the Moon !
 Heavy and dull, like that moist Planet, now
 The sprightly Wits and active Heroes grow ;
 The wat'ry Phlegm lies floating in the Brain,
 And makes them, like the Women, proud and vain :
 A thousand diff'rent Whims possess the Mind,
 To day they love, to morrow are inclin'd
 Fantastically to vary like the Wind. }
Flora her self, tho' much more nice and gay,
 Changes her Liv'ry not so oft as they.
 The fickle Fop, insatiate in his Lust,
 Has not for ought but Equipage a Gust ;
 The tinsel Harness glitters in his Eyes,
 And makes him fancy, as he's fine, he's wise :
 While the bold Coursers, bound with full career,
 Lash'd briskly by the brawny Charioteer ;

The fated Epicure lolls at his Ease;
 'Till Vanity becomes ev'n a Disease;
 The Head turns giddy, as the Wheels run round,
 And this wise Man at last a Fool is found;
 A meer Mock-man, or if there's ought that's less,
 A Blockhead made on purpose for a Dress.
 But Heavens; is't possible for to believe
 Mankind should study Mankind to deceive,
 To see such glorious Shows of Outside shine,
 And find no kind of Furniture within,
 Ensigns of Grandeur painted at the Door,
 But all within diminutively poor?
 The gaudy Slaves may show their Master's vain;
 And cheat th'Unwary with a num'rous Train;
 But 'spight of all the tawdry Coat and Lace,
 Th'unthinking Thing will peep thorow the Glass
 And shew the Multitude his Monkey-Face.

Sometimes alone th'insipid Ideot roulds,
 The Admiration of fond gazing Fools,
 Whose slender Opticks can no farther go
 Than to the Splendor of the gilded Show.

Some-

Sometimes, to prove his Conversation bright,
 He brings with him a Gamester, Rake, or Wit;
 Then decently derides the beauteous *Ring*,
 And bawdy Jests around the Circle fling.
 With bouncing *Bell* a luscious Chat he holds,
 Squabbles with *Moll*, or *Orange Betty* scolds,
 Then laughs immoderately, vain, and loud,
 To raise the Wonder of th' attentive Crowd:
 At last, to finish here the Puppy's Show,
 The Bawd's dispatch'd to serve a *Billet-deux*.

Others come here to please their Appetites
 In nicer Pleasures, and in soft Delights.

Sylvanus languishes the Night away,

And wishes that the Light would longer stay:

If he but sees the fair *Aurelia*'s Shade,

The pliant Youth bows down his suppliant Head

Just like a Bulrush, or the slender Reed:

But if her Garment touch his am'rous Eye,

His Sighs encrease, as if the Swain would die:

No sooner does he view the charming Face,

But instantly he quits th' enchanted Place;

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No sooner does he view the charming Face,

But instantly he quits th' enchanted Place;

No longer able to sustain the Fire
 That draws him thither with such warm Desire:
 Pity *Sylvanus*, and his wretched Doom,
 Who is in Love, but knows not well with whom.

Horatio round the splendid Circle flies,
 And, like the Hawk, darts Terror from his Eyes.
 The captive Fair, just like the Coward Game,
 Trembles to look upon the blazing Flame:
 The Tyrant-Lover triumphs o'er the Prize;
 For what we gain with Ease we most despise.
 Inhuman this, to use bright *Lycia* so,
 Who gave him first the Essence of a Beau.

See how *Salmonio*'s turn'd a Country Clown,
 From being once the First-rate Fop in Town!
 When spangl'd Coach and Six did so surprize,
 And drew along with them the Ladies Eyes;
 How then *Salmonio* revel'd in each Heart,
 That scarce can claim in any now a part!

Here, in this View, a thousand diff'rent ways
 There are to raise Mens Wonder, and to please:

Some fatisfie with gaudy Cloaths their Pride,
 And some in Stuffs too in a Coach will ride.
 Six Days the Niggard shall his Carcase pine,
 That on the seventh he may nobly dine.
 Th' ambitious Fair aspiring to be great,
 Shall, for these Ends, refuse to drink or eat ;
 So that on *Sunday* they be sure to bring
 A handfom Equipage to make the *Ring*.

Others there are, rather than not appear,
 Will hire a Chariot fifty times a Year ;
 Good-natur'd Madam strip her Petticoat
 To make her Coachman fine in a Surtout ;
 Tho' in a Garret laid, and homely Bed,
 The Coach and Horses hurry in her Head.
 These quell the Vapours, and those stagnant Fumes
 Which, as 'tis said, for want of Motion comes ;
 For *Hippo* will in some so strongly fix,
 It can't be cur'd without a *Coach and Six* ;
 Whose swift Career whirls with such force about,
 It drives gymnastickly the *Vapours* out ;
 Tho', as the Learn'd pretend to make it plain,
 They catch hereby a more malignant Pain ;

That which admits not of the wisest Rule,
But *Ratcliff*'s here alike with *Garth*, a Fool.

Satyr, behold with more discerning Eyes,
Where Golden Dust does from the City rise,
That triumphs boldly in th' *Olympick* Prize.
Goverius shines with most exalted Pride,
Because he's honour'd with a noble Bride ;
The Pageant-painting, like a Lord Mayor's Show,
Deck'd out with Maiden Queen and mimick Beau,
Lets the Spectator quickly understand
The Owner wants no Money, and no Land :
For, rais'd above the Crowd, with pompous Train,
He thinks his equal to a Monarch's Reign.
Th' indulgent Culls of late are grown so kind,
For Vanity they still Excuses find ;
Seldom to *Park* th' good-natur'd *Ninny* drives,
But pleads, *This we must do to please our Wives* ;
When th' Odds are very great, whether or no
You ever see the Dowdy with the Beau :
But if a *Belle*, the Ape is fond to play,
As Kittens do, by pawing all the Day ;

Or else in publick with an awkward Grin,
He fleers at Madam to regale her Spleen.

Reverse to this *Oneglia* thinks her 'Spouse
The dullest, useles Thing about her House ;
Perswades the Coxcomb, and he does believe
She is a Saint, tho' others think an *Eve*.

With him she scorns to visit Plays or Park,
But rather there, than meet him in the dark.
The Coquet does in ev'ry Thing prevail,
Tho' all Men know her Art and Beauty stale ;
But in the *Ring* she always will be seen

In various Colours, yellow, red, and green ;
Yet, like her Horses, skinny, old, and lean.
No gaudy Tulip in the Month of *May*
Smells half so rank, or dresses half so gay.

Manlius thro' all the City does proclaim
His Arms, his Equipage, and ancient Name ;
For search the Court of Honour, and you'll see
Manlius's Name, but not his Pedigree.

What then ? this is the Practice of the Town,
 For should no Man bear Arms but what's his own
 Hundreds that make the *Ring* would carry none :
 And that would spoil the Glory of the Place,
 For 'Scutcheons shew Antiquity and Race ;
 Which ev'ry one have Right to, that come here,
 As Soldiers have to Arms, that go to War.
 This is th' *Olympick* Field, he wins the Prize
 That dazzles most the fair Spectator's Eyes.

Here young *Furnessio*, like his Father, vain,
 Without the Purchase would the Conquest gain ;
 With tawdry Drefs, for great and noble pafs,
 As with the Lyon's Skin once did the As ;
 But, 'spite of all his Politicks, appears
 Unluckily to his Disgrace, his Ears,
 Just so the fancy'd Equipage will show
 The Judgment, and the Choice from whence they
 flow.
 Liv'ries sometimes afford a decent Grace
 That are not trimm'd with Gold or Silver Lace :
 But who in Bays and Worsted would appear
 Ingeniously genteel, must copy here.

Gazius and *Lycius* long have been enroll'd
 In the bright *Circus*, and their Stories told :
 What *Conquests* they have made, what *Triumphs* won,
 How often round th' *Olympick* Circle run,
 The Prizes they have gain'd, how many Nymphs
 undone,

Tell now, my Muse, what *Wonders* thou hast seen,
 What heaps of Chariot-wheels thick crouding in,
 To scour the dusty *Plain*, or beat the flowry *Green*.
 Contend for Victory, which should exceed
 The noblest Chariot, or the noblest Steed ;
 The Gilding, Carving, or the brightest Glass,
 The fairest Wigg, or else the whitest Face ;
 The richest Cloathing, or the nicest Shape,
 The best Retinue, or the greatest Ape.
 Nor are the beauteous Sex excluded here,
 As anciently in *Greece* and *Rome* they were,
 But may contend to win the glorious Prize,
 Gain'd by their Dress more often than their Eyes.
 Here Heads 'gainst Heads are drawn up in array,
 When careless Negligence shall win the Day ;

Hoods

Hoods against Hoods, and Ribbons singly prove
 The Colour which conduces most to Love ;
 Ev'n Handkerchiefs are Ensigns now of War,
 At once attract our Eyes and guard the Fair,
 Thus glitt'ring Ornaments most deeply wound,
 And dart us thro' as hurry'd swiftly round :
 Just like the heated Wheels the Heart grows warm,
 And struggling Nature sucks in ev'ry Charm :
 Lab'ring for Breath, instead of cooling Air,
 We draw in Poison scatter'd by the Fair.
 Contagious this, Men frantick grow, and mad,
 And here forget the Reason once they had.
Cymander thus, from a plain home-spun Clown,
 Is now become the errant'st Beau in Town,
 And dazzles with a splendid Show the Ring,
 Tho' like the Batt at Twylight he comes in :
 For 'tis enough *Cymander* has been there,
 To boast of Favours, and to toast the Fair.
 Well skill'd in Heraldry, he vaunts his Arms
 Have more Admirers than *Serinda's* Charms ;
 Tho' in a Hack he loves a gen'rous She,
 He hates the nauseous Airs of Quality.

Free-

Freedom and Liberty is what he seeks,
 And downright Bawdy chiefly what he speaks.
 In short, to make his Character compleat,
 All Rakish Vices singly in him meet.

Volubius has a nice and courtly Mein,
 That seldom is but with Decorum seen,
 Hates gaudy Colours, but affects much green.
 His House, his Coach, his Equipage, his Wife,
 Must bear his Badge. To draw him to the Life,
 How strangely we're in love with *Colours* grown!
 For House-painting *Marlb'rough* is only known;
 But for our Vices, we have really none.
 This is a happy Age, when Vice may naked walk,
 And Virtue only wants th' informing Cloak.

That *Virgius* gives, not out of modish Whim,
 But for a Cure, that others follow him
 In Russet-brown, and well-chose Orange-trim.
 He that wou'd to the top Court-fashion go,
 Must not in flaunting Lace assume the Beau,
 But chuse grave Colours fac'd with red, or so.

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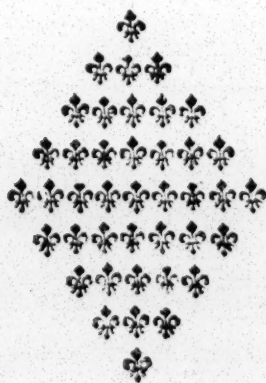
These decently apply'd with Harness plain,
 And six rare Steeds to stretch the silken Rein,
 Will win the noblest Prize there set to view,
 Before the Green, the Yellow, or the Blue.

Not but *Severus* has much Honour gain'd,
 And long the Glory of the Field maintain'd,
 Since Grandeur from Nobility will shine,
 And make the Heirs confess their Noble Line,
 When Upstart Heroes must the Prize decline.

Fortune don't always give the Palm away
 To him that constantly is vain and gay ;
 But sometimes does indulgent Favours grant
 To those that merit, and to those that want.
 The gaudy Fop, with all his pompous State,
 Envies this Greatness he can't imitate :
 In vain he strives, by Air or Drefs, to please,
 While this Ambition breaks his fancy'd Ease :
 In vain he labours by these Arts to rise ;
 He must be humble e're he can be wise ;
 That Rule well learnt, he boldly may essay
 T' ascend the Scale of Honour, since he treads the
 Way.

Ambition eas'ly teaches us to fly
 Like *Icarus*, boldly to attempt the Sky,
 Where most, like him, meet with unsteady Fate,
 And Thousands perish, for One fortunate.

Ormond indeed without these Wings has flown
 Beyond Ambition's reach, without a Crown :
 Immortal Fame has mounted him so high,
 He has no Space to touch 'twixt Earth and Sky,
 But is the Glory of our *British* Isle,
 On whom the *British Circus* e'er shall smile,
 And yield their Honour sacred to his Word,
 Who has preserv'd it by his peaceful Sword.





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St. James's Park :

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SATYR.

*Non mihi si Linguae Centum sint, Oraque; Centum
Ferrea Vox, omnes Fatuorum evolvere Formas,
Omnia Stultitiae percurrere Nomina possim.*

IN Days of old, when *Virtue* was admir'd,
And modest People lov'd to live retir'd,
Conduct was thought a necessary Ill,
And by the Prudent may be thought so still :
Tho' now with Scorn the World such ridicule,
And every Wise Man is declar'd a Fool,

Who

Who misapplys his Passions, Love or Hate,
 Or whatsoe'er he does comes out of date,
 For Pride as well as Folly rules his Fate.
 His Nat'ral Vanity is always such,
 He either does too little, or too much.

Nor walks one singly here, without his She,
 That can as noisie and as empty be :
 Ev'ry Coquet can now her Author quote,
 And, like her Paraquet, talk off by rote.
 Their Wit is like their Cloaths, gaudy and flight,
 That pleases not the Ear, nor these the Sight.
 Their soft'ning Airs unthinking Fops beguile,
 But cannot make the Stoick deign to smile.
 For who can laugh at such prepost'rous Vice,
 To see meer Ideots gravely look precise,
 Of *Wits*, and *Beaux*, and *Belle's* assume the Shape,
 And censure those they want the Sense to Ape!

Thus *M—g—ue* like a moving May-pole stalks
 And *M—g—ue* with ev'ry Female talks ;
 Then loudly laughs at the insipid Jest,
 As rustick *Hob* does at a Country Feast,

When

When eager Mastiff takes the Bull by th' Ear,
 Or *Roger's* tumbled over by the Bear,
 This clownish Mode they seem much to affect,
 As careless, and an Air of their Neglect,
 To shew the Prudes and Jilts, that they despise
 The Character of being thought too wise :
 While *Lemon* fancies to be very tart,
 To shew the Ladies his profound Desert.

Nor must we here omit, among the rest,
G—r—d and *L—t—n*, to make up the Jest,
 As two Eternal Fops about the Town,
 The common Theme of ev'ry stale Lampoon :
 These banter *Phillis* in a Hackney Way,
 But to *Myrtillo* han't one Word to say ;
 No more than that insipid painted Sign
 Of Wit and Gallantry *F—— Col——ine* ;
 Whose nauseous Phiz, at the first sight, foretell
 The Qualities that in the Carcase dwell.
 To ev'ry Woman he makes some Pretence,
 That is, if she have Merit (I mean Pence)
 Enough to countervail his Want of Sense,

Who boasts of Favours given to the Fair,
 Tho' to a Soldier's Honour, such as never were.
 Incorrigible! ——— to frequent that place
 Where still the Object meets the guilty Face.

Hold, Satyr! why shouldst thou pursue his Name?
 There 're twenty such as he, who're void of Shame,
 Who strut the *Mall*, look big, and huff,
 Like any Citizen attir'd in Buff:
 But they've forgot *Almanza's* fatal Plain,
 While here *St. James's* Park is the Campaign.
 Inglorious Mortals! such as go about
 To kill the Fair with Powder, without Shot.
 For shame give o'er your murd'ring Trade of War,
 At least forbear t'attempt again the Fair;
 For they've discover'd now the Ambuscade
 Of *Lace*, and *Sash*, and *Feather* for them laid:
 These were the Stratagems, you knew full well,
 That us'd in *Spain* and *Flanders* to prevail.
 But now, alas! your Mines of Drefs are sprung,
 And you left naked to a fault'ring Tongue,
 Unus'd to Eloquence, but rather made
 To fright the tender Sex, than to perswade:

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While thus one crys, *Madam, you're very fair;*

'Tis true, by *G——d! G——d damn me, so you are!*

Another more polite, in Bombast read,

Doubts not but, when once he comes to plead,

His Rhime or Rhetorick may succeed;

And thus accosts the Fair: *The Moon shines bright*

But nothing, Madam, to that Heav'nly Sight

Your Eyes, that would perswade me 'tis not Night.

But will you go? Cruel! to leave me here,

Dark without you, as Heav'n without a Star.

But what Concern is't, when from me you go,

Whether I break my Neck this Night, or no?

But while the whining Fop's bidding adieu,

Reels in, of noble Rank, a drunken Crew;

'Mong whom *R——d* ne'er fails, with *Mo——n* and *Tun,*

Who's always seconded by Brother *Gun.*

These are scarce ever sober in the *Mall,*

But they're supply'd by *D——r, W——n, or Lapel;*

And honest drunken *Jo* disdains to be

Behind the best of them for Ribaldry;

For, like the *Jackall,* he is sent before

To hunt out Game, and to secure a *W——.*

Tho' they pretend to all the *Belles* in Town,
 And toast the reigning Beauties for their own,
 Their Joys are only fix'd at the *Queen's Arms*,
 Where 'tis the Wine, and not the Beauty warms:
 But then their Souls in wanton Flames dissolve,
 And with some common She they prostitute their
 Love.

This is the utmost Conquest that they gain,
 And so they boast of Happiness in vain,
 While virtuous Beauty does in Triumph reign.
 Now, Satyr, leave them spewing in the Dark,
 And let us view the Jest of all the *Park*:
 At threescore Years, a young, an airy Spark,
 Who, after honest Pimping all his Life,
 At last procur'd himself a youthful Wife;
 And now, without Remorse of Gout or Stone,
 From Sixty odd, sets up for Twenty-one.
 Like *D——s* impertinent, and yet precise,
 Who, by much questioning, would be thought wise.
 So *C——t's* affected Mein and awkward Gate
 Shews much the Lord, but not the Man of State:

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And little *L—m—y*'s warm Amours to all
 Tells ev'ry Fair, that he's a Prodigal :
 While, see one crowding in to make his Court,
 Make room for a Brigade with *D—port* ;
 Who jostles up the Ladies on each side,
 While they despise his ill-appointed Pride.

Satyr, take care, a Gen'ral comes this way,
 And to the Ladies has a deal to say :

No, I'm mistaken, he stays only there
 Whisp'ring the reigning Beauty in the Ear.

Oh ! 'tis no Wonder she should raise his Fire,
 Whom all Mankind so justly do admire :

But his conceited Speeches, I'm afraid,
 Make small Impressions on the lovely Maid.

Hark, Satyr ! hear soft *Radnor*'s am'rous Moan,
 Cooing like some sad Turtle left alone ;

And of his Mate bereft, in Silence walks,
 While ev'ry chirping She about him talks :

From him such fragrant Scents perfume the Air,
 As with contagious Sweets infect the Fair.

Mean time old *Morton*'s peeping in their Faces,
 As if the Ladies Eyes were Looking-glasses ;
 Tho' at the same time dreads that they should see
 His Age's Wrinkles and Deformity.

Therefore, like *Athens* Guardian, he comes out
 When Batts dare fly, and Owls dare stare about ;
 Then he with *Leicester*'s Figure may compare,
 And think himself as lovely, and as fair ;
 Which none come here that would not be, or are. }

Now, Satyr, leave thy pois'nous Sting behind,
 And shew how to the Good thou canst be kind ;
 How thou art pleas'd with *Dorset*'s gentle Nature,
 His Wit and Humour, and with ev'ry Feature ;
 Such as we see in *Sidney*'s Image shine,
 Like the *Arcadian* Shepherd, all divine.

So *Bath*, a hopeful beauteous Youth, appears
 Blooming in Virtue, as he grows in Years :
 And *Harwich*'s rich and sprightly Genius shows,
 The gen'rous Blood that in the Cistern flows.
Hunter is brave, *Read* handsom, *Kerr* genteel,
 And ev'ry honest Fellow loveth *Will*.

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So *Hill's* engaging Way, and *Shorter's* Voice,
Make them the Men, as well as Womens Choice.

And here, with these, at one Survey we see
Grafton's good Nature, *Grav'nor's* Gravity.

Windham, with an obliging gen'rous Air,

Good humour'd, and indulgent to the Fair:

While *Britton's* hand som yet enough to please,

Was not his ruling Wife such a Disease.

Coote is agreeable, *Fitzpatrick* good,

And rich in Virtue as he is in Blood.

Evans is taking yet as once he was,

But the fine Gentleman's drown'd i' th' Glafs.

Now *Bing* survey, after his Toil and Care,

Amidst the Conversation of the Fair;

Pleas'd here with such a beauteous noble Show,

He bravely guarded from th' insulting Foe;

Proud only now he had so happy been,

Subjects so fair to save, to serve so good a Queen.

But let us view, 'mong these, the am'rous Spark

That ev'ry Night is martyr'd in the *Park*;

Observe his Sighs, as if his Heart would break,
 But yet he dare not, or he cannot speak ;
 Reasons too weighty to be understood,
 But we'll suppose, at all times they are good,
 Else *Tunbridge* would not bow so oft in vain,
 To one the Town would publish his Disdain ;
 While She, unmindful of his Love or Hate,
 With a regardless Smile commands his Fate.
 The awkward Gallant, like a new-mark'd Deer,
 Once meets the Fair, then quits the Field with Fear:
 His hasty flight makes him confess his Love,
 And tho' the Object does, the Dart he can't remove.
 Being struck with awful Silence and Surprise,
 Like Travellers, with Lightning from the Skies, }
 She blasts the Lover with her killing Eyes.

Now comes the Keeping Cully, from the Arms
 Of wanton *Calia* and her *Siren* Charms,
 To watch the Motions of th' inconstant Fair,
 Lest she should be too early for him here.
 His jealous Eye makes ev'ry Couple She,
 Pleasing herself with some more able He ;
 And while this Passion labours in his Soul,

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His Fancy roves, and frantick Eye-bells roul.
 The next kind-looking Female he pursues,
 Out of Revenge, ev'n to the nauseous Stews
 Near *Drury-lane*, and round about the *Mews* :
 Then to his Mistress Lodgings hastens home,
 Laden with all the pois'nous Plagues of *Rome*,
 Or those that from *Leghorn* and *Venice* come,
 The Rheumatism, the Gout, the Pox, the Stone.
 Thus the kind Keeper, to compleat the Cure
 Of what he is not able to endure,
 Makes her an equal Suff'rer with himself,
 And satisfies the World that he's an Elf.

Another sort of Mortals here we find,
 That neither are so cruel, or so kind,
 But only traffick for a Night or Day,
 And by the Hour, like Hackney-Coaches pay,
 Tho' some there are that bilk and sneak away.
 These are the busie Men that fill the *Park*,
 And scowre the *Mall* as soon as e're 'tis dark ;
 With the same Insolence attack each Fair,
 And look as if they'd ask 'em who they were :

'Gainst

'Gainst those that laugh at them for Fools they rail,
 But ev'ry Drabble-tail they walk with is a *Belle*.
 Good Heav'ns! to see such silly awkward Apes
 Set up for Mode and Manners, Drefs and Shapes,
 'Twould give a Man of serious thought the Spleen,
 But that there's such Variety again,
 Ev'ry new Couple makes a diff'rent Scene.
 Folly's so mix'd with Vanity and Pride,
 'Tis hard to tell which is the strongest Side.
 This in their Commendation may be said,
 They imitate each other, Good or Bad;
 But then, that there should be so many Fools,
 Is such a Quære, 'twould perplex the Schools.

The Wonder lies, that th'keeping Tribe should be
 The Club of Wit, the Men of Poetry.
 But this makes out, that Wit, when brought to test,
 Is nothing but a Flash, an empty Jest;
 And those that to it make the most Pretence
 Are always found to have the least of Sense.
 This they are fond to let the People know,
 That Notice may be ta'en of what they do.

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Thus *Manw'ring* has the Vanity to boast
 Of what he ought to be ashamed of most ;
 One that deserves no better Name than W—re.
 Tho' many a P——r had had her here before ;
 Not but she has alike to all been chaste,
 And shewn her Constancy still to the last.
 Ev'n M——n will blush to hear *Ophelia* nam'd,
 But would be glad to have her surely d——d ;
 And E—g—be has by St——rs thus been fitted ;
 Ought not the little Man then to be pity'd ?
 While ev'ry Night the *Park* is made the Scene,
 Where he's for acting the same Game again.
 With *Buda's* 'Prentices he's proud to walk,
 And laughs, profusely pleas'd with what they talk :
 Which the severest Critick must think witty,
 Because the Jades, tho' awkward things, are pretty.

Nor can the sober trading Cit forbear,
 From coming to regale his Palate here
 With the fresh Breezes of St. *James's* Air ;
 Which whets his Appetite to a degree
 Of imitating the Top of Quality ;

}
}

Which

Which, like an Ape, he mimicks in his Dress,
 But quite outdoes him in his keeping Mifs,
 Which he comes here to see in all her Airs,
 As entertaining as the dancing Bears.
 Another comes only with a design
 Of taking *Phillis* to a Glass of Wine:
 But first to shew his Breeding, is profuse,
 In squandring all the Compliments in use;
 To some *Madona*, pick'd out from the rest,
 Who gives herself strange Airs, and so is drest,
 'Twould make a Man ev'n puke to look upon her;
 She's deck'd in Print, like any Maid of Honour.
 But some there come from thence so wondrous rude
 The Footmen of the Town an't half so lewd.
 These play their Wit upon the Orange Wenches,
 And pester the poor Masks upon the Benches;
 'Till having rak'd about 'till it is dark,
 They scowre away, and cry, *G—d damn the Park*:
 Then to some Bawdy-house or Tavern go,
 And sport off their loose Corns, 'till One or Two.

But what are these, to all the mimick Sport
 Those make who in dumb Language court?

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Who bow their Heads in Terse, and cringe in Cart ?
 Who kifs their Hands, and clap'em on their Heart ?
 Who coo like Turtles, grin like fawning Fools ?
 Purr like Boar-Cats, and look like blinded Owls ?
 Stare ev'ry female Creature in the Face,
 Then bray upon 'em like some untaught Asfs ?
 But what are these to such as whine and cant,
 And purely to oblige the Ladies, paint ?
 Like *Talbor* at full *Mall*, ride in his Chair
 When other Folks are walking for the Air ?
 Prepost'rous Ideots ! how each strives to show
 Which is the greatest Fop, not which the Beau !

Here let us cautiously the *Belle's* survey,
 And take their Pictures as they pass this way ;
 View those that gladly would be fancied fair,
 And let them in this Glass see what they are.
 But, Satyr, if they dare not trust thy Skill,
 Then let 'em die, while they behold their Rivals kill :
 And see the Men employ'd, searching the Air
 To borrow Similies, to shew how fair

Is *Bedingfield*, whose Charms do lie
 Beyond the Flight of Wit or Poetry.
 A pleasing Strife arises in her Face,
 'Twixt White and Red, to give the greater Grace,
 That *Beauty* may in all her Colours play,
 Awful, to fright the Coward Hearts away.

This is the Glafs wherein the Fair may see
 Unstudied Art, native Simplicity ;
 Charms modest, and unborrow'd as the Dress,
 Are things that in a Woman always please,
 While *Newton's Affectation's* the Reverse.
 Tho' Shape and Air and good Complexion join,
 The Art of Pleasing is the main Design.
 That makes fantastick *Boyce* so much abhorr'd,
 While *Osborn, Wortley, Windham* are ador'd.
 This makes the *Th-lds*, ugly as they are,
 Mix ev'ry Night among the charming Fair ;
 And tho' their Age and Malice both prevail,
 They would perswade themselves each is a *Belle*.
 So from the City constantly they come
 To mortifie themselves, and then go home :

While

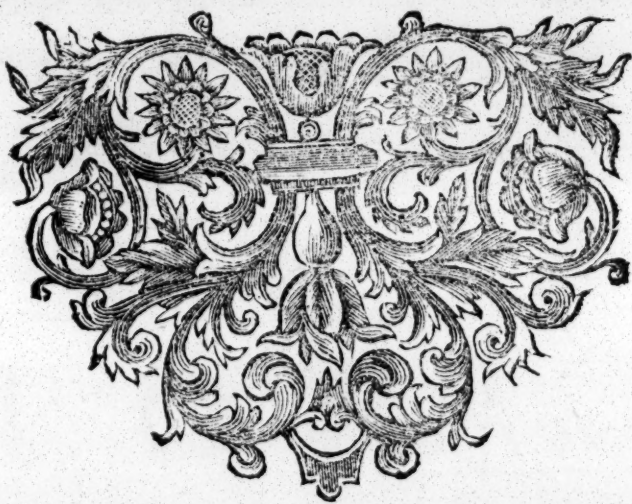
While *Hale* and *Lawrence* are deserv'dly prais'd,
 And all Mankind are with th' Encomiums pleas'd.
 The *S---by's* dress'd with Fanatick Pride,
 In gilded Coach each Day to *Hide-Park* ride;
 Then to St. *James's* are more fond to go;
 Alike the Mother, and the Daughters too;
 But, to their Sorrow, they may plainly see
 The Men despise such sordid Company.
 While beauteous *Seymour* shews her graceful Face,
 And *Thoumont* still adorns the happy Place.
 Censorious *Southwells* envious are in vain,
 And the scrub Crew from *Westminster* complain.
 Mean time *Monthermer* does her Charms display,
 And *Dudley* ev'ry Night is fresh and gay.
 The *Howards*, with Pigs Eyes, affect to be
 Genteel, and thought the best of Quality.
 While *Dunch*, whose spreading Beauty is full blown,
 With modest Blushes would her Charms disown.
 But *Winchcombe*, fancying to be very gay,
 With Jewels her Deformities display;
 And at the same time wisely does suppose
 The Pendants at her Ears will hide her Nose.

But

But let us now facetious *Sherrard* see,
 The Life and Soul of all good Company;
 With *Griffin's* Air and Mein, join'd to a Voice,
 Not our Aversion, *Wharwood's* Like, but Choice;
 For tho' malicious Censure in them dwell,
 Yet each of them would still be thought a *Belle*,
Clargys, or *Chetwynd*, both assert their Reign,
 And shew their Pow'r to punish Hearts, or gain.
 While *L——r* and *G——d* both affect to be
 What they are really, Apes of Quality;
 Fantaſtick both, as they are of one Mind,
 So to each other ſaid to be inclin'd:
 Then 't's hard that they ſhould not be Censure free,
 And give ſome grains, as well as take, of Liberty.

But ſince ſo many do frequent this Place
 For Converſation, not to ſhew a Face,
Dormer a bright Example may be made,
 To virtuous Love and Marriage to perſwade;
 Since here he lets the World in publick ſee
 How happy 'tis when *Man* and *Wiſe* agree.

The chaste and prudent *Wife*, her Part to prove,
In Conduct makes Returns for virtuous Love ;
Not like that Coquet *H—m—d*, in a Chair
With Curtains drawn, visit a Strumpet Player.
But for her Husband's sake, and her own Fame,
Preserve her Charms, her Honour, and her Name.



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THE
SINGING-BIRDS Address
TO THE
EAGLE,
For Relief against the Tyranny of the
Birds of Prey:
A
POEM.

——— *Minora Canamus*
Parva nec Invidias.

Somewhere about the *Sun*, as I have read,
There is a Government of *Birds*, 'tis said,
Where they, like us, are rul'd by *Queens* and *Kings*,
And God knows how many such fine things:

That *Liberty* and *Property*'s in vogue
 As much among them as here *Whore* and *Rogue* ;
 And they have *Laws*, some good ones, tho' they're
 made,
 As in most other Countries now, a *Trade*,
 To punish those they meet with as severe
 As *Turkey Slaves*, or we do *Horses* here.
 Those who're in *Office* rais'd above the rest
 Fancy each *Bird* they ride to be their *Beast* ;
 So *whip* and *spur* till they're flown to their Height,
 Then down they fall at last with their own weight.

The *Eagle* there, is Sov'reign of the Place,
 A Bird of Courage, and of wond'rous Grace
 To all the merry chirping Feather'd kind,
 Who Safety under her Protection find,
 Which makes them in delightful Accents sing
 Their Thanks each Morn with a *God bless the Queen*.
 But what is strange to the domestick *Fowls*,
 The *Ministers of State* are there the *Owls* ;
Kites are the Magistrates that j—ge the *Laws*,
 And *Crows* and *Rooks* must plead in ev'ry Cause,

With

With Noise obstrep'rous to disturb the *Court*,
 And make the suff'ring *Singing-Birds* their Sport ;
 While *Cuckoes Jaylors, Tipstaffs, Bailiffs* are,
 That suck their Eggs, *poor Birds*, when they appear.

It happen'd out, hard Fate ! upon a time,
 A *Nightingale* was whistling merrily in Rhime,
 And chanc'd to jumble, as it were, together
 Some *Birds*, who prov'd to be of the same Feather ;
 Howe'er, she was extolling their fine Parts
 Better than, as it's said, was their Deserts,
 Then plac'd 'em all upon the *Raven's* Back,
 Which wou'd not hit his Colour, being black.
 The *Raven* there is great, has the first Place
 In Rank, of all the *Crows* and *Rookish* Race,
 And therefore took 't in dudgeon to be nam'd,
 Or by the *Nightingale's* poor Song defam'd,
 Tho' all the *Birds* for whom she'd strain'd her Throat
 Were of the finest Feathers there, of Note.

The itam'ring *Jay*, she said, sung sweet and clear
 As any Bird inhabiting the Air ;

His squalling Voice was Musick for a King,
Beside the *Blue* Distinction on his Wing.

The *Nightingale* did next extol the *Dove*
For Courage, which he shew'd in making Love :
Said, *Wrens* were Birds facetious, brisk, and gay,
While chirping *Sparrows* nothing had to say,
But mourn'd their solitary Hours away. }
Then of the *Peacock* made the following Strain :
His Tail, tho' great, was but a modest Train,
For *Juno's* Bird had humbly laid aside
The thoughts of Grandeur, and the plague of Pride.
Much of the chattering *Magpye* too she sung,
For Readiness and Eloquence of Tongue,
For Stratagem and politick Design,
That he does often with the *Jackdaw* joyn,
A Bird that cunningly takes care to build
Where he may have the *Church* still for his Shield.

The *Crane* was next this warbling *Songster's* Praise,
Admir'd for *Piety* in those blest Days
When neither *Flesh* nor *Fish* were once forbid,
But what the *Birds* desir'd, ev'n that they did.

The

The *Hawk* was then extoll'd, and call'd a Saint,
 For he cou'd with the best among 'em cant,
 And preach o'er any thing but good strong Liquor,
 Which' those rapacious Fowls drank down the
 quicker.

Again soft *Philomel* advanc'd her Voice,
 And of her Song the *Pheasant* made the choice,
 Prais'd him indeed where it was not his due,
 But yet said nought but what shou'd have been true:
 Then to the *Hoby* gave the *Faulcon's* Praise,
 Which did a foolish Emulation raise,
 And caus'd the *Turky-cock* to strut about,
 Because poor *Philomel* had left him out
 To introduce a *Starling*, who had flown
 The nearest to the Royal *Eagle's* Throne:
 Then prais'd the *Cock*, at least his double Comb,
 That only crows on his own *Dunghill*, Home.
 Nay, she commended in her Song *Tom-Titt*,
 And innocently said he was a Wit;
 And that poor *Robin* was no Bird of Prey,
 But *Batts* made ev'ry Night a Holy-day.

In short, That *Swallows* sung melodious Strains,
And no Birds had, more than the *Woodcock*, Brains.

This was the Charge laid to the *Nightingale*
By Sir *John Rook*, Att —y Gen—l ;
Who said, it was a Crime ev'n but to name
Those Birds, for they were Birds of Fame,
Many of whom the *Eagle* did imploy
To serve the State, tho' not the *Birds* destroy.
But as't befel the *Singing Choir*, hard Fate !
The peevish *Owl* ow'd all these Birds a Hate ;
She first oblig'd the *Thrush* and *Lark* to Bail,
And hated mortally the *Nightingale* :
Nor spar'd he a choice *Linnet* once he kept,
That us'd to warble sweetly when he slept,
But punish'd her with more than usual Rage,
Because, poor Bird ! she had defil'd his Cage :
Tho' this was natural to every Bird,
The purblind *Owl* snuff'd mainly at the T—d,
And so long turn'd the matter o'er and o'er,
The more he stirr'd in't, still it stunk the more.

Thi

This caus'd much Mirth among the other Fowl,
 Who laugh'd at this Repentment of the Owl,
 Which so enrag'd his Honour, that he swore
 The Singing-birds should pay the *Piper's* Score,
 Tho' all the Cry lay at the *Eagle's* Door.

}

With that he sent the *Cuckoe's* round about
 In search to find the little Songsters out,
 Who in the dead of Night surpriz'd a *Thrush*
 Sitting alone upon a *Haw-thorn* Bush ;
 And strait they hurried him before the Owl,
 Who look'd with Indignation in his Soul :
You scoundrel Bird, said he, *how dare you face*
One you have wrong'd of my Majestick Race ?
Know you who I am, that you thus boldly dare
Profane my Name ? Use it not, ev'n in Pray'r ;
For by Jove's Bird, whose Minister I am,
I'll make you poultry Songsters dread my Name :
You, that sing Ballads thus on ev'ry Bush,
And value not us State-Birds of a Rush,
Shall know we rule at will the Feather'd Laws,
And can command whene'er we please our Cause.

This

This struck on heap the trembling *Whistler* strait,
To hear pronounc'd such arbitrary Fate.

Right Honourable Owl, said he, *you seem*

By the great Post you bear, of some Esteem;

But for my part, excuse me, I don't know

I'm guilty of a Crime in what I do;

And therefore thank you for your kind Advice,

That I may home, and learn to be more wise.

"And is this all, said th' *Owl*, that you've to say?

"If so, Sir, I shall send you another way.

With that he call'd a *Cuckoe* waiting nigh,

And bid him mind the Traytor did not fly,

But pluck his Feathers first, or clip a Wing,

Then let him try how he could fly or sing.

The *Thrush*, confounded at this sudden Rage,

Durst not attempt his Anger to assuage,

But, with the *Cuckoe*, silently retir'd,

And at his *Owlship's* Passion much admir'd.

The next they apprehended was a *Lark*,

One that was always a High-flying Spark,

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But that was guilty of no other Crime
 Than singing in the Stile they call *Sublime* ;
 Yet notwithstanding this, vex'd to the Soul,
 The croaking *Raven*, and the screeching *Owl*,
 Who swore most bitterly that *soaring Bird*
 Should be brought down, upon their Honour's word,
 The *Lark* still cheerfully maintain'd his Note,
 And seem'd not to regard their Threats one Groat.

Messieurs, said he, *I am a merry Blade,*
As you may see, and Singing is my Trade :

I mean no Hurt, without 'tis an Offence

By whistling of a Song to get me Pence,
And chaffer for't with my small stock of Sence.

I'd have you think I don't imploy my Head
To study Mischief, but to get my Bread :

My Father did, before that I was born,
Sing in the Fields all day for a poor Blade of Corn :

And you, who're rais'd above us, to be great

And govern wisely all the Feather'd State,

Shou'd now consider what we Songsters are,
Poor Birds, that shou'd be your great Wisdom's Care,

Not by your Pow'r drove to a mean Dispair.

This

This sensible Discourse made 'em both look
Upon each other, as if Thunder-struck.

*My Lord, said th' Owl, your Lordship knows
These Birds of late look big, set up for Beaux,
And strut about in their new Suits of Cloaths,
Meet us in ev'ry place where'er we go,
And scarcely will (as 'tis their Duty) bow.*

*For my part, I think they shou'd be all stript,
And when they are unplum'd, severely whipt :
This will correct their Self-conceit and Pride,
And humble their too stubborn Hearts beside.*

*This may be dangerous, the Raven made Reply,
Take heed of overmuch Severity ;*

For I remember once, how by surprize

Some Singing-birds pick'd out a Raven's Eyes :

Nay, who knows but the Eagle too may blame

The Owl one day, if he abuse her Name ?

For these same injur'd Birds will go and sing

Their melancholy Dittys to the Queen :

Therefore commit them over to the Crows,

Then you are quit of them, under the Rose ;

Those hungry Birds will soon strip off their Cloaths.

Ac-

Accordingly the *Owl* took this Advice,
 And 'mong the *Crows* dispatch'd him in a trice.
 The *Lark*, who was a Bird of Wit, now saw
 His Case much worse committed to the *Law*,
 Where they wou'd not regard him of a *Straw*.
 For *Crows* were Birds of a rapacious kind,
 And valu'd not th' Acquirement of the Mind ;
 Nay, were averse almost to every thing
 But what would Profit to their clutches bring :
 So that the *Lark* had nothing left to hope
 For now but *Want*, except it was a *Rope*.
 The *Cuckoe* constantly, from his scabb'd Throat,
 Was plaguing him with the same tiresome Note ;
 And endless Repetitions made them worse
 Than all the Plagues of *Egypt* were, a *Curse*.

But let's return to the poor *Nightingale*,
 On whom their Plagues showr'd down as thick as
Hail.

The *Owl*, incens'd with all the Marks of Rage,
 Confines her close in a strong Iron Cage,
 Where *Philomel* attempted to complain
 Of her hard Usage, but 'twas all in vain ;

The

The *Owl* refus'd to hear her Nightly Song
 And warbling Notes, whereby she sung her Wrong.
 At last the *Kites* she su'd to for Redress,
 Who were oblig'd to hear her sad Distress,
 Tho' they as cruel were, and merciless;
 Told her, she should have kept out of the *Laws*,
 And not concern'd herself with Birds of *Claws*;
 Who now assur'd her she should be their Prey,
 And that was all the *Kites* had then to say.
 This was poor Comfort for a Bird like her,
 Who was not arm'd with Talons for a War;
 Yet she was brisk, and chirping merry still,
 And was resolv'd once more to try her Skill,
 Being unsatisfied that by her Song
 Those Noble Birds had suffer'd any Wrong,
 But that the hasty *Owl* had been to blame
 In putting *Philomel* to so much Shame.

Early next Morning, e're 'twas Day, she 'rose,
 And to the *Owl* a Ballad did compose:
 She strain'd her Voice, and louder much did roar
 Than she was wont; before his Honour's Door

Whistled

Whistled in Notes that were well understood
 By all the feather'd Dwellers in the Wood :
 Nay, was not pleas'd with what she here could do,
 But went and sung 't before the *Raven* too.
 Soft were her Notes, tho' she had rais'd her Voice,
 As made by hard Necessity her Choice,
 Knowing her Thoughts were free from Evil still,
 And so had been the Products of her Quill :
 Assur'd of this, bold she was to a fault,
 That made her singing Race not worth a Groat.
 Here she repeated her first Song again,
 So fond she seem'd of ev'ry moving Strain,
 That she did all the secret Notes explain,
 And prais'd those Birds to such a high degree,
 The *Kites* and *Crows* constru'd it *Blasphemy*,
 Tho' they, and all the feather'd Choir beside,
 Were from their Hearts entirely satisfy'd
 'Twas not the Talent of the *Nightingale*
 Against those kind of colour'd Birds to rail :
 Her *Malice* had been spent against the *Crows*,
 Who always she profess'd her open Foes :

But

But for the *Dove*, the *Pheasant*, and the *Wren*,
 They'd ever been the Subject of her Pen ;
 Their Fame, she said, was mounted on her Wing,
 And she must daily their just Praises sing.
 As for the *Raven*, she had often shown
 A Veneration 'above the rest of's Gown,
 Because he did appear to have a Soul
 Greater than any of the *Carniv'rous Fowl*,
 For he dislik'd the Malice of the *Owl*,
 Who mean time Mischief pensively resolv'd,
 And Vengeance 'gainst the *Nightingale* resolv'd ;
 So sent the *Cuckoes* ev'ry where in search,
 Who found her out at last upon her Perch,
 From whence they pluck'd her with unusual spight,
 And carried her before the *Owl* that Night ;
 Where he no sooner saw the *Nightingale*,
 But his fierce angry Visage turn'd quite pale ;
 Malice and Rage did o'er his Face so spread,
 Enough to've struck the little *Songster* dead,
 But that her Resolution had o'ercome
 The utmost Rigour of her threatned Doom.

At last the Owl thus from his Passion broke,
To vent his Spleen, these furious Words he spoke :

Audacious Bird ! how durst thou thus appear

'Fore me, or sing again in open Air ?

After I had forbid thee by my Pow'r,

Thou insolently sung before my Door :

Nay, thou upbraidst me with what I 'ad done,

And said I durst not, since that, face the Sun.

Thou little Hedge-bird, of obscurer Note,

I'll lose my Feathers but I'll stop thy Throat,

Whistling eternally some odious Praise

Of chattering Magpies, and of senseless Jays.

But I've discover'd thy Hypocrisie,

Thou Trifler, insignificant to me.

How dost thou know but that the Owl can sing

As well as any Bird of that short Wing ?

But thou, because a Songster, make'st pretence

To understand both Politicks and Sense,

When 'tis not in thy Sphere, poor Fool, to know

What Owls that are great S — y's do.

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But *Philomel* reply'd with equal Scorn,
 That *Nightingales*, as well as *Owls*, were born :
 Tho' he the Post of Honour first obtain'd,
 He cou'd not say 'twas by his Merit gain'd.
 For *Nightingales* had merited much more
 Than *Owls* like him cou'd claim on any score ;
 Therefore she humbly hop'd it no Disgrace
 To tell his Honour so, tho' to his Face ;
 For Singing-birds had always had a Name,
 Long before *Owls* great Ministers became,
 Much more e're they pretended to such Fame.

The *Owl*, amaz'd at such a bold Reply,
 Call'd to a servile *Cuckoe* waiting nigh :
Here, take your Pris'ner, said he, *let her feel*
The worst Resentments of your crooked Will ;
Then to the Crows deliver her a Prey,
Let's see if she's more Impudence than they.
I wish with these damn'd Singing-birds I'd done,
Who boast themselves Descendants of the Sun ;
For I've a Thought strangely awakes my Fears,
That sometime this may reach the Eagle's Ears :

*I'll satiate my Revenge for once howe'er,
 And for the future let the Birds take care :
 This Nightingale shall their Example be ;
 For Fear they shall, tho' they don't value me.
 If Jove will suffer what I have design'd,
 And aid the Projects of my lab'ring Mind,
 These Singing-birds shall be the Mark of Fate,
 And perish by my Pow'r, or by my Hate.*

Then strait away they carried *Philomel*,
 To tell in vain her melancholy Tale,
 Which with the *Crows* they knew would not pre-
 vail :
 So they brought her before the *Kites* again,
 To undergo fresh Misery and Pain.
 And now the *Rook's* repeated to the Court
 Her former Song, made for Disgrace and Sport,
 Said, 'twas a Crime against the *Eagle's* Rights,
 And which requir'd the Judgment of the *Kites*,
 Who to the Birds of old had Justice shown,
 But in these Cases had regarded none ;

For th' *Rooks* no sooner had declar'd their Plea
 But they ne'er minded what she had to say :
 For urging, that she was a Bird born free,
 And boldly challeng'd Native *Liberty* ;
 That *Singing* was a Gift the Gods bestow'd,
 And therefore ought by them to be allow'd,
 A furious *Kite* did sternly thus reply,
 That he would that free Gift himself deny ;
 That if she did continue on to bawl,
 Henceforth no *Nightingale* should sing at all.
 This was a Sentence struck the Songster mute,
 To hear a Bird cou'd e'er be such a Brute ;
 Till by another she was satisfied
 The *Kites*, with *Rooks* and *Crows*, were all ally'd ;
 That she must now contentedly submit
 To such a Punishment as *Kites* thought fit.
 Accordingly they judg'd her by the Throat,
 To hang one Day, till she shou'd change her Note.
 But *Philomel* continued still the same,
 Knowing her Innocence was not to blame,
 She sung her Song again in the old Strain.

The *Singing-birds* perceiving now their Doom
 Must be the same to which the *Nightingale* had come,
 Resolv'd with one Consent that a Complaint
 Should to the *Eagle* instantly be sent ;
 Therefore that 't might be done with all the speed
 Requir'd, they to the following Form agreed.

*Most Excellent and Gracious Eagle hear
 From all your feather'd Choir this humble Pray'r :
 Hear our Complaint, as Birds that are distress'd,
 By Owls and Kites and Rooks and Crows oppress'd.
 Regard, dread Sov'reign, once a moving Tale,
 Let it be said we Songsters did prevail,
 The Lark, the Linnet, and the Nightingale.
 Such Scenes of Woes distract our waking Hours,
 Owls haunt our Roofs, and Cuckoes watch our
 Doors :
 Tim'rous we fly, as runs the hunted Hare,
 That ev'ry one's for driving to Despair,*

*That we had better dream our Lives away
 Than live thus miserably, brisk and gay,
 To curse each Night, and ev'ry coming Day.
 With Rage implacable the Owl's our Foe,
 And hunts us out where'er we fly or go :
 Such is his Malice to our Free-born Trade,
 He will not let us earn our Daily Bread.
 Tho' we were wont on ev'ry Bush to sing,
 And boast the ancient Freedom of our Wing,
 We must not now declare we have a Soul,
 For fear of being brought before the Owl.*

*Nor are the Kites less tyrannous than he,
 Tho' they shou'd mild, and just, and gen'rous be;
 Plac'd by the royal Eagle's special Care
 To hear the injur'd Birds complaining Pray'r.*

*And now, dread Sov'reign, such is our hard Fate
 That Kites and Crows pursue us with like Hate;*

*Tell us, we are unruly noisie Birds,
 Frighting our feeble Race with threatning Words,
 Enough to strike us little Songsters dead,
 Who to such Language ne'er were born or bred.
 We want Compassion, and not Punishment,
 That we may barely live, and be content.*





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LIBERTY AND PROPERTY.

A Satyr.

MY Muse attempts no vain Heroick Skill,
Or soars the top of *Pindar's* lofty Hill ;
But begs Assistance from the force of Rhime,
The craggy Rock of Satyr's Mount to climb :
Sharp Scourge of Villany ! reforming Gin,
That stings and lashes ev'ry darling Sin !
Bane to the Great 'midst their voluptuous Joys,
Which all their Golden Dreams of Vice destroys.
Rise

'Rise thou Disturber of the *Libertine*,
 Thou that invades his *Free-born* Right to Sin ;
 'Rise now, and shame him from his boasted Crime,
 That he would plead Prescription for, in time,
 And tell Posterity *Cain* did proceed
 A Wretch nefarious, from the Serpent's Seed ;
 But losing Paradise, gain'd Liberty,
 Like *Lucifer*, a larger World to rule,
 Where all he saw he call'd his Property.
 And this is Native Freedom, which we now
 With the feign'd Name of *Liberty* pursue.

This is the State of *Libertines* True-born,
 Who wou'd their Land with Servitude adorn,
 A Servitude which they themselves term Free,
 Tho' 'tis but counterfeited *Liberty* ;
 When just Respect to Laws does others bless,
 It curses them with their own Happiness.

Mankind will still think that Condition best
 In which they are with their own Freedom blest.

So *Adam* judg'd, nor did he go astray,
 Till Heaven's Command prescrib'd him to obey.
 He try'd, and found his Vicious Will was free,
 And then resolv'd on fatal *Liberty*.
 What 'twas he gain'd, his Race knows now too well,
 Freedom on Earth, to damn himself in Hell.
 Of Lust this was th' unerring Consequence,
 That he might reign 'midst the Delights of Sense,
 And know no Ruler o'er him but Desire,
 Which kindled in his Breast a raging Fire,
 And makes Man thirst still after that in vain
 Which gives him *Pleasure*, not which gives him *Pain*.

Oh cursed Liberty ! thou didst prepare
 The murd'ring Engines of Flagitious War.
 From thee Famine may date its Train of Ills ;
 For had it not been for our Vicious Wills
 To raise Rebellion, we had never known
 Mischiefs our Appetites procure alone.
Desire, the Spring of our insatiate Lust,
 Still rages in us with a pleasing gust,
 And makes us run more than the Brute astray,
 The happy Brute that Nature does obey,
 And

And is more free than Man with all his Vanity
Of Reason, and of boasted Liberty.

What strange bewitching Word is that which
draws

So many Fools to Bondage without Laws,
And gilds o'er Slavery with so fine a Gloss,
It tempts th' Unwary to embrace the Cross?
That such a Train of splendid Good can show,
And ostentatious Pomp, that with it go,
To flatter Multitudes, and to delight
Those who are pleas'd with such a dazling Sight?

Alas! such see not thro' the painted Screen,
Behind which is disclos'd a rueful Scene,
A Chasm horrid, like the gaping Pit,
Where sudden Ruin in Rebellion's writ,
And where the Fates for Man's Destruction sit.

Unhappy Freedom! how thou'rt understood
The Author of those Ills that we call Good;
Because thy specious Name's ne'er us'd in vain,
In what designing Men attempt to gain!

Thou

Thou foremost stands in every Change of State,
 And art enroll'd in the Black List of Fate.
 By thee alone Knaves act their Villany,
 And ev'ry Triumph's grac'd with *Liberty*.

The Godlike *Brutus* first did honour thee
 With Spoils of Noble Immortality;
 Of *Tarquin*'s bloody Cruelties asham'd,
 His gen'rous Breast with Freedom was inflam'd,
 But curst the Cause from whence it first was nam'd.
 For *Liberty*, that once was counted brave,
 Is now proclaim'd by ev'ry servile Slave.
 Afs-like, it bears the Burthens we would flee,
 Bends low beneath the weight of Tyranny,
 And is the Pack-horse of rebellious *Liberty*.
 A Clock to every State-Design that's base,
 And masks the Villain with a beauteous Face.

Victorious *Rome* oft felt its fatal Pow'r,
 And did at last yield to this Conqueror,
 Till chang'd so often with the specious Name,
 It lost the Blessing when it gain'd the Fame.

Around

Around the wondring World this Deity
 With frantick Madnefs flew ; and Victory
 Purfu'd where'er her Banners were display'd,
 In vain was Force imploy'd againft her Aid.
 The Eastern Monarchies, that fpread fo wide,
 Were made as sportive Victims to her Pride.
Greece was with all its ancient Glory loft,
 And *Rome* of *Liberty* that boasted moft,
 For the rough *Gauls* their Expectations crofs'd.

At laft the *Goths* ruſh'd in like a vaſt Sea,
 And curs'd all *Europe* with new *Liberty*.
 So do impetuous Torrents down the *Volga* pour,
 And in the calm pacifick Ocean roar.
 This broke the Neck of the Imperial Sway,
 And brought Confuſion into *Italy*.
 Nor did our Iſland miſs this ſtorming Tide
 Of fatal Pow'r, enrag'd with *Free-born* Pride :
 The ſad Effects remain among us yet,
 We love the Poiſon, and we reap the Fruit ;

Fond of the Charm, still propagate the Seed,
 And cultivate with care the baneful Weed,
 From which of *Faction* we've a plenteous Breed.

Good Heavens ! Is this our Native Property,
 For which we so much *Time* and *Blood* imploy ?
 No sure, 'tis something more and greater still,
 We fancy't *Freedom* to do what we will.
 Alas ! is this the *Liberty* we boast,
 For which just Heav'n our great Forefather curst ?
 Then he that is most Happy, and most Free,
 Is he that knows least of such *Liberty*.
 Who can just Laws without Reserve obey,
 Laws made secure from Arbitrary Sway,
 Where Pow'r is limited, Justice confin'd,
 To Rules of Reason, not a lawless Mind,
 For that is Tyranny in any kind ?

We hunt for *Freedom* with a studied Care,
 Till we our selves are fetter'd with the *Snare* :
 At last we find 'tis harder to avoid
 The Net, than gain the thing we thought deny'd.

How

How vain we talk of *Briton's* living Free,
 And Rights, which we enjoy as happily,
 While *Liberty* with *Liberty* is cross'd,
 Tho' that is ev'ry Zealous Patriot's Boast,
 While he is seeking t' enslave his Country most. }
 So did the vile Ufurper *Crommel* cry,
 Amidst the Crowd, for *Free-born Liberty* ;
 For this it was he pray'd, for this he fought,
 But Empire 'twas his false Ambition fought :
 And *Liberty* he call'd the pleasing Cheat
 That made the People Slaves, the Tyrant great.
 His Golden Promises they ne'er enjoy'd,
 But soon perceiv'd their Liberties destroy'd.

What Force on Fancy wou'd we then impose
 For real *Good*, which e're we gain we lose ?
 How we deceive our selves with *Liberty* in vain,
 And call that Pleasure which still gives us Pain !
 Tyrants in Pow'r we Noble Patriots call,
 Not such as built, but wou'd blow up *Whitehall* ;
 Such as wou'd sell Old *English* Liberty,
 And New entail on their Posterity,

These

These are the Men that now-a-days profess
 Religion for no more than outward Dress;
 A thing at liberty to leave or chuse,
 Which few or none but for a Fashion use:
 Those who pretend to most, are found to be
 At last the most engag'd in Villany.

The Hypocrite will always be in vogue,
 For none deceives us like an holy Rogue:
 No State can exercise such Tyranny,
 But, for his Ends, he'll call it *Liberty*.
 Nor can Religion be profess'd amiss,
 For ev'ry True or False Religion's his.
 He that professes none 'gainst Law offends,
 For want of that, will ruin all its Ends.
 Ev'n the Pretence excuses many Crimes,
 'Cause most are but Pretenders in these Times.

Tho' of our fancy'd *Freedom* we may boast,
 All our old English *Property* is lost:
 Yet we are blest; for, under bounteous Heav'n,
 We had a great deal well preserv'd by *Seven*,

U

Who

Who were the Guardian Angels of the State,
 When Plots in *Scotland* were so rife of late:
 And their Endeavours now wou'd set us free
 From all the Fears of Hell and *Poper*y:
 For *Property* it shou'd in common be,
 No Lawyer nor Physician take a Fee;
 The Priest shou'd preach without *Tithe-Goose* or *Pig*,
 And ev'ry Man be free that was a *W—g*.

Thus *Liberty* you see's a Heav'nly Thing,
 That some wou'd not exchange to be a King;
 While Bribes can make a *Senate* chosen Free,
 And *Gallick* Wine buy *English* Liberty:
 While good and honest Men these things abhor,
 Strong Beer and Brandy makes a *Senator*.
 But 'tis our *English* Birthright to be Free,
Elections are a kind of *Jubilee*,
 By Custom-privileg'd for Villany.
 The Mob are then our Sov'reign Lords, that rule,
 And who they chuse must be their *Idol Fool*.
 A Man who must not make the least Pretence
 To judge by Reason, or be rul'd by Sence,

But

But must, for what they chuse him, still maintain
Their *Liberty* and *Property* to reign.

The People then are mad with *Liberty*,
Tho' that's the meanest Blessing they enjoy.

Mistaken in their Aim, they miss the End,
That Happiness for which they so contend.

The Use of *Liberty* is known to few
Who steer aright, and can their Course pursue.
Man's Will's so various, Wise Men only know
What 'tis they wou'd, or what they wou'd not do.

Th' Extent of *Liberty* is sordid Lust,
That makes Men Villains, Barb'rous, and Unjust.
Not such a Freedom as was once possess'd
By *Britons* under Glorious Monarchs blest'd,
Who taught Rebellious Subjects to obey,
And yet impos'd no Yoke of Slavery.
Monarchs that kept wild Libertines in awe,
Yet gave the People ev'ry wholsom Law.
No Base *Republican* durst then aspire
To set the Land with *Liberty* on fire;

But honest Laws then made the People free,
 And Law was understood just *Liberty* :
 But now 'tis chang'd, and hard to understand
 What is the Law or Freedom of the Land.
 Judges themselves in dubious Judgment sit,
 Nor dare pronounce that Law which was so writ ;
 And Legislators wo'n't those Records know,
 Those ancient Scrolls of Power that make 'em so.
 Yet this is *Liberty*, with which we're blest,
 Or with which we are dev'lishly possess'd ;
 For none but *Englishmen* wou'd love that Pow'r
 Again, which did their Country once devour :
 That fatal Power, which makes the *Bloodhounds* cry
 So fiercely, and so loud, for *Liberty*.
 For what else can b' imagin'd their Pretence
 'Gainst Law, 'gainst Reason, against common Sense,
 But Popular Applause, that may support
 Their Pride and Vanity to grace the Court ?
 These are the Wooden Gods which we adore,
 And which are made so by the Peoples Pow'r ;

But

But they are hollow Vessels, we destroy
The pleasant Fruits of Peace we shou'd enjoy.

Nor is Religion, us'd among us, free
From this usurping Pow'r of *Liberty*;
For any now may safely approach the Throne
That has a Name whereby it may be known.
B—sh—ps themselves such strange Opinions hold,
We cannot tell the New Church from the Old,
And Pastors do such small Distinction keep,
We know not well the Shepherds from the Sheep.

So *M—re*, tho' *Apostle-like* he makes not Tents,
Yet buys and sells old Books t'encrease his Rents;
Nor is contented with such crafty Gains,
But quacks in Physick with industrious Pains,
Not for the *Church*, but for the *Pence*, imploy his
Brains :

You may him daily to a Patient trace,
Dispensing Physick, not dispensing Grace,
Which wou'd become one better in his Place.

But P——ts in Bills like Mountebanks appear,
We meet 'em now in publick ev'ry where:

V—k—rs and A——, and a Thousand more,
Pretend this *Liberty* to help the Poor,

But all Men know 'tis on another score.

Priest and *Physician* never was allow'd,

For both in one's a Villain understood:

Who by Profession recommends Decelt,

For *Priestcraft* will make *Physick* more a Cheat.

Then he who ventures that dear Blessing *Health*,
'Mong Priests, Old Women, Quacks, to save his
Wealth,

Ought never to be pitied, more than he

Who sells his Life to purchase *Liberty*.

Or spends his Substance to support a Pow'r

That governs o'er him like a Conqueror

With one continu'd Arbitrary Sway,

That makes ev'n Majesty itself obey.

No Tyrant reigns so absolute as she,

For the more Lawless, the more *Liberty*.

How idly then we struggle to be Free,
And lose our Primitive Simplicity!

How

How fondly catch at fancied Happiness,
 And lose the Blessing that we wou'd possess;
 Start from the Laws that Nature does ordain,
 And follow Politicks, abstruse and vain;
 Pursue the Sights of subtle *Machiavel*,
 The Road that leads at *Liberty* to Hell,
 And leave th' unerring Way right Reason shows,
 Reason, that ev'ry thing we need to know bestows!

This is the Case of all that wou'd be free,
 And follow the wild Laws of *Liberty*:
 Men who're debauch'd in Principles from Good,
 And have Rebellion running in their Blood,
 Wou'd have it only *Freedom* understood.
 But 'tis the Lust of Rule such Men desire,
 A Lust their vicious Appetites require;
 For Reason governs with a milder sway,
 Learns us to be Content, and to Obey.



How fondly catch at fancied happiness,
And to the blessing that we would possess
From the jaws of Nature's doom
And follow Politics, not truth and virtue
To the Shins of Justice's Masque
And that leads at last to Hell,
The way that's right, the way that's true
And every thing we need to know
Is the Case of all that would be
And the wild Laws of Liberty
For which we demand Principles from God
And have rebellion running in their blood
Would have it only Freedom understood
But the Law of Nature is their guide
And their vicious Politics
And a Governor was a child
And us to be Content, and to Obey



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THE
SPLITTER
OF
FREEHOLDS.

LONG has the City been the Scene of Vice,
Whence every Seed of Mischief takes its Rise;
But in the Country better prospers now,
Under th' industrious Tillage of the Plow.

Strange Pow'r of Ignorance and Rustick Pride,
That does triumphant o'er Mens Reasons ride,
And leaves the *Hind* free from the least Pretence
Of Manners, Honesty, or Conscience !

He with Religious Frenzy fills his Brain,
Then cancels all the Reason of the Man ;
Lead by the Nose, under Pretence of Zeal
For *Moderation* and the *Common-weal*,

Resigns

Resigns his Conscience to his *Teacher's* Care,
And sleeps supinely without Wit or Fear.

This is the Man that calls himself *Born Free*,
And votes so zealously for *Liberty*;
Yet cannot tell what by the Thing he means
That *Liberty* and *Property* maintains.
It is in vain for to instruct his Mind,
He is to every thing, but *Passion*, blind.
If his *Spleen-Preacher* be discontent
Against the Queen, or else the Government;
This busie Fool engages in the Cause,
And breaks the Peace to regulate the Laws:
Or like Old *Noll*, who with *Geneva* Tye
Cou'd better swallow down State-Perjury:
Else what makes now-a-days each Country Clown
Swallow their *Voting Oaths* so glibly down?
Turn o'er their *Free-holds* to their *Neighbour* strait,
And for Religion carry on the Cheat.
So round whole *Counties* let the Frolick run,
Faces mean while of *Sanctity* put on;

Fail

Fail not uncharitably to suggest
 The *Church* has got upon't the Mark at least
 Of *Persecution*, if not of the *Beast*.

This Antichristian Censure each bestows,
 Which from their want of True Religion flows,
 That and Ill-nature hand in hand still goes.

These are the Men that *Moderation* chuse,
 Not to hide Faults, but *Villany* to use.

Vice may be good, if circumscrib'd by Grace ;

'Tis as apply'd, in a right Time and Case.

For *Christ's sake* still the Godly plead for Sin,

Hypocrisie is reckon'd then Divine ;

A *Saint* without ne'er wants a *Knave* within.

But it is time such Rogu'ry to display,

And shew the Men, tho' we can't shew their Way ;

Let Satyr pour her utmost Vengeance down,

And load them home with Crimes that are their
 own,

With Crimes to ev'ry Age before unknown ;

Such as the Heathen World would ne'er believe,

That Men themselves so grossly cou'd deceive,

To

To perpetrate such Crimes as want a Name,
 And cannot be reveal'd without their Shame,
 Who have involv'd a Nation in a Vice,
 Wherein the deepest Gulph of Misery lies.
 If publick Actions favour *Perjury*,
 They're Fools that *Laws* and *Government* obey,
 If that's their Aim, Satyr, be it thy End,
 Thy Country from their Poison to defend ;
 Which is malignant, and will spread o'er all,
 If once permitted to be National,

Rip up their Breasts who are infected deep,
 And wou'd with Pleasure lull the rest to sleep ;
 Curse with Satyrick Rage the monstrous Man,
 That *Splitting English Free-holds* first began.
 If it from *B——ks* do claim its *Hellish* Rise,
 We may conclude it a Fanatick Vice,
 Sprung from the Patron of that perjur'd Race,
 Which has the Mark of *Whig* writ in his Face ;
 And was he not a Shame to ev'ry Peer,
 I'd write his Name as well as Character :

But

But then, good Heav'ns! what a spacious Field
 The very Letters of his Name wou'd yield!
 Whoe'er durst read 'em wou'd turn pale with fear,
 How innocent before foe'er they were:

A huge long Scroll of Vice lies at his Door,
 Rebellion first, and in the Rear a Wh—re;
 Tyburn's left out, for that's a sacred Tree,
 On which hangs *Truth* sometimes, as well as
 Villany;

No Place therefore for such rank W—gs as he.

Shou'd all th' *Enthusiasts* in thy Train appear,
 Hell, what a num'rous Croud wilt thou have there!
 When howling *Quakers* shall 'gainst thee complain,
 For now, instead of One, thou hast damn'd Ten,
 Who, when in Chains, will curse their Fate and
 thee,
 Who taught 'em first the Cheat of being Free,
 To damn themselves in endless Misery.
 Oh! let the Poet's Curse prevent thy Fate,
 Rob not the *Church* with care to serve the State,
 For Politicks shou'd on Religion wait.

But

Nor

Nor by fat Bribes the Peoples *Rights* to save,
 Both them and their Religion to enslave :
 For *Perjury*, when encourag'd by a State,
 Will make it *little* soon, its Misery great.
 When *Legislators* dare not once oppose
 That *Vice* which has them to their *Office* chose,
 Then Laws must sink, and with Religion lie,
 The Jest of ev'ry State *Incendiary*.

This is the Case, and thus we're bought and sold
 By ev'ry Knave, a *Splitter* of *Free-hold*,
 Who barter *English* Liberty for Gold ;
 Talks much of God, and of Religious Zeal,
 With Peace and Union in the *Common-weal*,
 Which in his Country he promotes so much,
 You cannot tell a *Conventicle* from a *Church* ;
 The Difference only by the *Test* is known,
 One's for dividing what is not his own,
 And casting *Lots* with *High-Church* for their own.
 The other hating *Splitters*, can't agree
 To such a kind of *Christian* Unity.

Both

Both may pretend to palliate as they please,

But *Moderation* is the State Disease.

Whoe'er dare venture on the Cure, at first
Must launch th' *Imposthume* e'er the Poison burst,
Then to the bottom rankle in the Wound,
Till he has cleans'd each Part, and made it sound.
But e're the Cure is done, he must prepare
All the Reproaches of the Sick to bear.

Then, Satyr, arm thy self with pointed Steel,
Make *Free-hold Splitters* all thy Venom feel;
Tell how for D——r S—— Interest made,
How many Traps for Villany were laid,
How many *Free-holders* were there betray'd :
Tell more, and add thy Curses to 'em all,
That such rank Villains may yet deeper fall :
What Vengeance great enough can on them lie
Who sell their Souls, yet cry up *Liberty* ?
Peace, Peace, abroad in ev'ry Town proclaim,
Yet to destroy that *Peace* themselves they damn ;
Against their *Int'rest* for their *Int'rest* vote,
And on the Men who ruin them, most doat.

For

For Slavish Ends no doubt such Men were born,
 Who hate Instruction, and their *Teachers* scorn:
Teachers appointed to inform their Minds,
 T' observe whose Doctrine too their Duty binds.
 Not *Teachers* who've usurp'd upon the Laws,
 And preach up *Splitting* to support their Cause:
 But how that Doctrine can be made t'agree
 With *Peace* and *Moderation-Sanctity*,
 They who *divide*, Satyr, can better tell than thee. }
 Their Principles thou by Dissention knows,
 For still their Practice with their Preaching goes;
 Both bent to finish what they have begun,
 And *Split* the Church as *Free-holds* they have done.

Witness their mighty Industry and Pains
 Bestow'd in *E—x*, where their R——ry reigns,
 And will remain a Monument of Shame
 To *M——m's* Credit, and to *W——n's* Fame:
 While publick Funds pay off their Alehouse Scores,
 And *Aulick* Pensions purchase *Senators*.

But, Satyr, hence fresh Springs of Mischief flow,
 Mischiefs thou canst not trace, or truly know;
 While

While Herds of K — s in Consultation sit,

And Act what most their black Designs may fit;

Stop at no V — y to gain their Ends,

By Bribing *Foes*, or Perjuring of Friends;

While one poor *Freehold*'s made the Grand Deceit,

To carry on the new-invented Cheat,

Fools to delude, and to oblige the Great.

Hundreds of Wretches under the Pretence

Of Interest, Liberty, or *Conscience*,

Are drawn into the Snare, the spreading Vice

Of falsest Oaths, and wilful *Forgeries*:

When Forty *Freeholds* in one Hour are made

By the same Lands, and the same written Deed,

In Course to one another still convey'd.

Satyr proceed, this is but one of those

Grand Cheats by which these Men their M — rs
chose;

The *Splitting-way* draws more weak Brethren in,

Has more Pretence, and a more damning Sin;

One of the blackest Dye, that ruins more

Than ever will be fav'd by H — or Sh — re.

The first Arch-rebel ne'er had such a Thought,
 Else he'd more Angels to his Party got :
 Some Cunning Devil has hit on this of late,
 To ruin those he ne'er cou'd injure yet.
 A Rebel must the first Inventer be,
 A Sneaking Devil, that hates the *Hierarchy*,
 For *Splitting's* opposite to *Monarchy*.

This is the *Basis* on which now we stand,
 The Prop of *Peace* that's to support the Land ;
 That is, to Calm the Dang'rous Tide of Strife,
 That ebbs and flows as this receives new Life.

Come hither, Satyr, and help me to Curse
 The Man who once was loaded with a *Purse*,
 Who R—g—t by his Minion T—s—n bought,
 And there the *Freehold Splitting Myst'ry* taught ;
 Load him with the worst Plagues of Humane Life,
 Old P—y Ulcers, and the S——ns Wife ;
 Let him be never from her J——ue free,
 But D——n th' Entail on his Posterity.

How

How can a Nation think e'er to be blest;
 When all their Riches are by W—— possess'd;
 Who wou'd perswade the People to content,
 By making them believe that they are sent,
 As the Poor *Hermite* said, for *Peaceful Ends*?
 A hopeful Project! likely to succeed
 As the Cat's preaching in *Monastick Weed*.

Good Brother Mouse, come forth, and let us chat;
I'm now a Priest you see, I am no Cat;
When Cats say Mass, Mice pray against their Will;
Puffs may look smug, her Heart is wicked still.

The Moral needs small Application
 To those who live by *Moderation*,
 Divide the People to Unite the Nation.

But these are *Edomites*, who wou'd Prophan
 All we possess as sacred, for their Gain;
 And sell our *Birthrights* for a Mess of Broth
 Well spic'd and season'd with a pious Oath;

Their Throats are wide enough to swallow down
A *Pope*, was he but larded with a *Crown*;
But yet 'tis strange, their Consciences are strait,
And fit to choak 'em, fed with plain *Church Meat*.

They're much offended at *St. Andrew's Steeple*,
And say it is an *Eye-sore* to the People;
While others think it looks like *Babylon*,
And can't be call'd a *Christian Corner-stone*;
For, if you wou'd believe them on their Word,
They wou'd destroy't with *Moderation-Fire* and
Sword;
The Keenest Sword's the Weapon of the Spirit,
And that they do religiously inherit.

Witness the Pious *M——x Election*,
That shows it self without so much Inspection;
It needs no Catalogue, a Thing in Fashion,
For that wont shew their *Bonds of Resignation*;
How many Purchases were lately made,
And whether now they are not *recovey'd*;

How

How many Freeholders of *Millers, Bakers,*
 Some *Coachmen, Footmen,* but many *Quakers,*
 Who ne'er yet saw their *Houses,* nor their *Acres.*
 There's scarce a *Swords-man* for 'em did appear,
 And not one *Gentleman of Note* was there.

These are the Men into the Snare are drawn,
 To Vote up *Scotchcloath,* and to cry down *Lawn;*
 But were this all the Matter 'twou'd be well,
 Their Deeds are Blacker yet, Blacker than Hell;
 Let *H—n* Witness, Votes were Bought and Sold,
Ten Shillings Free, and *Thirty Copy-hold,*
 He that of little *Parcels* cou'd make more,
 Shou'd have paid down a *Hundred* for the *Score,*
Barns and *Thatch'd Houses* that on *Freehold* stood,
 Tho' let at *Twenty,* were sworn *Forty* good.

England may boast her num'rous *Freeholds* more,
 Than ever *M—x* cou'd claim of *Yore,*
 For now they're reckon'd to exceed their *Poor.*

How Their List of *F—* more *Eminent* appears
 In their large Catalogue of *Wappineers;*

Nor does *White-Chapel* fall the least behind,
 They swore as heartily, and were as kind;
 Fathers for Sons, and Sons for Fathers swore;
 And what wou'd you have zealous W—— do more,
 Than D—— their Families to serve a Turn,
 And for a *Righteous Cause* Hang, Drown, or Burn?



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A

SEARCH AFTER RELIGION.

Tell me, you glorious *Shades*, where I may trace
Your gliding Footsteps; in what silent Place
Your *Separated Essences* abides,
Which *Fate* from prying Eyes so strictly hides :
I've search'd the Universe, and travail'd o'er
More than *Greek Poets* Fabl'd heretofore ;
Long was I weary'd e'er I first did 'spy
The dreadful *Mansions* of Eternity,
And view that ever-restless *Central Fire*
Always in Chains, yet struggling to Expire ;

That shuns Approaches with Majestick Hate,
And keeps Eternal Solitude in State.

From hence into th' *Elysian* Fields I fly,
With unseen Wonders to acquaint my Eye ;
Perpetual Spring was here, fresh blooming Youth,
Sweet flow'ry Joy, with never-dying Truth ;
Soft gliding Streams which Zephir gently Fans,
In which swam Multitudes of Silver Swans ;
Myrtle and *Bays* were there, thick shady Bow'rs,
Sweet Walls, enamel'd with Ten Thousand Flow'rs,
Wherein lodg'd *Nightingales*, those constant Guests,
Whisp'ring soft Murmurs from their warbling
Breasts.
The Voice of Winds were not here understood,
Nor Frost to blast the tender Infant Bud,
But various Prospects, which had Charms t'invite
The Ravish'd Senses to a fresh Delight.

Diff'rent Apartments, variously drest,
Distinguish'd the Retirements of the Blest :
In some were *Votaries*, whose wing'd Desire
Had been inflam'd with Pure Religious Fire ;

In

In others *Lovers* were ; those few that knew
 The Mystery of *Love*, and Loving True,
 Who now with *Chaplets* crown'd, and Glorious
 Names,
 Burn with Serene and Unmolested *Flames* ;
 Others there were as Worthy to be prais'd,
 Who by their learned Works their Fame had rais'd ;
 And some who by Inventions ne'er before
 Discover'd, had enrich'd the Publick Store :
 Last came those Ancient Sages, Nature's *Priests*,
 Who had unravell'd her thro' all her Mists,
 And with laborious Search and Thoughts profound
 Had digg'd out Truths long bury'd under Ground.
 Here was the *Samian*, and that knowing *Greek*,
 Whom Nature prompted *Martyrdom* to seek ;
Plato and *Matchiavel* had join'd in One
Interest of *State* to each *Religion* :
 Nay, there were some whose Works, now out of
 Sight,
 Appear'd e'er *Zoroaster's* saw the Light :
 Of these I asked much, and learned more
 Mysterious Secrets than I knew before.

Here

Here I was taught the *Series of Fate*,
With all its Secret Laws, and at what rate
They are dispens'd; by what strange force of Love
Inferiors Marry'd are to Things *Above*.

I saw that ev'ry Thing included all,
As larger *Images* are drawn in small.
How many various *Motions* did agree
To make One System of Bright Harmony ;
Yet all these *Motions*, crooked and transverse,
Met in the Center of one *Universe* ;
The *Souls* Original I learn'd, and why
For this poor *Mansion* it exchange'd a *Sky* ;
By what Allurements its *first Glorious Ray*
Came thus *Betray'd* into a House of *Clay* ;
Its different Degrees of *Rise* and *Fall*,
In this Enquiry I was taught them all.

Such as had mindful been from whence they
came,
And had improv'd their *Spark* into a *Flame*,
Where after their departure we are Blest,
Burying their Labours in Eternal Rest.

Others

Others who had been drown'd in Sensual Mire,
 Were purged here with *Subterranean* Fire ;
 Some by vast *Cataracts*, and by Winds,
 Were cleans'd from the Diseases of their *Minds* ;
 But those who had preserv'd some Seeds of *Light*,
 Tho' much *Eclips'd*, yet not Extinguish'd quite,
 To several Stations of the World assign'd,
 Wander'd about, still seeking Rest to find ;
 Some hover'd in the Air, some in the Wind,
 And some to *Woods* and Waters were confin'd ;
 Always in Motion, still in eager quest
 Of their long wish'd-for and desir'd Rest.

But such as too much doated on this Life,
 Fast glew'd to *Interest*, and this Scene of *Strife*,
 Or unawares out of this World were thrust
 By sudden Violence, or Laws unjust,
 Deceas'd, their Old *Affections* still retain,
 And long to be Imbody'd once again.
 Sometimes their *Astral Images* do dwell
 About their *Dormitories*, which foretell

Mur-

*Murthers, or over Treasures brooding sits;
Affording Problems to discursive Wits.*

But those *Diviner Souls*, who by the *Rays*
Of Heavenly Light, to Heaven their Thoughts do
raise,
And with the Wings of *Faith* 'bove Nature soar,
And never flag till they have gain'd the Shore,
Freed from this Vale of Misery and Tears,
Are each distributed in several *Spheres*.
But Light of Nature never hither led,
For *Fountains* rise not higher than their Head.
When these *Mysterious Truths* I had learnt plain,
I re-ascended to the *Earth* again,
And now instructed, I began a Quest
To find *Religion* out among the rest;
Which by the Fury of *Divisions* born
Away, was from our Clinie untimely torn,
The Dissolution of her Parts by *Fire*,
Suggested strait that she must needs expire;
The Day too Sacred to the *Sun's* Bright Ray,
The *Heliotrope* like, seem'd to point that way;

No

No wat'ry *Dropst* ever durst essay
 To wash thy Purer *Effences* away,
 Nor drowfy *Lethargy* durst e'er presume
 To choak thy Spirits with its Earthly Fume;
 Yet as those search, who look for things with Care,
 As well where they are not, as where they are,
 So lest I rashly shou'd in Error fall,
 I took all Places in, and *Searched* all.

No Spirits unmask'd I left, not those that dwell
 In Min'ral Caverns, or the darkest Cell.
 The Woods, the Hills, the Waters, and the Lawns,
 Th' *Androgades*, the *Satyrs*, and the *Fawns*,
 The *Dryads*, *Oreads*, *Hemadryades*,
Nereids, and *Water Nymphs*, I ask'd all these;
 I ranack'd ev'ry Herb, and ev'ry Flow'r;
 That pays Allegiance to Fair *Flora's* Pow'r;
 I search'd the Hollow *Ecchoes* Airy Cell,
 But she of this great *Loss* cou'd nothing tell.

I ask'd the Winds which from each Quarter *flow*,
 But they reply'd in Sighs, and answer'd, *No*;

No

So now with Zeal inflam'd I left the Mists
 Of these dark Elements, Corruption's Lists,
 And here I prov'd great *Aristotle* true,
 The Higher Places are Diviner too ;
 For now got past the Earth's Magnetick Sphere,
 The Difficulty vanish'd with the Fear :
 Methoughts I lighter and more airy grew,
 Still entertain'd with Objects fresh and new ;
 My Thoughts were more Refin'd, and fill'd with
 Joy,
 When they were freed from this dull *Earth's Alloy* ;
 But like as *Travellers* when they come ashore,
 Into strange Countries they ne'er saw before,
 Amazed stand to hear a Speech unknown,
 People and Customs diff'rent from their own ;
 So now approaching near a Brighter Sphere,
 I was surpriz'd with Wonder, and with Fear ;
 My Eyes grew dazled with strange Rays of Light,
 And an unusual Splendor dimn'd my Sight ;
 For now a Region did it self display
 Of whitish Lustre, like the Milky Way ;

But

But that the *Galaxy* look'd not so clear,
And yet this had some Spots which did appear.

This Radiant Place seem'd much less than our
Sphere,
Tho' it was far more Glorious ev'rywhere ;
For all Things are in grosser Matter here,
There in *Ideas* and pure Forms they were ;
Here the rough outside rudely courts the Sense,
There's nothing but the Air and Quintessence ;
With *Essences* the Air was all perfum'd,
Which ne'er evaporated, nor consum'd ;
Roses and *Jessamine*, the *Violet*,
With *Oranges*, all here conspiring met ;
But that which most amaz'd me, was to see
The various, different, strange disparity
Of these Bright People, tho' in Glorious Dress,
Yet all of them were Spotted more or less :
And what did chiefly Admiration gain,
To see those Spots both outward and within ;
Some on their Faces were, some on their Breast,
Some on their *Hearts* and *Livers* were impress ;

Some

Some of these Spots were fresh, some half outworn,
For Wounds at length to *Cicatrices* turn.

These are the Spots which we discern below,
Thro' the *Moon's* Body, which so great doth grow
Sometimes, and so condens'd, they darken all
This Region, which we then *Eclipses* call.

The Parts unspotted, all transparent were,
The inward Motions visible and clear.

Oh! were *Vitruvius* here to have admir'd
And seen those Windows he so much desir'd,
So Crystalline and Radiant in Excess,
They shone thro' all the Shadows of their Drefs.

And now ascending, I descry'd a Place
Much Brighter than the first, but less in Space;
The Air perfum'd was with a Richer Scent,
'Twas hard to say the People *flew* or *went*,
So Volatile they were, of such an Airy Strain,
I fear'd I never shou'd discern them plain.
As *Squirrels* nimbly skip from Tree to Tree,
Their very Motion seem'd *Ubiquity*.

Yet with much looking, at the last I 'spy'd
These had some Spots, tho' not so deeply dy'd.

Yet that which most my Sight to *nonplus* put,
Were certain Figures, so exactly cut
In lucid *Amber*, with such Curious Art,
'Twas easy to discern each inward Part.
Some were with *Pearl*, and some with Gold inlaid,
And some with Precious Stones were much display'd:
Some of these *Statues*, as they stood arow,
I knew Fair Tyrant Goddesses below.
But amongst all, one larger than the rest
Bred a confused Wonder in my Breast;
Had she not been so tall, I shou'd have sworn
This was the same whose Loss I here deplore.
Three Radiant Crowns upon her Head she wore,
And look'd more Fresh and Youthful than before;
From this Fair Statue did this *Motto* rise,
Religion always was the *Golden Prize*.

As I stood gazing here with wondring Eyes,
One smil'd, and ask'd, What was't that did sur-
prize

In

In that *Effigies*? Which no sooner said,
 But that he smiling answer'd, 'twas a *Maid*;
 And this Fair *Statue* with so many Crowns,
 Whose Eyes dart Rays, and ev'ry Ray darts
 Wounds,
 Had she not been a *Virgin* Chaste and Pure,
 She'ad in your grosser Climate tarnish'd sure;
 Who calls her less than *Martyr* wrongs her Name,
 Seeing she did expire amidst the *Flame*;
 Her Essence did not in the least depend
 Upon the Wheels of Time, which once must end,
 They are Material Substances below,
 Which from Imperfect to Perfection grow,
 She ever Perfect, freed once from Earth's Light,
 Doth presently assume her perfect Height.

Well satisfied with this Discov'ry here,
 I mounted upwards to another Sphere;
 Scarce had I touch'd the Confines with my Eyes,
 But a strange Joy within me did arise,
 My Thoughts grew Flow'ry all, and all Serene,
 So quickly was I alter'd with the Scene;

Such were my Thoughts e'er I acquainted grew
With this false World, or its Delusions knew.

If it be true, to know our Genial Air,
We shou'd observe where we best placed are,
Our Souls most Airy, Clear and Liveliest,
Where our Affairs succeed and prosper best,
From all these Observations I shou'd swear
I never knew't before that I came here.
So Aromatick smelt the Fragrant Air,
And the whole Place so Beautiful and Fair,
That all I look'd on, with admiring Eyes
Before, now suddenly I did despise ;
So much the other were exceeded here,
As they exceeded our dull Earthly Sphere.
So that as *Sappho* sweetly stiles the *Rose*
The Darling Flow'r that costs the Spring more
Showres
In its Production, being Nature's Pride,
Than all the Beauties of the Field beside ;
So Charming and Alluring was this Place,
By Heaven's peculiar Influence and Grace,

As

As if t' enrich this One, and make it blest,
Nature had quite impov'rish'd all the rest.

With sweetest Flow'rs were ev'ry Way beset,
Which, as by Chance, in Perfect Order met,
From whose *Coincidence* there did arise
A Sweet Reflexion ravishing the Eyes.
The Flow'rs were set upon a *Carpet* Green,
Never in *Emerald* was like *Verdure* seen,
And all in Rows were placed Trees along,
Which with sweet Blossoms and with Fruits were
hung,
Amidst whose shady Branches one might hear
The Birds of *Paradise* sing sweet and clear,
Which the shrill *Eccho* counterfeiting well,
Carries to those which at far distance dwell.

Close at the Feet of these ran purling Streams,
Whose Murmurs lull'd the Thoughts in pleasing
Dreams,
And on the Banks were *Arborets* and *Bow'rs*
Close interwoven, and thick strew'd with *Flow'rs*,
In whose cool Shades the People of the Clime
In various Pleasures pass'd away the Time ;

Did not one Spot their other Beauties stain,
 They need not hence remove, but here remain ;
 Which is the Cause, unless I've read amiss,
 That *Venus* with a Mole still pictur'd is.

'Mongst many other Rareties, I saw
 Such Pictures as *Apelles* ne'er cou'd draw,
 Whose Portraits did represent the Mein
 Of those whose *Statues* I before had seen ;
 Here the *Fair Shadow* with three Crowns was too,
 Which I so earnestly had long'd to view :
 Deservedly this Art of Limning here
 Takes Place of *Statues* in the other Sphere ;
 Seeing so ingeniously it can supply,
 Matter by Shadows, and delude the Eye ;
 Nay, more, the farthest Distance, Depth, and
 Height,
 Which a few Shadows so well counterfeit,
 And which the others Skill cannot reach near,
 Make *Morning, Evening, Twilight, Night* appear ;
 The subt'lest Passions too so well express,
 That almost Speech it self you'd here confess.

Here I receiv'd more full Intelligence
 Than I had done since I first parted hence,
 For I had learn'd, *Religion* for some space
 Had made a Stay in this Delightful Place.

This Picture while she staid was taken here,
 And hence transmitted to the other Sphere,
 By which the *Amber Statue* which I saw
 Was wrought by skilful Art's unerring Law,
 Yet long she staid not here, but quit her Dross,
 And left us sadly to bewail her Loss.

Had I not been engag'd in this bright Quest,
 Here I had fix'd my *Standard*, and set up my Rest ;
 But now thus fortified I upwards flew,
 To see this Brighter Place I long'd to view ;
 No sooner I approach'd its lucid Sphere,
 But a strange Harmony surpriz'd my Ear ;
 This was the far-fam'd Musick of the Spheres,
 Which Men talk of so much, but no one hears.

And now a Flaming *Region* I cou'd see,
 More Glorious far than can imagin'd be,

Which

Which as I nearer drew, ascending higher,
 Look'd like an Universal World of Fire,
 Brighter than any *Carbuncle* it shone,
 And glitter'd more than *Gold* or *Onyx* Stone ;
 A Hundred Sixty times it did appear
 And Six, larger than our *Terrestrial* Sphere ;
 This World of Light a *Paradise* is nam'd,
 So universally Renown'd and Fam'd,
 The settled Habitation of the Blest,
 Where free from Discontents in Peace they rest,
 And with incessant Praises blest the Name
 Of the Creator of this Wondrous Frame.

But that which most Miraculous was here,
 Th' *Inhabitants* seem'd brighter than the Sphere ;
 So lucid and diaphanous they shone,
 Their inward Motions might be seen and known.

Each *Spirit*, *Nerve*, *Vein*, *Tendon*, *Muscle*, here
 Did to the Eye clear and distinct appear ;
 All the Pulsations of the Secret Heart,
 The Site and Situation of each Part ;

How

How from the Brain the subtile Spirits were
 Thro' Pipes transmitted, small as any Hair,
 To ev'ry Part ; and which we'd wondrous call,
 To see the Soul shining at once thro' all :
 All other Lustres vanish'd in this Light,
 'Twas so incredible a Glorious Sight ;
 Each Part transparent was, and to be seen,
 And yet amongst them all I saw no *Spleen*.

Some Measur'd out the Minutes, some the Hours,
 Days, Weeks, and Years, which Time so swift
 devours ;
 Others the *Rain* compute, or weigh the Wind,
 Which to the several Climates were assign'd ;
Hail, Frost, and Snow, which Winter in our Sphere ;
 No *Meteor* was, but had its Standard here
 Better employ'd than *Jove*, as *Lucian* lies,
 That spent his Time in Painting Butterflies ;
 But amongst all, none seem'd so Bright to me
 As this Fair Virgin, which I came to see ;
 Never were seen such lively sparkling Eyes,
 Or Looks so fresh, they outshone all the Skies ;

Light-

Lightning thro' ev'ry Part of this Bright Sphere,
And dazling all Beholders that came near.

Had not an Antidote preserv'd my Sight,
I had been swallow'd up in this vast Light ;
My Thoughts with Extasies and Raptures flam'd,
Seraphick Joys, which cannot here be nam'd.

Scarce recollected, when as I essay'd
To speak, she only bow'd, but nothing said ;
'Tis a Decree which Fate can ne'er reverse
That Purity cannot with Flesh converse.
Whilst thus my Eyes did on the Object dwell,
An inward Violence did me impel
To quit this Place ; nothing can here endure,
Unless it be Immaculate and Pure.

With much unwillingness forc'd to retire,
I often looking back, did still admire,
And as my parting Looks upon her fell,
She smiling bow'd her Head, and said, Farewel :

So

So sadly leaving this Illustrious Place;
 I soon descended with an easy Pace.
 'Tis hard to climb, but easy to descend;
 All Bodies to their Center swiftly tend.

Fain in the next Place wou'd I've made some stay,
 But Cruel Destiny forc'd me away;
 Only the Pictures as I pass'd them by
 And *Statues* I saluted with my Eye,
 And so descending, I was gotten soon
 To the last Confines of the wand'ring *Moon*.
 Upon this *Precipice* I made some stay,
 The Golden Chain of *Plato* to survey;
 Whose topmost Link was plac'd in *Luna's* Sphere,
 By which Effects to Causes coupled are,
 So *Serpentine*, and with *Meanders* twin'd,
 It seem'd impossible the End to find.
 This from the *Moon* reach'd down ev'n to the *Earth*,
 Lending its Influence to ev'ry *Birth*.
 As I stood musing here, methoughts our Sphere
 Did an Umbragious Gloomy Lump appear.

Have

Have you not sometimes stood upon a Hill,
 Which yet a Show'r hath not o'erta'n, but will,
 And thence into the Valley looking down,
 With much ado descry'd some little Town,
 So clouded o'er with Blackness, Smoak, and Rain,
 As if it never wou'd look clear again?
 Just such a clouded Spot the Earth appear'd,
 That hence to look on it I was afear'd.
 Here with like Thoughts I ev'ry thing did scan,
 As sometimes *Charon* did in *Lucian*.

The People look'd like *Bees*, their Cities *Hives*,
 Where ev'ry one maligneth him that thrives;
 Swarming they went in Crouds that almost smother,
 Each bare a Sting wherewith to prick another;
 Inquisitive of News, or to get Pelf,
 But ne'er a one that look'd into himself;
 Yet all this while their Fate hangs by a Hair,
 Which *Atropos* stands ready by to shear,

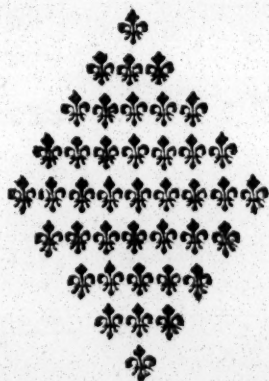
For

For since my Eyes were now anointed, I
 Grew clearer-sighted, cou'd each Atom Spy ;
 And now come nearer to my Eyes, the *Face*
 Of Things look'd discontented, like the *Place*.
 My Joys grew quickly damp'd, and in their stead
 Succeeded Grief, that always hangs its Head.
 As tho' in *Jaundice* Things look ne'er so clear,
 Yet to the Sick all *Yellow* they appear ;
 So now with Sadness tainted, to my Eye
 All things as Melancholly look as I ;
 Each Thing below seem'd to bewail a Loss,
 And to lie under some malignant Cross ;
 My Thoughts were so intently fix'd with Grief,
 They seem'd beyond Death's Cure, or Time's
 Relief.

Methoughts the Winds did only sigh, not blow,
 And from the Fountains Tears, not Waters, flow,
 The Ecchoes to retired Defarts fled,
 And ev'ry Flow'r with weeping hung its Head ;

The

The Trees all blasted, bare and wither'd, mourn
 As if with Lightning they had late been torn ;
 The Rivers wept themselves to little Brooks,
 And ev'ry thing put on their mourning Looks ;
 Sorrow's the only Comfort we ingross,
Religion's such an Universal Loss,
 The *Sacred Mother* weeps, tho' she dispense
 Nothing but healing Counsel, Life, and Sense.



THE

When I first saw you, I was so struck

With your bright eyes, and your sweet smile,

That I forgot to breathe for a while.

And now you are gone, and I am left

With a heart that is full of regret.

For I have lost the one who was dear

To me, and I shall never be near.

Oh, how I wish you were here now,

To see me and to know how I do.

For I am lonely, and I am sad,

And I am longing for you every day.

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The Burning of the

Ch—— of *En——d* MEMORIAL.

I Come ; but come with trembling, lest I prove
The unequal Match of *Semele* and *Jove*.

As she was too obscure, and he too bright,
My Theme's too heavy, and my Muse too light.
And whilst, like *Midas*, I presume to sit
In wise *Apollo's* Chair, without his Wit,
Is it not just t' expect, that he who dares
Mount above *Midas*, shou'd wear longer Ears.
May I not fear *Patroclus* Fate, and feel
The dangerous Honour of *Achilles* Steel,
Just like that busy Youth, whose daring Pride
Found none but *Titan*, *Titan's* Coach to guide ?

Oh for a *Jeremy* to sing our Woe !
 From whom such *Tragick Rhetorick* might flow
 As wou'd become our sinking Ch——, and dress
 Our Sorrows with a dismal *Gaudiness*.
 See hov'ring Judgments, which will surely fall
 On *Albion's* State, and crush the Heads of all
 Who sung our Holy Ch—— M——l. }
 Over her Ashes to lament her full
 Wou'd gorge and overcome the greatest Soul.
 The trivial Off'rings of our blubbering Eyes
 Are but fair Libels at such Obsequies.
 When Grief bleeds inward, not to Sense, 'tis deep,
 We've lost so much, that 'twere a Sin to weep.
 The wretched Bankrupt counts not up his Sums,
 When his inevitable Ruin comes:
 Our Loss, if finite, when we can compute,
 But that strikes Speechless, which is past Recruit.
 We're sunk to Sense, and on the Ruin gaze,
 As on a curled *Comet's* fiery Blaze,
 And Earthquakes fright us, when the Teeming
 Earth
 Rends up her Bowels for a fatal Birth ;

As Inundations seize our trembling Eyes,
 Whose rouling Billows over Kingdoms rise.
 Alas! Our Ruins are cast up, and all
 Our Dooms are sign'd in a M——l:
 The mangled Ch—— on the sad Pile is laid,
 And all her Beauties in the Flame display'd.
 Hers now is *Albion's* Epidemick Tomb,
 Her Sacrifice, a numerous *Hecatomb*;
November's Powder-Plot's outdone, and worse,
September now compleats the Nation's Curse:
 Our Liberties, Laws, and Religion, all
 Lie crush'd and moulding in this dismal Fall.

Such was the B——m J——y, such the C——,
 That made the Church's Cause the Rabbles Sport,
 While all the Mob, as the old *Jews* did cry
 For *Justice*, which was nought but *Crucify*;
 So that this martyr'd Book will henceforth be
 The Ch—— of E——d's best Apology.

Sure no fond Story in *Romance* did treat
 Of such a wild *Eutopian* Judgment-Seat;

At whose dire black Decrees we wondring stand,
As some pale Ghost's dimn Taper and cold Hand,
Did waft us thro' the Shades until we come
To see some strange fantastick fairy Doom,
While slumb'ring we invoke the Morning's Light,
To chase the Legend Vision from our Sight.

High in this Dream, in this Tribunal Seat,
S ——— fits with *Hydra's* at his Feet ;
One whom the Genuin Bar does seldom see,
Whose nauseous Tongue scarce boasts a Seven
Years Fee ;
Whose Conscience wears a Face for ev'ry Dress,
Religion justifies Ungodliness.

A sordid Wh—g's a *Tyger* without Faith,
Whose guilty Soul no Fence nor Safety hath:
But tho' stung Conscience presses to be secure,
And wou'd be wary when she can't be sure.
Yet oft she most encounters what she flies,
And all her Ruin in her Refuge lies ;
While *Albion*, naked to the weakest Eyes,
Resigns her ablest Guard, the *Whigs* Disguise ;
Whose

Whose Pow'r, like Men in Ambush, still hath been
Not from their Strength, but 'cause their Strength's
unseen :

Yet shall she from her Murd'ers Use and Reign,
Tho' burnt, from *Phœnix* Cinders bud again.

• They whose thick Vows, exalted Hearts and
Eyes,

Mount in the Air to meet the moving Skies,
Will now no longer forge their Hate and Spleen
Nor by Elusions steer their Course again:

Nor prize the Shame, rais'd from a former Sin,
At the sad rate of wading further in.

But Haste returns as vigorous as Mistake,
Which makes them hate the Dream the more they
wake ;

Like a dry Comet mounted in the Air,
Which on Mankind rains Plagues and mortal Care.

They find this hot Impatience of their own
Does by its Embers warm and light the Throne,
Like him who rais'd his God's adored Head,
To make his own Blaspheme it in the stead.

Hence *Moderation* Chains and Shackles throws,
 As not what we agree, but they impose ;
 Gilding the piercing'ft Flames with specious Smoke,
 As if we did consent to wear their Yoke,
 While they wou'd persecute, yet cry *save*,
 Intomb the Nation in the Churches Grave.
 Where shall they build their Plea, who at once do
 Destroy the best of Churches at a Blow ?
 Who supple Laws, and gage them to their Wills,
 Not to support their *Rights*, but strengthen Ills ;
 Whence poorly conscious of their ticklish Sway,
 They sweat to husband and improve the Day ;
 Working to steer their base Designs about,
 E'er the next *Session* strikes their Title out :
 For who bids most buys Mercenary Throats,
 And reaps a plenteous Harvest by their Votes.
 Then share the Ch—— to bear the Fleece away,
 Not as their *Orphan-wards*, but happier Prey.
 Place and Preferment pass their Market Curse,
 Not to the worthiest Men, but longest *Purse*.
Electors Vote, by a Politick Scale,
 Make Patriots not their Choice, but their Entail :

Forſake

Forfake or hold their Stations with the Tyde
Ruin, or *Ruined*, as Factions guide.

Yet these Encroachments they repay with Spite,
 And cheat the Ch——men of their Native Right.
 But shou'd this Sea, these Winds, conduct their
 Threats
 To th' awful Palace where Great *Neptune* fits ;
 Shou'd their swel'd Surges make his Trident groan,
 And dash their foaming Billows 'gainst his Throne,
 Then might we all their wild Distractions see,
 Nor Phrensy less than Hellish *Anarchy* ;
 But like that fatal inauspicious Day,
 When all the less and larger Birds of Prey
 Conspir'd to force the *Eagle* from her Throne,
 Because her Eyes were clearer than their own.
 The injur'd *Eagle* pent in this Distress,
 When Reason nothing cou'd, and Force cou'd less,
 Arms all her active Plumes with swiftest Spring,
 Darts thro' their Ranks, and saves herself by Wing :
 But *Eagles* they are well when freed from Rape,
 And need no Satisfaction but th' Escape.

Review the Sun, with undishonour'd Eye,
And build again their Towering Nests as high.

But the afflicted Quill, whose Penance lies
Amidst the Flames, must Story's Martyr rise.
What hardy Plume dares register her Cares,
When Sov'raignty protects not her Affairs,
But lets her at the Bar of *Faction* stand
For some rash *Korah's* foul unhallow'd Hand,
Who burns her Virgin Truths, and raises Smoke,
Not to appease the Deity, but choke ;
While the revolted *Cassocks* plume their Darts
With crooked Sophistry's perverted Arts,
To reason down Ch—— Faith with studied Pow'r,
And drown Old Truth in a Confederate Show'r.

To heighten these , when some whose nobler
Name
In her declining *Banners* arms their Fame ;
Whom yet *ignoble Envy* bent awry,
Or faint Devotion cool'd t' Indifferency ;
Conspir'd the Ch——'s *Ruin*, while her Weights
Took Balance from their Cause, not from their Heats.

She

She pois'd their Calumny by ponderous Good,
 Her sole, and yet unconquer'd, Reasons stood
 When warmer Onsets, like the searhing Plows,
 Tills deeper Scars on Nature's yielding Brows ;
 Where what is sown a *Cross* springs up a *Sheaf*,
 To *Harvest Virtue* thro' the Furrow Grief.

Her *Glorious own Record* gives this Prefage,
 Which next to hallow'd Writ and sacred Page
 Shall busy pious Wonders, and abide
 To *Christian Pilgrimage*, a second *Guide* ;
 Which shall then reconcile th' eternal Hate,
 'Twixt simple Piety, and a divided *State* ;
 Shall fix a stable Ch——, whose secure Chance,
 Shall steady sit, or by her Fall, advance.

Is not old Bell-Dame Nature truly said
 T' advance her Heels, and stand upon her Head ?
 Does not the J——ge, and Law too, for a Need,
 The Styrrup hold, while *Faction* mounts the Steed ?
 Is not *Religion*, *Providence* besides,
 Us'd as a *Lacquey* while the Devil rides ?

Sure

Sure all things thus into Confusion hurl'd,
 Make, tho' an *Universe*, yet not a *World*.
 Hence we've a Ch—— that's not our Choice, but
Fate,
 Since it is rul'd by Interest of *State*.

How to their *Haven* shall Ch—— Pilots steer,
 'Twixt the Wh——g Statesman, and the P——
 sb——t——r?
 Plac'd in the Confines of two *Shipwracks*; Thus
 The *Greeks* are seated 'twixt the *Turks* and *us*;
 Whom did *Byzantium* free, *Rome* wou'd condemn;
 And freed from *Rome*, they are enslav'd by them;
 So plac'd betwixt a *Precipice* and *Wolf*,
 There *Pop'ry* stands, here the *Geneva* Gulf;
 What with the rising, and the setting *Sun*,
 By those we're hated, and by these undone.

And what can we expect, our *Lot* being gone,
 But that a Hell from Heaven shou'd tumble down
 On this our sinful *Sodom*, unless we
 Are damn'd, yet worse, to an Impunity;
 How does our *Delos*, which so lately lay
 Unmov'd, lie floating in a troubled Sea!

And

And can we hope to Anchor, who discern
 Nought but wild Tempests ruling at the Stern,
 Whilst *Pluto's* Rival, with his *Saints* by's side,
 Drawn by the Spirit of *Avarice* and *Pride* ;
 Being fairly seated in the Chair of *Scorn*,
 Sits Brewing *Tears* for *Infants*, yet unborn ?
 Vast Stocks of Mis'ry, which his *Guardian Rage*,
 Does husband for them, 'till they come at *Age*.

When future Times shall look what Plagues befel
Egypt, and *us*, by way of *Parallel*,
 They'll find at once presented to their View,
 The *Frogs* and *Lice*, we our D——nt——rs too ;
 Only this signal Difference will be known,
 'Twixt those *Egyptian* Judgments, and our own :
 Those were God's Armies ; but th' Effect doth tell,
 That these our *Vermin* are the Host of Hell.

Pausanias and *Herodotus* will look
 Like Pigmy Swimmers writ in Time's *Black Book*.
 The *Spanish* Fleet, and Powder-Plot, will lack
 Their usual Mentions in our *Almanack* :

Nay,

Nay, which is more, *Alaricus* his Name
 Will scarce be read amidst the Works of Fame,
 When this shall be remember'd to our Shame.

But what ! can *Israel* find no other way
 To their wish'd *Land*, than thro' this dang'rous Sea?
 Must God have his dreading Fire and Cloud,
 And be the Guide to this outrageous Croud ?
 Shall the black Conclave counterfeit his Hand,
 And superscribe their Guilt by a *Command* ?
 Doth th' ugly Fiend usurp a Saint-like Grace,
 And *Holy Water* wash the Devil's Face ?
 Shall *Dagon's* Temple the mock'd *Ark* enclose ?
 Can *Esau's* Hands agree with *Jacob's* Voice ?
 Must *Moloch's* Fire now on the Altar burn,
 And *Abel's* Blood to Expiation turn ?
 Is Righteousness so lewd a Bawd ? And can
 The Bible's Lover serve the *Alcoran* ?
 Thus when Hell's meant, Religion's bid to shine,
 As *Faux's* *Lanthorn* lights him to his *Mine* :
 Tho' the soft Hours a while in Pleasures fly,
 And conq'ring *Faction* sings her *Lull-a-bye*.

The

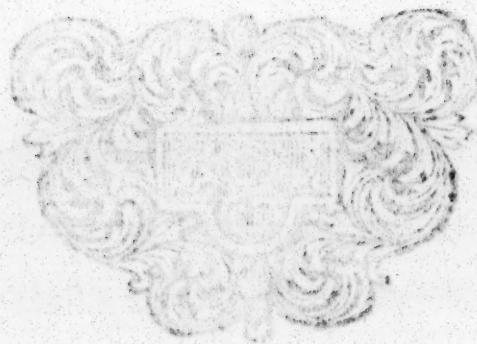
The Guilt at length in Fury she'll enroll
 With barbed Arrows on the Factious Soul.
 For if just Providence reprieve the Fate,
 The Judgment will be deeper, though 't be late :
 And After-times shall feel the Curse enhanc'd,
 By how much they've the Tyrant *Sin* advanc'd.

Mean time (Blest Ashes!) each Religious Eye
 Shall pay their Tribute to thy Memory ;
 Thy Aromatick Name shall feast our Sense,
 'Bove balmy *Spikenard*'s fragrant Redolence.



THE

The Court at length in 1797 the 11th caroll
which passed Arrows on the Tachon Soul
The 1st Providence respects the Peace
The 2nd great will be done, though it be late
And 3rd times shall for the Court enhance
If you think they've the 4th we advance
The 5th (Chief Aik) each Religion
The 6th (Tribune) Memory
The 7th (Name) all our Goals
The 8th (Spoken) of great Relevance



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T H E

City Beauties, &c.

A S larger Orbs plac'd in a higher Sphere,
 By their vast distance don't so bright
 appear,
 Lights of less Magnitude look larger near.

The Rays that shoot from *Beauties* piercing Sun,
 Thro' ev'ry Climate with equal Vigour run :
 Men, like *Idolators*, its *Rising* do adore,
 And own themselves the *Creatures* of its Pow'r.
 So *Adam*, when fair *Eden* was his own,
 Paid his first Off'ring to the Female Throne ;
 And thus entail'd upon his *Future Race*,
 The same *Devotion* to a *Beauteous Face*.
 So all Mankind, who boast of *Liberty*,
 Are but the *Slaves* of ev'ry *Charming She*.

Since

Since *Beauty* then's the *Sun* we call *Divine*,
 And cannot live but when she's pleas'd to shine ;
 How can our *Opticks* so much Lustre bear,
 Of *many* shining in one *Hemisphere* ?
 The *Sun* himself, one *Orb* alone controuls,
 But *Beauty* thro' a thousand *Orbits* rouls,
 And scorns to be confin'd to either *Pole*.

Aid then my willing Muse, ye *Sacred Nine*,
 Left she debase the Image made *Divine* ;
 And by her Artless Lays prophane the Name
 Of *Beauty* ; Dear to *Poetry* and *Fame* :
 Whose sounding Changes eccho'd forth her Praise,
 When *Nymphs* crown'd all the Happy *Swains* with
 Bays ;
 And *Shepherds* then, that worship'd on the *Plain*,
 Were destin'd afterwards, as *Gods*, to Reign.
Pan thus was rais'd whom *Shepherds* do adore,
 Because he worship'd *Beauty* there before.
 As *Hellen* was to *Paris* giv'n the Prize,
 For owning but the Power of *Venus's* Eyes ;
 So just is *Beauty* to her *Votaries*.

But

But if we *Statues* make, not *Goddesses* create,
We must take care of *Niobe's* sad Fate.

If Eyes such Magick round about them throw,
What Pleasure may in curling Tresses flow !
Such soft Enchantment's spread in ev'ry Hair,
Like winding Shades, we lose our Senses there,
Till on the Blooming Cheeks we cast our Eye,
And blush our selves to see the *Crimson* dye.
That Nature has unerring on them thrown,
Fresh as the *Rose* just at the Sunrise blown :
Fair as the Dawning Day the Skin is spread,
And beautifies the whole with Streaks of Red.
Like *Ivory Pillars*, *Teeth* in order grow,
Proceeding from the *Coral Gums* below ;
Cover'd with Lips, whose Lustre does outshine
The *Ruby*, or the Beautiful *Carmine*.
And that Variety might be exprest,
No *Swan's* so white a *Neck*, or soft a *Breast*
As Woman, that is excellently Fair,
For Nature triumphs in her Bounty here ;

Which she bestows not only for to please,
 But as a kind Repose to give Man ease :
 On that *Indulgent Pillow* once laid down,
Monarchs forget the Glories of a *Crown*,
 And *Heroes* all their Dangers undergone.
 The *Statesman* of this Seat of Joy possesse,
 No longer thinks what may the State molest,
 But reckoneth himself securely blest.
 If such Endearments lie in one soft Part,
 What wond'rous *Magick* centers in the *Heart* !
 Diffusing round its Influence ev'ry where,
 In *Looks*, in *Words*, in *Gesture*, and in *Air*,
 In *Shape*, in *Mein*, in ev'ry *Graceful Turn*,
 The *Fire* is kindled, and the *Passions* burn.
 How does the *Hand* move ev'ry Vital Part,
 And steal in gently to the *Lover's Heart* !
 With equal Force, Unguarded *Man* surprize,
 And make as sure a Conquest as the *Eyes*,
 Whose pointed Darts no *Mortal* yet withstood,
 They wound at distance, and infect the *Blood*,

There

There circulate without the least controul,
Till the dire Poyson reach the very *Soul*.

So *G*———*n*'s *Eyes* the Power of *Beauty* show,
And spread their Influence round 'em as they go;
Quick kindling Flames in both of them appear,
Outshining the rich *Brillants* that they wear;
Yet Soft and Languishing these *Charmers* look,
As if they had these *Airs* from *Britain* took:
A Soil so Fertile, with Fair *Beauties* sown,
We're apt to think of none but of our own:
But here two noble, bright Examples shine,
And shew th' Extensiveness of *Beauty's* Line,

But yet if *Beauty* grows in Foreign Soils,
Albion's an Empire where it smiles.
White as her *Chalky Cliffs* her Natives are,
Or as the First-born Light, divinely Fair,
As *Ward's* Complexion, or as *Dashwood's* Hair.
As both their Eyes *Cerulean* Lights dispense,
And charm with unaffected *Innocence*.

But see the Goddess of our Vows appears,
 Which such a solemn Garb of *Virtue* wears,
 We warm with *Love*, and chill again with *Fears*.
El—k, *Augusta* cries! *El—k*'s the Name,
 Her *Face*, her *Shape*, her *Air*, her *Soul*'s the fame;
 All *Beautiful*, and *exquisitely Bright*,
 No Spot or Stain disturbs the curious Sight,
 But when we gaze, still 'tis with fresh Delight;
 And when she speaks, the Musick of her Tongue,
 Pleases beyond the Force of *Tofts*'s Song;
 Each Motion too has some peculiar Grace,
 That takes beyond another's fairer Face:
 Her Step, her easy Gate, her active Feet,
 Tie down our Eyes, the nimble Charm to meet.

'Tis pity *M—x*, thou art now no more
 The Idol which the City must adore;
 Those Charms which sent their killing Beams
 abroad,
 And call'd from Court each *Youthful Am'rous Lord*,
 Are buried now in thy late *Nuptial Bed*,
 Where all thy *Virgin Innocence* is laid;

That

That was the Sweet that call'd the Buyer in,
 The Purchase now is greater by the Sin :
 Howe'er thy *Looks, engaging Dress, and Air,*
 Will give the *Lover's Hope,* you no *Despair.*

While rigid *Virtue* reigns in R——d's Eyes,
 Her *Breast* is tender, and her *Conduct* Wife ;
 Soft languishing her *Looks,* her *Soul* sincere,
 Yet no Ill-natur'd *Smiles* are regent there ;
 But gentle *Goodness* makes her *Aspect* kind,
 And *Beauty* wantons in her *Face* and *Mind.*

L—— puts on a true *Majestick Face* ;
 Yet with such tenderness are drawn the Lines,
 In every Feature some Good-nature shines ;
 Her killing Eyes shoot out such fetter'd Darts,
 They wound so gently, that they melt all Hearts.
 The Flame that kindles in her Peaceful Breast,
 Burns others up, but only warms herself to Rest.

F——, *Augusta's* sprightly *Venus* see,
 She only wants the little *Deity,*

To show she's Goddess of the charming Race,
 Since *Youth* and *Beauty* Revel in her Face;
Native Simplicity her *Virtue* owns,
 And winning *Charms* are pregnant in her *Frowns*.

See *B—*'s Complexions, and that pleasing Bloom
 That from the Sweets of *Innocence* does come;
 Easy, Genteel, from the Reserv'd, bred free,
 The wond'rous Charm of *Modest Liberty*,
 A thousand diff'rent ways these *Beauties* move,
 To all Degrees of *Virtue* and of *Love*.

Vernon's agreeable in ev'ry turn,
 Her easy Air 'tis makes the *Lovers* burn;
 So unaffected ev'ry thing appears,
 No Dress but is genteel that *Vernon* wears;
 And if she let her Eyes extend their Pow'r,
 The *Swain* is wretched that her Charms adore.

But hold, —— take care my Muse,
 Lest *S——*'s matchless *Beauty* thou abuse;

And

And fully with too rash a Hand the fair
 And faultless Form of Studious *Nature's* Care,
 We know not which excels, her *Shape*, or *Air*.
 Her *careless Mein*, her soft *engaging Look*,
 Which yet for Infant *Bembo's* might be took :
 So tender she is touch'd in ev'ry Part,
 None cou'd refuse an Off'ring to her Heart.

Thompson's Good-nature has a winning Grace,
 That equally affects us as her Face ;
 Which with a Shape so easy, Artless join'd,
 Shows us the equal Freedom of her Mind ;
 So from a well-appointed Dress is seen
 The Sense of *Fifty*, Air of *Seventeen*.

C—ff—d's are like the *Fatal Sisters* three,
 In Number equal, not in Quality,
 These are our Wishes, those our Destiny.
 The first we justly may admire for Sense,
 In Humankind the chiefest Excellence.
 Next that, *Proportion* is the kindling Fire,
 And *Shape* the Loadstone that attracts Desire ;

All these at last center'd in Youthful Charms,
Procure the coldest Lovers to their Arms.

Duport's agreeable engaging way
Inclines my Muse to make a strict Survey,
Observe the taking *Beauties* that arise,
Both from her unaffected *Mein* and *Eyes* :
And when she's pleas'd to Dance, her Motion's such,
We never think she can perform too much :
So graceful 'tis she moves, and yet so free,
Her *Ease* sh' expresses in her *Liberty*.

If *Youth*, and all the Charms that from it rise,
Have Pow'r to fix a wand'ring *Lover's* Eyes,
Buckle has that, and ev'ry pleasing Grace
That *Beauty* gives us in a Shape or Face:
Her moving *Eyes* direct us to admire,
But 'tis her *Blushes* sets our *Hearts* on Fire.

See now how *Art* and *Nature* both are kind,
In two bright Sisters intimately join'd :
The *Lawrences* their fragrant Charms dispence,
While all Mankind confess their Influence ;

Darts

Darts from their piercing Eyes like Light'ning fly,
 And scatter *wild Contagion* through the Sky.
 Such lovely Features, and such charming Hair,
 Shining and black, as *Raven's* Feathers are,
 Are Foils invincible that *Nature* does prepare;
 And by unerring Methods to us shows,
 The choicest *Beauties* in her Garden grows.

So *Child* appears the Loveliest of her kind,
 T' whom *Nature* has so large a Portion join'd,
 A beauteous Body, and a Godlike Mind.
 Fair as the Heavens is her Complexion seen,
 Artless her Drefs, unstudied is her Mein;
 Free from a formal and consulted Air,
 The *natural* and the *easy* are her Care.

Bright *Houblon* moves with irresistible Air,
 Her Form's engaging, as her Face is fair;
 No Charm she wants but that of *pitying Love*,
Beauty does now its Pow'r too forward prove,
 Unless the Nymph she to Compassion move.

The

The softness which in *Gore's* fair *Eyes* we see,
 Admits of nought but tender *Piety*;
 No other Inclination can we find,
 But gentle *Nature*, innocently kind.
Charms which *Seraphick Pleasure* must improve,
 And wou'd invite an *Angel* to her *Love*.

What *Mortal* can behold the pleasing *Air*
 In *J——n*, and not own the lovely *Fair*?
 Where such bright *Charms* are in her Face display'd,
 She, tho' a *Wife*, triumphs as if a *Maid*:
 Who views her well, the Object must admire,
 Her beauteous Hand alone procures Desire,
 And ev'ry *Feature* in her carries *Fire*.

So *B——d* gives the admiring World delight,
 Her lovely Form, like *Angels* gay and bright,
 Strikes us with Wonder at th' approaching Sight:
 So quick she moves with a becoming Pace,
 We scarce can judge the most *excelling Grace*,
 Her *easy Manner*, or her beauteous *Face*.

B—— has sparkling Eyes, whose *Magick Pow'r*,
 A thousand Worshipers each Day adore;
 The *Sun* himself, each Morn, at his Uprise,
 Receives not half the *grateful Sacrifice*.
 The *Lovers* here such Idolizers are,
 They weep to find a *Deity* so fair
 And yet so cruel to refuse their Prayer.
 When all they move for by their fond Address,
 Is hers, as well as their own Happiness.

Whate'er's *Engaging, Charming, Young, or Fair*,
 Are in the tender Features writ of *Eyre*;
 Her Eyes such Influence have o'er ev'ry *Heart*,
 Each *Glance* she casts at Mankind is a *Dart*;
 Each *Lock's* a *Charm*, and ev'ry *Smile's* a *Grace*,
 That wantons in the *Beauties* of her *blooming Face*.



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T H E
Gothick H E R O.
A
P O E M,

Sacred to the Memory of
CHARLES XII, *King of Sweden*,
Restorer of the Protestant Religion
in *Silesia*, &c.

I Sing not of *Bellona's* Praise or War,
But a new constellated *Northern* Star ;
Who from old *Gothick* Blood derives his own,
As Great and Ancient as of *Saturn's* Son.
For tho' from *Jove* Poetick Heroes drew
Their God-like Lineage, and their Virtues too :

We

We boast Great *Charles*, a Race much more Divine,
From *Goths*, and *Vandals*, and *Gustavus* Line.

Rise then, my Muse, in lofty numbers sing,
As bold as *Charles*, as daring as the King !
Let Nations wonder at thy soaring Flights,
As they're astonish'd when the Hero fights ;
When num'rous Armies from his Presence run,
As Mists are scatter'd at the rising Sun.
Look o'er *Silesia's* fruitful Lands, and see
The glorious Work of happy *Liberty* !
Behold Religion rearing up its Head,
That lately disappear'd as if she'd fled,
Or was entomb'd among the silent Dead !
Look now upon those Venerable Piles,
Where ev'ry Pillar with its Freedom smiles,
So lately loaded with Mock-Gods of Stone,
By Men, who own themselves there is but One.
The stupid Marble blushes at the Priest,
And is asham'd of the Religious Jest ;
Rejoices now to find itself set free,
And triumphs in its native *Liberty*.

Survey.

Survey, my Muse, the joyful Hearts of those
 Who love Devotion, but false Gods oppose :
 See how their kind Deliverer they bless,
 How they their Thankfulness to Heav'n express, }
 And heap on *Charles's* verdant Head, Success !
 Their *Io Pæans* reach the very Skies,
 And Conquest swifter than their Wishes flies.
Alcides Son th' *Hesperian* Gardens freed,
 And worthy 'twas of *Hercules*, the noble Deed.
 So good *Aeneas* did his Strength imploy }
 To save his Father 'midst the Flames of *Troy*,
 And gain'd, by this, a Name for Piety.
 Aged *Anchises* bless'd his pious Son,
 From whence a Race of Heroes after sprung :
 The *Cæsars* fill'd the World with Fame and Blood,
 But none, like *Charles*, with Universal Good.
 For Fame 'twas *Jason* fetch'd the Golden Fleece,
 And wise *Ulysses* first engag'd with *Greece*,
 Left his lov'd *Ithaca*, to seek Renown,
 And prove his Conduct before *Ilea's* Town.
Laertes saw his brave aspiring Son
 With Eyes of Pride, as what himself had done ;
 Bless'd

Bless'd the bold Soldier, when in open Field
 He did contend for Great *Achilles* Shield ;
 When 'fore the Princes he with *Ajax* strove,
 And gain'd his 'Armour, and the People's Love.
 These were great Feats of Arms in elder Days,
 E're *Alexander*, *Scipio*, *Cæsar* was ;
 But what were those to Wonders done of late
 By *Charles* the Wise, the Virtuous, and the Great !
 What were th' Olympick Games but Boyish Plays
 To gain the People's Voice, (an empty Praise !)
 To wear the Laurel, Ivy, or the Bays ?
 What were all these, but Pageantry and Shows,
 Trifles, to what our *Gothick* Hero does ;
 Who Nations frees, and Liberty restores,
 And whom Religion in Distress adores,

Here our Victorious *Goth* devoutly fights,
 To rescue Nations, and restore their Rights.
 Constant in Courage, he sustains the War,
 Nor doubts th' Event from such a pious Care :
 Crowns are his Aim, for God-like 'tis to give
 Where Merit claims, and not the Prize receive.

This

This is true Glory, such as ancient *Rome*
 Show'd to the People that she overcome :
 She did not do't t' usurp her Neighbour's Crown,
 But gave her Laws much better than her own,
 So pious *Charles* with equal Glory fir'd,
 Nought but to equal Justice has aspir'd.

These are the Schemes, and these the glorious
 Ends,
 For which our Hero generously contends ;
 Witness *Silesia*, where his Banners shine
 With Christian Triumphs ; Goodness all divine.
 So when among the fiercer Savage Kind,
 One Lyon 'bove the rest to Love inclin'd ;
 Compassion dwelling in his noble Breast,
 Distinguishes himself among the rest,
 He claims a Reverence from ev'ry Beast. }
 The brutal Herd stand wond'ring, and appear
 At once surpriz'd with awful Love and Fear :
 His Goodness tender'd to his captive Prey,
 Forces ev'n rav'nous Tygers to obey ;

And all the rest, by such Indulgence won,
 The gen'rous Lyon for their Monarch own.
 Thus *Charles* is justly by Mankind rever'd,
 Lov'd by the Good, and by the Vicious fear'd.
 Tyrants that reign by arbitrary Sway,
 To Justice he compels, and to obey.
 Subjects that yield their Princes due respect,
 He does from all their Violence protect;
 Not to enslave them more, but set them free,
 And blest the World with Godlike Liberty.
 He quells the Pride of Kings that are unjust,
 And rule their Subjects with the Reins of Lust,
 Who force their Consciences for sov'reign Pow'r.
 And prostitute the God they do adore.
 For this it was *Augustus* lost his Crown,
 By serving Gods to him before unknown.
 So *Icarus* fell; not that he soar'd too high,
 But his Presumption on the Deity.
 Heav'n thus, to punish daring Mortals, shows
 It always will aspiring Men oppose,
 Whom neither Honour, or yet Oaths can bind,
 But whose Religion veers with ev'ry Wind.

These

These are the adverse Marks of knowing *Fate*,
 That ministers alike to ev'ry State,
 Nor spares the Mean, or flatters more the Great.
 All bear the Stroke, as they are all decreed,
 The Poor to beg or starve, the King to bleed,
 And those who execute these mighty Ends,
 Are such as Heav'n by wise Appointment sends.

Charles, thus we may from all his Actions see,
 Is sent for Glory, Peace, and Liberty;
 These are the Ends for which he seems design'd,
 And are the greatest, and the best of Humankind,
Pride and *Ambition* are both deadly Things,
 That ruin Statesmen, and that flatter Kings;
 While with th' Excess of either over-run,
 Others th' undo, or are themselves undone;
 'Till with the subtle Poyson overcome,
 They rarely 'scape at last some fatal Doom,

But whoso'er has trod the middle Way;
 Made *Folly* and insulting *Vice* obey;
 Is only fit for universal Sway.

Realms may to him their awful Sceptres yield,
 And Armies own his Influ'nce in the Field.
 Who then that mighty Hero is, we find
 By what's impress'd on *Charles's* gen'rous Mind,
 And what his greater Virtues daily shew,
 What *Charles* has done, what Wonders he can do.

He's as quel'd the *Hydra* of despotick Pow'r,
 Legions of petty Gods that *Rome* adore,
 Whose *Pride* and *Avarice* have overcome
 The freeborn Liberties of *Christendom*.
 Princes she has enslav'd, and Monarchs rule,
 Only to be the Holy Father's Tool;
 Whilst to his Laws their Subjects must submit,
 And they can only rule as he thinks fit.

The noble *Goth* with this divinely fir'd,
 And with a holy Zeal and Rage inspir'd,
 Marches his bold Brigades at once, to free
 The *Poles* from base usurping Tyranny,
 And brave *Silesians* from false Popery;
 From all the heavy Burthens that they bore,
 And saucy Insults of the Scarlet Whore.

Saint

Saint *Loyola* impos'd his own tyrannick Laws,
 By which he govern'd ev'ry private Cause,
 And made *Silesian* Freemen worst of Slaves,
 That were compel'd to dig their very Graves;
 'Till unexpected *Charles* dispel'd their Fear,
 And a new Sun with Wonder did appear.
 Like Light'ning quick, that melts the solid Gold,
 Their Joys break out, or e'er the Story's told.
 As was the Pleasure, so was the Surprise;
 They saw, but durst not credit their own Eyes.
Cimmerian Darknefs had perplex'd their Sight;
 They only hop'd this Blessing was the Light:
 The glorious Morn that they at last should see
 Replete with happy Peace and Liberty
 In the bright Realms of vast Eternity.
 Like Men, who in the midst of Dreaming wake,
 And can't be satisfy'd of the Mistake;
 But still believe that what they saw was true;
 Their Eyes were open, and their Senses too,

So these, tho' waking, thought all this a Dream,
 That Nothing was, as it appear'd to them;

'Till they at last, with Satisfaction, found
 The Story true, the Place no Fairy Ground,
 But all was real and substantial Bliss ;
 Nothing appear'd, but Liberty and Peace :
 Tho' num'rous Legions overspread the Land,
 They came for Safety, and not to command :
 Their Godlike Leader, of Divinest Race,
 Bless'd with Religion, and with ev'ry Grace,
 Has taught all Nations what from his they see,
 The Consequence of Martial Piety.
 When Soldiers are instructed in their Youth,
 To tread the Paths of Virtue and of Truth ;
 Know no Ambition, but what's truly brave,
 No Bed of Honour, but the Hero's Grave ;
 No Cowardice, but Conduct, when to fly
 Before a brave and stronger Enemy.
 This Practice 'tis the gen'rous *Swedes* pursue ;
 They fight for Glory, and Religion too :
 Vertue's the noble End they have in View.

Examples easiest spread, sent from the Throne,
 And here they have the brightest of their own ;

A Hero matchless in the Field of War
 For Martial Conduct, Discipline, and Care :
 No Dangers interrupts his great Designs ;
 No secret Plots his Projects countermines :
 Justice and Glory fire his Godlike Soul,
 And Mercy does o'er ev'ry Act controul.
 Religion thus inspires the Christian Chief,
 And thus he fights, because 'tis his Belief.
 Greater Conceptions fill his noble Mind,
 That are all good, compassionate, and kind.
 Worthy himself, and worthy all his Fame,
 His mighty Actions, and his glorious Name.

Now, Muse, expand thy airy Wings, and soar
 Above the Clouds, where *Charles's* Fame is bore ;
 Where all the Gods look down, and smile to see
 A Man that's equal to a Deity ;
 To see a Hero so transcendant Great,
 That Immortality does emulate.
 Like some amazing Comet 'tis he shows,
 We know not whence it comes, or where it goes.

Silent as Night, and secret as the Grave,
 His Councils are; but yet his Actions brave:
 Tho' in the Dark he forms his mighty Deeds,
 The Execution with the Light succeeds.
 Free are Mankind his Actions to behold,
 But they're compleated always e'er they're told.
Wisdom it self steers at the Helm of State;
 She 'tis that makes him Just, to make him Great:
 With so much Glory, and such high Success,
 Blind *Chance* can ne'er her faithless Vot'ries bless:
 A nobler Cause we must for this assign,
 That on the Brave attends, and is Divine;
 For Heroes are not accidental Things,
 But born of noblest Race, the best of Kings:
 Their Blood untainted, more sublime they are,
 The Gods good Gifts, and their peculiar Care:
 On such their Glory, Fame, and Victories shine,
 And all the Wonders of their Power Divine.





A

Pindarick Ode

To the Memory of

Dr. *William King.*

I Sing the various Chances of the World,
Thro' which Men are by Fate and Fortune hurl'd;
'Tis by no Scheme or Method that I go,
But paint in Verse my Notions as they flow :
With Heat, the wanton Images pursue,
Fond of the Old, yet still creating New ;
Fancy my self in some secure Retreat,
Resolve to be content, and so be Great.

Found in the Doctor's Pocket at his Death, and suppos'd
to be writ during his last Sickness.

A

A

Pindarick Ode, &c.

A Widow'd Friend invites a widow'd Muse
 To tell the Melancholy News,
 And cloath her self with fable Weeds,
 Such as will show her Heart with Sorrow bleeds ;
 With Grief she can't express,
 But in soft moving Verse,
 Which melts to Tears, like that dark Night
 In which thou vanish'd from our Sight,
 To mount the Regions of Eternal Light.
 For Heaven it seems deny'd a longer date.
 Thy happy course thou run,
 Thy Bus'ness here was done,
 And thou art set like the all-glorious Sun.
 Yet just before thy Death,
 Thou rais'd thy tuneful Breath,
 Like dying Swans at their approaching Fate.

II.

II.

Come hither, friendly Muse, and tell
 How this good Prophet fell,
 That liv'd so well :
 What faucy Messenger durst strike the blow
 Of fatal Death,
 And seize his Breath,
 Who always was in readiness to go.
 Cou'd not thy Wit command
 The Fugitive to stand,
 Which others cou'd forbid to die,
 And bless their Names with Immortality.
 Hadst thou but us'd thy Art,
 Death wou'd have dropt his Dart,
 And wond'ring stopt the pressure of his leaden
 Hand.

III.

Alas he's cold ! Oh for a Grave
 To bury the sad Tale,
 For Tears will not prevail
 Where Wit and Humour, Virtue cou'd not save !
Learn-

Learning we boast in vain,
 A Tomb is all we gain
 For a Life spent in Study, and in Pain.
 Wretched Mortality!
 Cou'dst thou thy self but see,
 Thou wou'd hate Life as we love thee.
 Why then so fond to live are vain Mankind?
 Why all those Joys pursue,
 That seem to make Life new.
 Because they can no greater Pleasures find.
 But thou, my Friend, didst higher go,
 Resolv'd sublimer things to know,
 Wing'd Heaven, and left us here below.

IV.

How shou'dst thou live in such an Age of Vice,
 The Phoenix only dwells in Paradise,
 Earth was too narrow for thy Mind,
 And thou to all its Flatteries blind.
 Now in the Bowers of Bliss
 Thou strikes the Harmonious Lyre,

Where

Where endless Pleasures reign,
 And Peace and Piety remain
 Amidst the blissful Chöre.
 Thou dost in all Perfections shine,
 And adds fresh Lustre to the Courts divine.
 Whilst we lament thy too too early Fate ;
 But greatest Blessings have the shortest Date,
 In mournful Poetry
 Our last Efforts we'll try,
 Who best can write upon a Theme so Great.

V.

Like Warriours well appointed for the Fight,
 Possess'd with generous Rage,
 Each Poet shou'd engage,
 Each strive who best cou'd prove
 His Duty or his Love.
 Each freely pay his tributary Mite.
 Well may we grieve, well may we mourn thy loss,
 From whom so many drew
 Such Heliconian Dew.
 From whose cœlestial Spring such Influence flows.

Thy

Thy Wit did kindly give
 Food by which others live.
 For when thou sung, Mirth sat on ev'ry Face,
 The Savage Throng
 Follow'd thy Song,
 Thus ravish'd and amaz'd,
 They danc'd around in one Harmonious Pace ;
 And still with awful Silence gaz'd.

VI,

But why do I expostulate,
 Since Sorrow comes too late
 To hinder thine, or save another's Fate.
 When Heaven does a desiring Soul receive,
 He seems to envy that pretends to grieve,
 Of what strange Atoms are we made,
 That we of Death shou'd be afraid,
 That's but a still, refreshing Dream ?
 Why shou'd we dread to mix with Earth,
 Our Parent-clay that gave us Birth ;
 Or meet the Tyrant who has lost his Sting,
 The King of Terrors, then no more a King,

But

But we triumphant o'er the Grave and him.

VII.

The World ungrateful, seldom does produce

A fruitful Harvest for a virtuous Muse ;

If Piety appear

To crown the happy Year,

'Tis always with indifference heard,

And with such cool regard ;

The grudging Soil just Nourishment denies,

And so the hopeful Plant too early dies ;

Such Marks of Goodness seldom last,

But where they're rooted fast.

Religion here, and Duty easy grew,

Thy Loyalty no new-taught Doctrines knew,

But Principles from Education drew.

Envy her self must stop ev'n here,

And close the false malicious Ear.

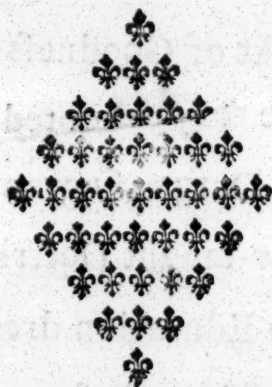
VIII.

Thy Virtue's fled beyond her poysonous Blast,

Which can no longer last ;

Since

Since Heaven from her peculiar Care,
 Did for thy Fame prepare :
 For fear the vicious World shou'd spoil the Growth,
 Have chang'd thy Virtue, or debas'd thy Worth ;
 But pity 'twas that thou shou'dst die,
 First-born of modest Poetry ;
 Pity, thy Gaiety and Wit,
 Shou'd only now for Worms be-fit,
 And mix'd with Nature's Rubbish, huddl'd lie.



F I N I S.

